Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

October 12, 1940

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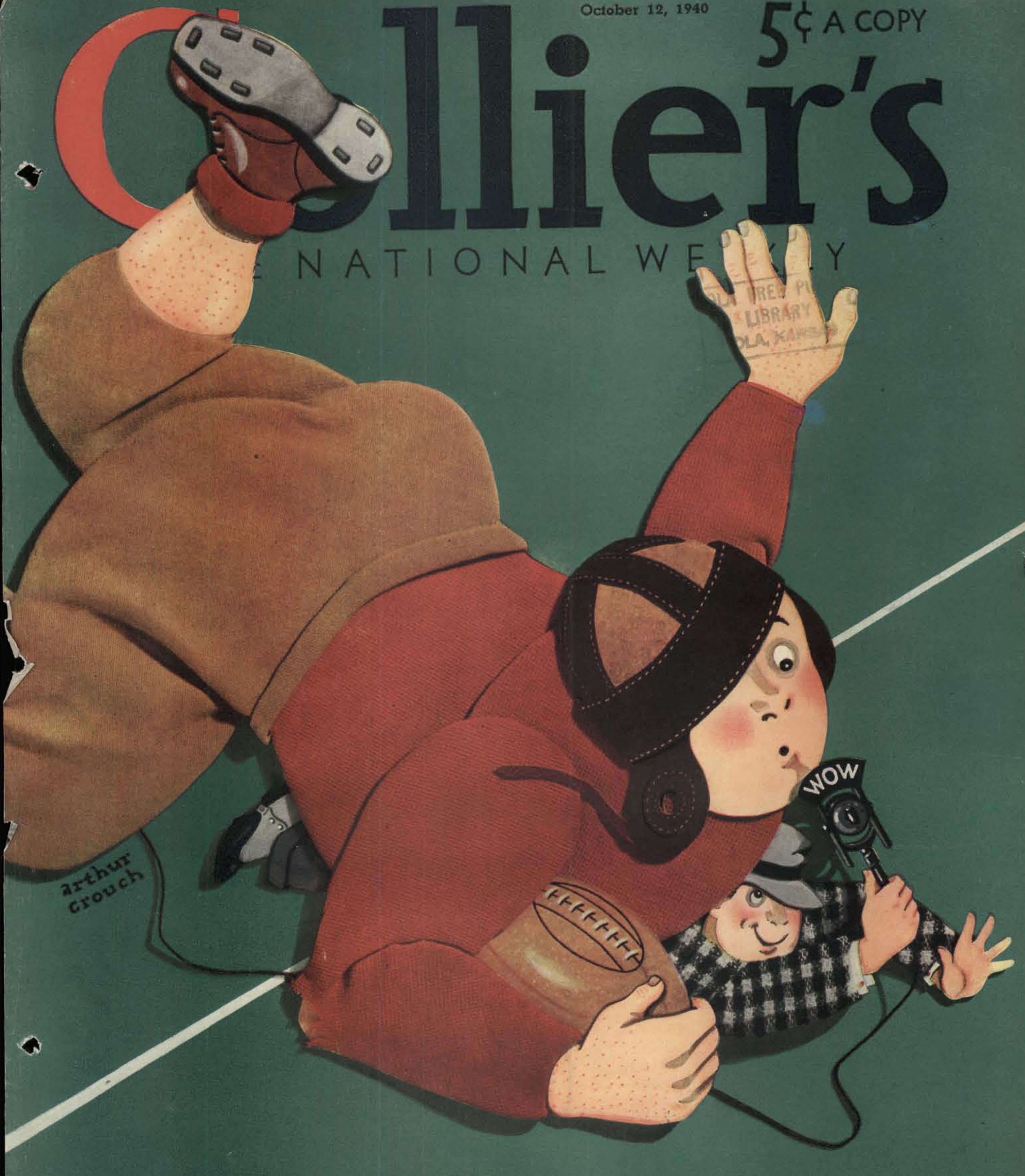

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Roosevelt's Flynn By Henr

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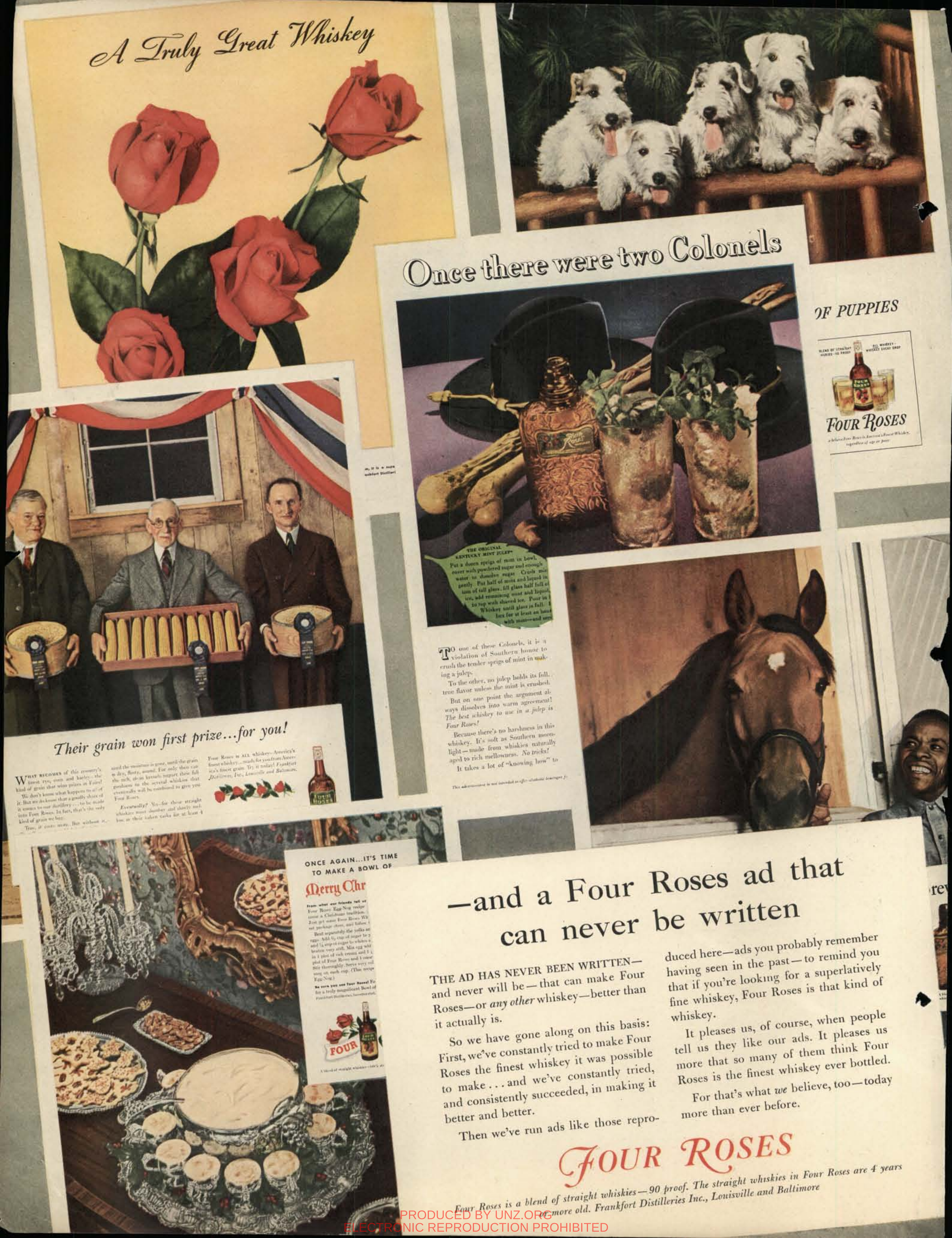

A Truly Great Whiskey
OF PUPPIES
FOUR ROSES
Once there were two Colonels
THE ORIGINAL KENTUCKY MINT JULEP
Their grain won first prize...for you!
ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF
Merry Chr

—and a Four Roses ad that can never be written

THE AD HAS NEVER BEEN WRITTEN—and never will be—that can make Four Roses—or *any other* whiskey—better than it actually is.

So we have gone along on this basis: First, we've constantly tried to make Four Roses the finest whiskey it was possible to make . . . and we've constantly tried, and consistently succeeded, in making it better and better.

Then we've run ads like those reproduced here—ads you probably remember having seen in the past—to remind you that if you're looking for a superlatively fine whiskey, Four Roses is that kind of whiskey.

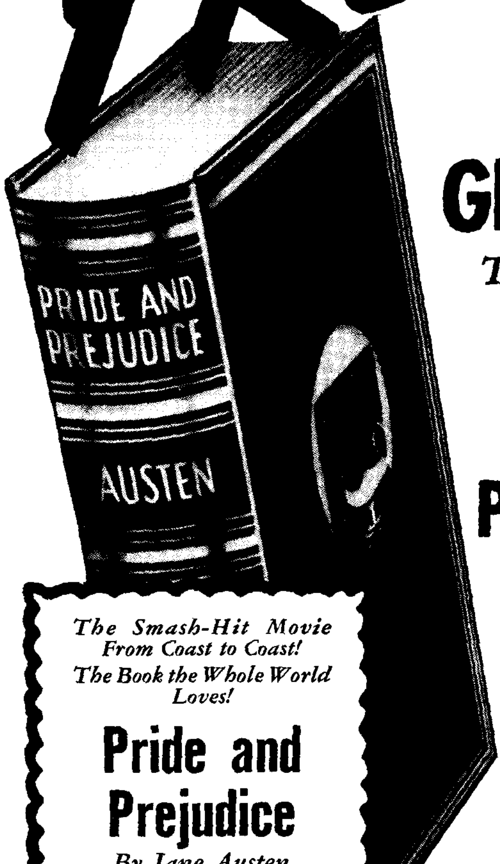
It pleases us, of course, when people tell us they like our ads. It pleases us more that so many of them think Four Roses is the finest whiskey ever bottled.

For that's what *we* believe, too—today more than ever before.

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries Inc., Louisville and Baltimore

FREE..not one, but BOTH these books



THE GRAPES of WRATH
John Steinbeck

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

The Most Exciting, Most Talked-About Novel of Our Times!

and

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

The Thrilling Love Story That the Whole World Loves!

Accept them Free as a Membership-Gift from America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!

The Smash-Hit Movie From Coast to Coast!

The Book the Whole World Loves!

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

FREE—Praised as the perfect novel, Pride and Prejudice is a book you will read with endless delight! Here is the story of two stubborn people; one restrained by relentless pride, the other by blind prejudice. Their romance is told to you with matchless warmth and humor.

The smash-hit movie starring Laurence Olivier and Greer Garson is breaking box-office records all over the nation! Now read the magnificent book from which it was made—*one of the world's very greatest love stories!*

The Most Famous Book of Our Day!

The Most DARING Picture Hollywood Ever Produced!

The Grapes of Wrath

By John Steinbeck

Original Price, $2.75

FREE—the sensational 600-page novel that crashed through America like a clap of thunder! 430,000 people paid $2.75 for the book. Millions have gasped at the fearless movie!

The lusty Joads have won all hearts. Your pulse will be quickened by these courageous people:

Tender-hearted but iron-willed MA JOAD who was for "keepin' this family together, come hell or high water. Nothin' else matters." TOM JOAD of the fierce hands, quick to fight. "Sure I killed a man," he says. "*What of it? I get mad easy. An' when I see hungry kids* cryin' I'm liable to kill again." ROSE OF SHARON, who lived in a freight car yet clung to her dream of a little home with white curtains. And PA, MULEY, CONNIE, AL, THE PREACHER . . . and all the rest.

YOU will devour this book with excitement—and treasure it as long as you live. Accept it, now, as a membership GIFT.

* * *

"The greatest American novel I have ever read."
—*Dorothy Parker*

"As great a book as has yet come out of America."
—*Alexander Woollcott*

And then every month you receive not one, but two great books like these—*both for only* $1^{\underline{39}}$!

Will you accept these TWO books FREE? *The Grapes of Wrath*—now selling for $2.75, hailed by critics as the most powerful novel of our time. AND that famous masterpiece, *Pride and Prejudice.*

THESE two books will be sent as a FREE Membership Gift—to show you why the Book League of America is called *"America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!"*

Each month 50,000 members receive—at an amazing saving—not one, but TWO books. *One* is an up-to-the-minute best-seller. The *other* is a uniformly-bound work to add to your library of book treasures.

Thus, for only a fraction of the usual cost, you keep up with best-selling authors like Sinclair Lewis, Vicki Baum, Somerset Maugham, Edna Ferber, and Daphne du Maurier. And *at the same time* you build a uniformly-bound library you and your children will always cherish—undying works like *The Way of All Flesh, Madame Bovary, Thais, Wuthering Heights, Treasure Island, Nana,* and others.

Everything DOUBLE but the Modest Cost!

You keep these TWO books as a GIFT if—after 5 days' free examination—you decide to join the BOOK LEAGUE! And then, as a member, you receive a *double-selection* of great books each month. Yet you pay actually *less than half*—only $1.39—not for each, but for BOTH books!

Nothing is sacrificed in quality. The modern best-seller you receive is manufactured, in the exclusive League edition, as well as the edition selling for $2.50 to $4.00 everywhere. And the world's great masterpieces you receive month by month are uniformly-bound in blue cloth and stamped with all the brilliance of genuine gold—so that you steadily build up a lifetime library that you and your children will always cherish.

And it is all possible because our 50,000 members provide us with an ASSURED sale—saving the waste of left-over copies. Likewise, modern authors (assured of a quantity sale) accept lower royalties, and publishers lend us their plates for League editions, thus saving the heavy expense of type-setting.

SEND NO MONEY

5 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

Accept *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Pride and Prejudice* as a FREE membership gift. Read them for 5 days. If they *do* demonstrate to you that you will enjoy a membership—keep them without cost; your membership will start with *next* month's selections. If *not*—return them without obligation.

But we have only a limited supply to fill requests. The coupon will bring your copies by return mail. See for yourself how "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" saves you money on *modern* books you want to read—and how, *at the same time,* it builds for you a beautiful library of the world's masterpieces. Mail special coupon AT ONCE! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. C.10, 15 West 48th Street, New York City.

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1. As a *Membership Gift* you receive—entirely *FREE—The Grapes of Wrath* and *Pride and Prejudice.*

Then, as a member, you will receive two fine books each month—for ONLY *$1.39 for BOTH! Here are the kind you get:*

2. *ONE* will be a newly published book, by today's biggest selling authors, such as Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, Somerset Maugham, and Daphne du Maurier. These books are priced (wherever books are sold) at *from $2.50 to $4.00 each.*

3. The OTHER BOOK, bound in blue cloth, stamped with all the brilliance of genuine gold, will be a famous uniformly-bound masterpiece of great literature for your lifetime library by such authors as Dumas, Voltaire, Oscar Wilde, Victor Hugo, and Thackeray.

Thus you get—for ONLY $1.39—TWO books conservatively valued at $4.00. Your savings average about $2.50 each month. And you get two books FREE, *at the start, as a Membership Gift!*

This Coupon Entitles You to

THE GRAPES OF WRATH
by John Steinbeck
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE
by Jane Austen

Both FREE

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
Dept. C.10, 15 West 48th Street, New York City

Send me—*FREE*—PRIDE AND PREJUDICE and THE GRAPES OF WRATH. Within 5 days I may return them if I care to—and thus cancel this application.

Otherwise, I will receive next month's double-selection and each of the forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year. I will pay only $1.39 (plus few cents postage) each month for BOTH books.

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OCTOBER 12, 1940

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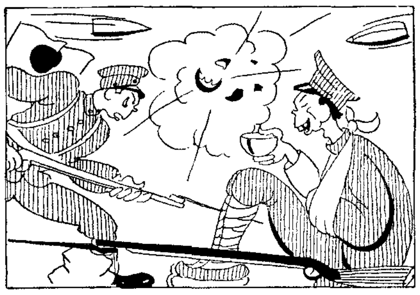
COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

ANY WEEK

SO CHOKED with troubles is our rapidly diminishing world that nobody had lent a sympathetic ear to the story of able seaman Chowd Arndt Sorensen until we met him in Walla Walla, Washington. Mr. Sorensen is, or was, a sailor on a Dutch freighter. He yearns to become an American citizen. He told us that he's a Dane without a country, a violator of the laws of a government that doesn't exist in fact and the financial support of absconding rulers who have nothing to rule. It's pretty complicated and we think, perhaps, that Mr. Sorensen had better tell you himself. "I'm off a Dutch ship," says he, "flying the British flag. Before the war, as a Dane, twenty-five per cent of my month's pay went to Denmark in taxes. That left me about forty-eight dollars out of which I sent thirty to my mother in Copenhagen. When the war came the Dutch also took a quarter of my pay. That left me thirty-two bucks a month to support myself and my mother on. When Wilhelmina lammed to England, leaving Holland to Hitler, I thought the quarter the Dutch had been taking was all off. But they kept it out of my pay, saying that we still had to support the royal family no matter where it was. Half goes to the queen in London and half to her daughter in Canada. So I said the hell with it. Any guy who can make me an American citizen will get my services free for a year. What do you say?"



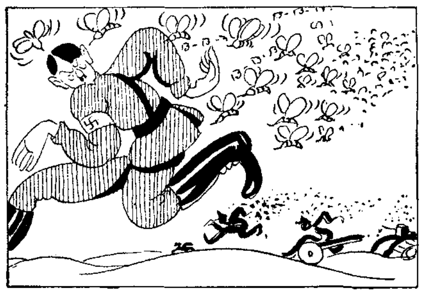
HAVING nothing but condolences to offer Mr. Sorensen, we went our way. And presently we found ourselves talking to Dr. Yiu Pang S'y in Moscow, Idaho. Dr. Yiu described himself as a "graduate herbalist" prepared for the sum of two dollars to cure any and all of twenty-eight major diseases although, he added, he had never had a patient who had all of them. "Not at one time," he added. All we had to offer the doctor, who seemed anxious to demonstrate, was a mild dog bite which we wouldn't have had had we minded our own business. The doctor agreed that our trouble was somewhat too trivial for his magic but he gave us a packet of herbs with instructions how to use in the sorry event that we should be "apparently fatally wounded." Many thousands of Chinese soldiers are equipped with Dr. Yiu's herbs, he said, which accounts for Japan's difficulties in conquering China. As we understand it, a Chinese soldier having received what should be a mortal wound, takes a swig of herb tea and becomes a greater nuisance to the foe than ever. "This is very bad for the morale of the Japanese, having to kill the same man numerous times," explained the doctor. "He succumbs only when his herbs are exhausted."

WE AGREE with Mr. H. O. Kelley of St. Louis, Missouri, that this campaign lacks variety. The tedium might be cured were Mr. Roosevelt to accept Mr. Willkie's challenge to debate. But Mr. Roosevelt pleads urgent duties in Washington. Mr. Kelley has a plan to remove this barrier. What Mr. Roosevelt needs, says Mr. Kelley, is "a dozen good tobacco-chewing, straight-spitting, hoss-trading whittlers." These whittlers, carefully selected, could be given the privileges of the White House steps, provided with plenty of red-cedar shingles and a supply of plug and scrap. "Within twenty-four hours they'd out-argue, out-trade and out-talk England, Germany, Italy and Congress. I know. My grandfather started with a jackknife and a hunk of pine and came out with a farm, a family and a span of fast trotting horses."

AND from Mr. I. B. Bloomfield of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, we hear that a clergyman stopped to congratulate a gardener who was doing a nice job of truck growing. "The Lord and you," said the preacher, "are doing good work in this garden, John." And John agreed that it was a better-than-passable job. "Yes," went on the clergyman, "the Lord and you have wrought wonders." Whereupon John straightened up and replied: "Well, you ought to have seen it last year when the Lord had it all to Himself."

BUT back to our problems. We have a rather knotty one from a young lady in Brooklyn, New York, and think we'd better pass it on to you. She contemplated marriage with a lad who, if she describes him accurately, is almost certain to be in uniform before long and who will probably have some difficulty avoiding martyrdom. "What I want to know," writes she, "is who's entitled to his pension, me his wife or his mother. His mother acts very funny about this and says that as he is helping to support her now she will be entitled to his pension. Is this right or what should I do to make sure I will get his pension and not his mother?"

WHILE the ladies are settling that in their unselfish, patriotic zeal we are glad to tell you that Mr. Francisco Diego of Santa Clara, California, is about to give to our Army, without cost, a carefully worked-out plan to thwart any possible invader of these shores by the use of hornets. A number of painstaking experiments have convinced Mr. Diego that one hornet at large in a tank will not only stop it but wreck it. "The theory is not new but conducting the hornet into the tank has been the problem," says he. "I have discovered the way. The hornet must be conditioned to fury. Then, carefully trained, it is turned loose upon the foe. I shall welcome Army and congressional investigators. With a dozen hives and a week of preparation I could not only prevent Hitler from invading England but drive the Germans out of Europe."



IN FRAMINGHAM, Massachusetts, there is a real-estate broker who, according to Mrs. Tessie McCord, should not go longer without publicity. Unfortunately Mrs. McCord does not give us his name but she sends us a copy of the ad he inserted in the newspaper: "Blessed are the homeless who keep appointments with honest realtors for they shall be housed far beyond their expectations and deserts. Verily they shall be rewarded with 6 rms, fpl, lv, din'k, dbl grge, bth, shr, S'n expsr. A gem. Chp. Amen."

WITH nothing worse than a few minor bruises our associate, W. B. Courtney, has returned from South America with several notebooks of indecipherable writing and his photographer-interpreter, George DeZayas. They'd have got home sooner but, they report, they joined a friendly international spy outing at Cristobal, Canal Zone. They'd have missed it had not the United States government erected a large sign bidding all visitors not to miss a tour of the Army airport, the Gatun and Pedro Miguel locks, the Navy air base, gasoline installations and other military secrets. Messrs. Courtney and DeZayas tried to leave their cameras behind as they took this tour and were immediately suspected of fifth-column activities. They say that the most valuable photographs were taken by a Japanese gentleman named Touchaki who sent his negatives to Tokyo by air mail at the United States government's expense, that courtesy being part of the service the spies receive for taking the trouble to inspect the Canal Zone.

BUT spies must show credentials. . . .

W. D.

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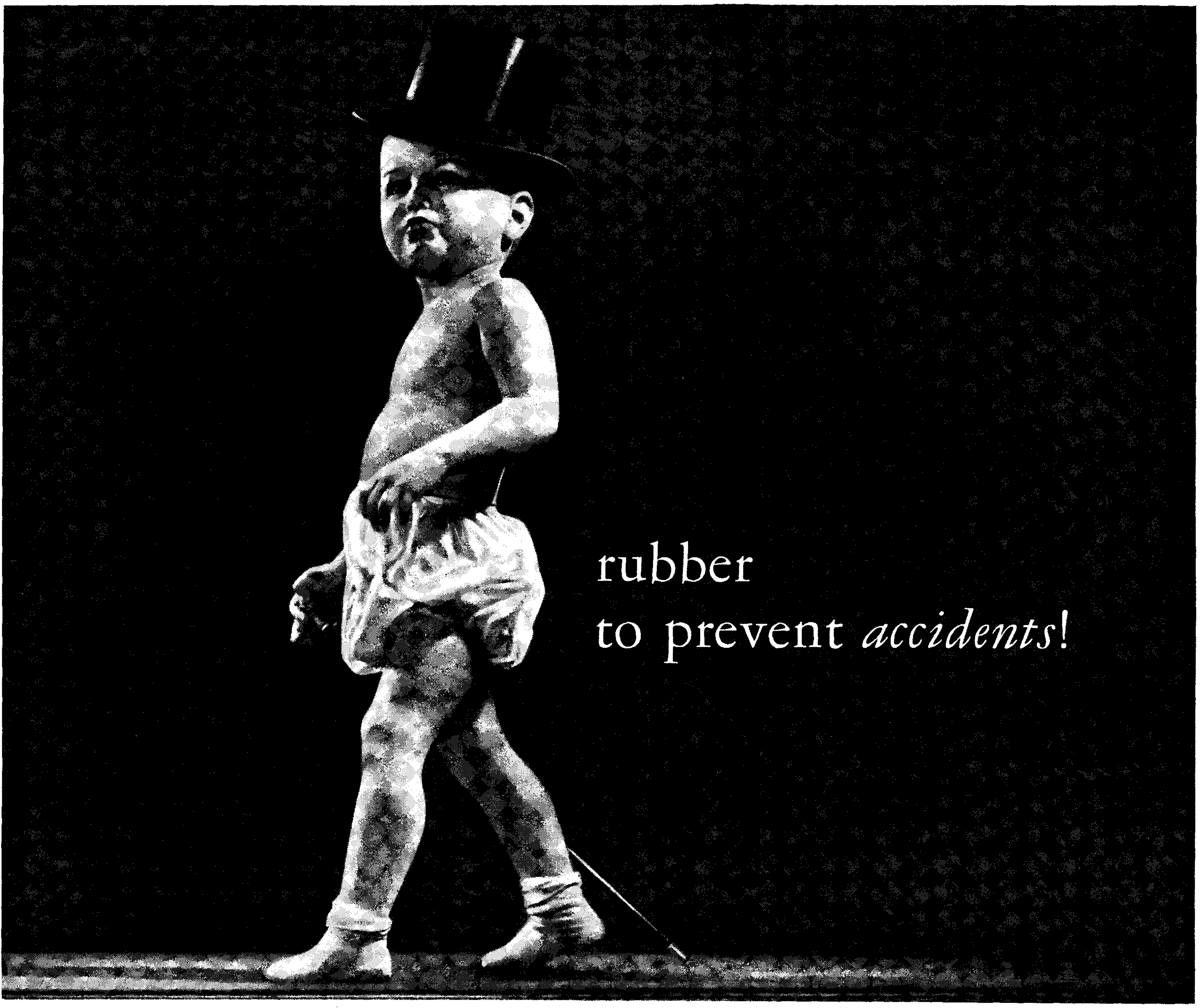
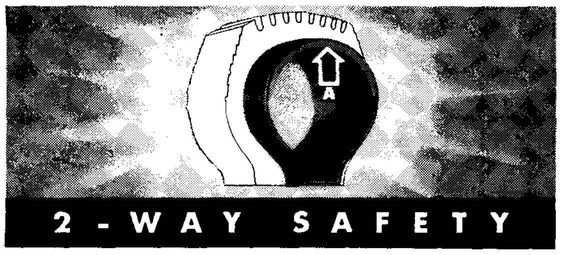


"ACCIDENTS" during babyhood were an early concern of rubber research . . . and important, as every parent knows. But "safety on every lap" meant much more than rubber panties to Goodrich scientists. They wanted to protect children and grown-ups against the accidents that threaten on every lap of the road . . . blow-outs and sudden flats!

WHAT A PROBLEM! When a spike, for instance, rips through a swiftly whirling tire and tube . . . the consequences would seem to be inevitable. Unless an inner tube could be made to "heal itself"—to "heal" a gash almost as the human body heals a wound, but so quickly the air hasn't time to escape. The new Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tube does just that!

ITS "SELF-HEALING" lining works in to fill holes and gashes *while you ride*. You get maximum protection against blow-outs and flat tires both: 2-Way Safety! Seal-o-matics save money, too. Taxi and light-truck owners report they make tires wear up to 34.6% longer. Take advantage, if you wish, of the confidential credit plan offered by Goodrich Silvertown Stores and by many Goodrich Dealers. Ask about "change-over" deals they can make for new cars. Remember *which*, **THE NAME'S GOODRICH.**



2-WAY SAFETY

. . . Maximum Protection Against Blow-Outs and Flat Tires Both! "Self-Healing" lining **(A)** works in to heal holes and gashes almost as the human body heals a wound . . . forms a seal like a tough "scar." This is protection from the inside. And for added safety, the tubes themselves are 60% stronger than ordinary tubes . . . made of special black heat-resisting "Tuff-Rubber". . . and not weakened by blowing up and stretching to tire size, because this inner tube is built to fit your tire. **At the 1940 New York World's Fair**—Jimmie Lynch drives over 3-inch, chisel-sharp spikes every day . . . without a blow-out or a flat tire. See him at the great Goodrich Thrill Arena.

Copyright 1940, The B. F. Goodrich Company

Goodrich *Seal-o-matic* Inner Tubes

DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH LESS THAN 2-WAY SAFETY

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

I UNDERSTAND THIS IS THE LARGEST GROUP OF ANCIENT RUINS IN THE U.S.
THIS IS THE SUN TEMPLE, JUDGE, WHERE PREHISTORIC INDIANS WORSHIPPED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO
MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK
GOODNESS, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DAD?
GOSH! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY—HE'S GOT THE ONLY TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
THAT P.A. AROMA TELLS ME HE'S IN THIS PART OF THE RUINS
OH, THERE YOU ARE, DAD— YOU RASCAL!
WHEN A FELLOW GETS TO COUNT ON A REAL COOL-BURNING SMOKE, HE LIKES TO KEEP IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH P.A.
I DON'T BLAME YOU— I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE PIPEFUL OF THE TOBACCO THAT KEEPS THE CHEER IN PIPE-SMOKING!

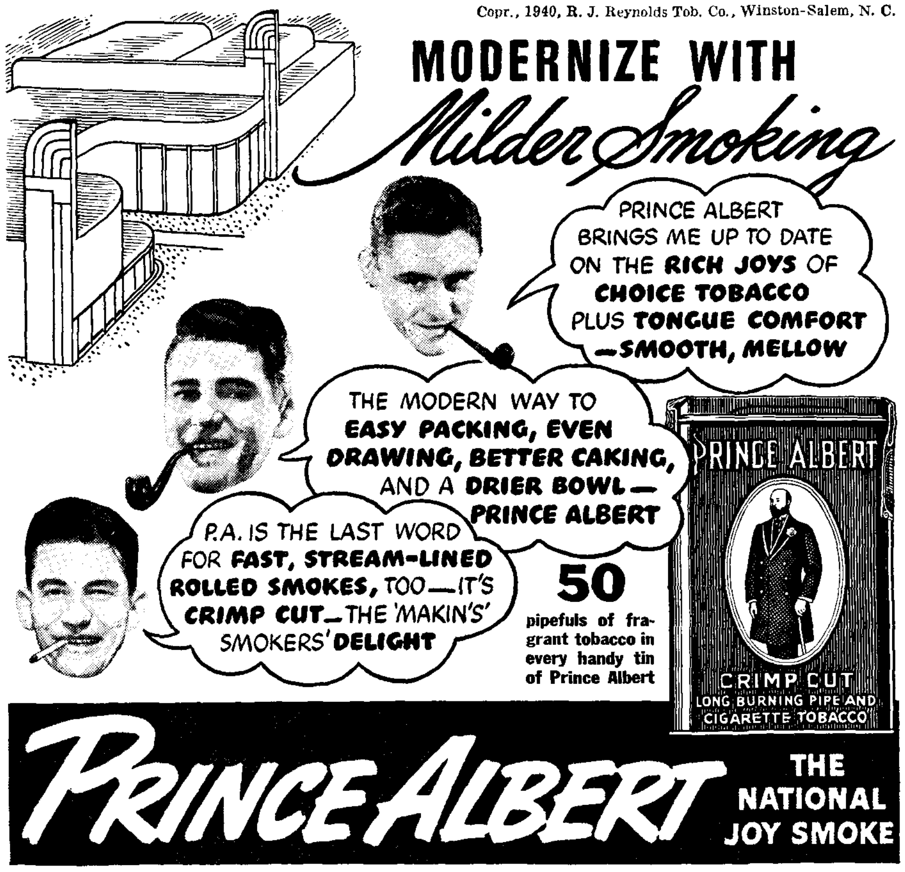
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

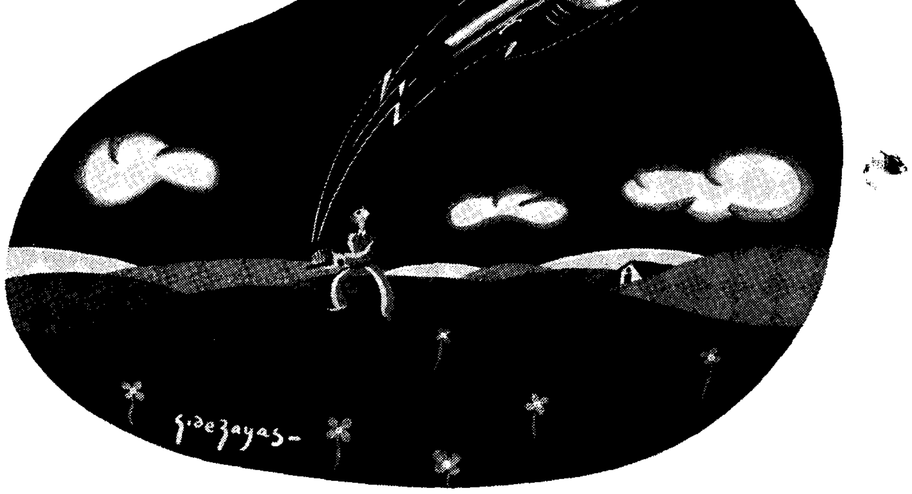
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

LOOK AT THIS ANCIENT POTTERY PIPE-HEAD I PICKED UP. IT SURE LOOKS LIKE A HOT BURNER!
YES—BUT I'LL BET EVEN THAT OLD FIRE-BOX WOULD SMOKE COOL WITH A LOAD OF SMOOTH, MELLOW P.A.

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


MODERNIZE WITH
Milder Smoking
PRINCE ALBERT BRINGS ME UP TO DATE ON THE RICH JOYS OF CHOICE TOBACCO PLUS TONGUE COMFORT —SMOOTH, MELLOW
THE MODERN WAY TO EASY PACKING, EVEN DRAWING, BETTER CAKING, AND A DRIER BOWL— PRINCE ALBERT
P.A. IS THE LAST WORD FOR FAST, STREAM-LINED ROLLED SMOKES, TOO—IT'S CRIMP CUT—THE 'MAKIN'S' SMOKERS' DELIGHT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When new, a flashlight cell may have an energy output sufficient to lift its weight to a height of fifteen miles.—*By Hugh Wood Mueller, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.*

The American Arbitration Association, a nonprofit organization through which business disputes are settled without delay, publicity or undue expense by impartial laymen judges, has handled the cases of more than twelve thousand pairs of litigants in the past fourteen years.

Because the state of North Dakota owns and operates a flour mill, every printed piece of paper used by state, county, city and village officials—including the governor's letterhead, marriage licenses, tax receipts, billheads, checks, public notices and scientific papers—is obliged by law to carry a line advertising the flour.

Ground or anchor ice, or ice that forms on the bottom of a stream or lake while the temperature of the water is above freezing point, forms only when there are no clouds in the sky and when there is no covering over the water such as a bridge or a pier. Sometimes so much of this ice becomes encrusted on large boulders that it lifts them to the surface and they float downstream.

The Golden Rule was a basic law of seven great religions existing for centuries before the time of Christ. Christianity did not become the national religion of any race or country until it was adopted by the Armenians in 301 A. D.

Women constitute ninety-eight per cent of the pearl divers of Japan, eighty per cent of the dentists of Finland, eighty per cent of the bartenders of England and twenty per cent of the coal miners of Russia.

England has more than one hundred and fifty great manor houses and castles that cannot be rented at any price because they "are haunted by ghosts."—*By Gertrude Garrigus, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Originally, Jerusalem was named Salem, the giraffe was called the camelopard, the Salvation Army was known as the Christian Mission, the Marseillaise bore the title of The War Song of the Army of the Rhine, and Princeton University was called the College of New Jersey (from 1746 to 1896).

Turopolje, Yugoslavia, a district containing thirty villages and 13,000 people, is the only community in the world in which every citizen, through a centuries-old decree, automatically becomes a nobleman or noblewoman at birth and owns and displays his individual coat of arms.

The Stoughton Musical Society, a singing organization of Stoughton, Massachusetts, is the oldest musical group in the United States, having been founded in 1786, or 154 years ago.—*By Marie McCabe, Washington, D. C.*

Storks are encouraged to build their nests on most chimney tops in Central Europe because it is believed their presence will mean many babies for the householders; geese are often taken to weddings in China because they are considered to be symbols of fidelity; and pigeons are sometimes released at funeral services in Japan in the hope that they will accompany the soul, at least part way, on its journey to heaven.

The American record for the largest single sale of yearling horses by one breeder is held by Phil T. Chinn of Lexington, Kentucky, who, in 1929, sold eighty-six for a total of $581,000, or at an average of $6,756 apiece. The world's record price per animal is held by the late J. J. Maher of Leixlip, Ireland, who, in 1928, sold three yearlings for $140,250, or at an average of $46,750 apiece.

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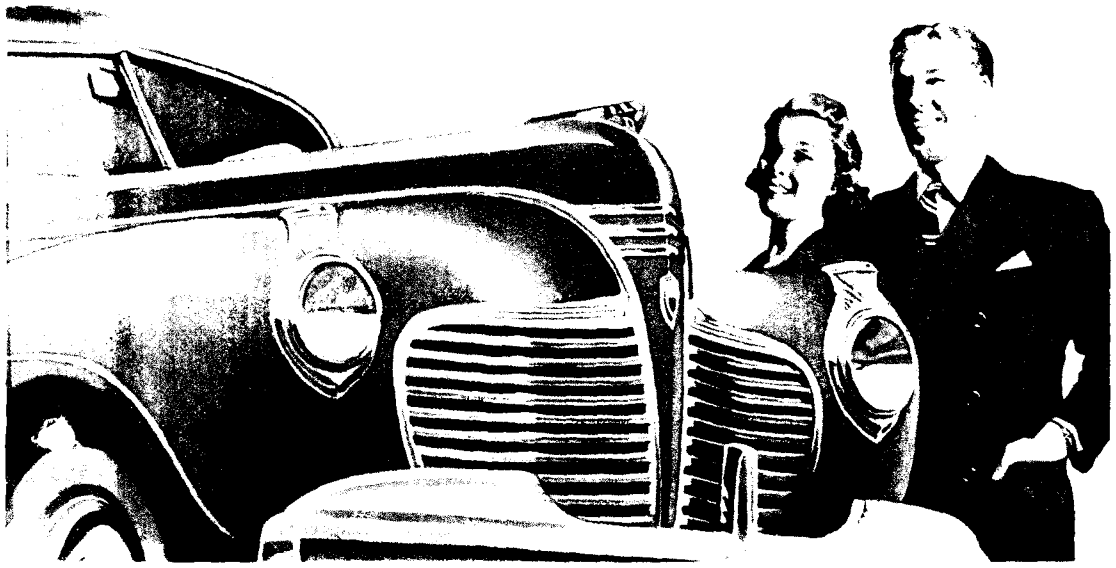

MASSIVE, CLEAN-CUT DESIGNING—from stem to stern, this superb 1941 Plymouth is one all-satisfying picture of charm, good taste, and distinction. You have a wide choice of smart new colors. Beautiful two-tone color combinations are available on the Special De Luxe Sedans. Plymouth's the "One" for '41.

GLAMOROUS NEW Fashion-Tone Interior. It's an exquisite harmony of color, fabric, appointments—unlike anything you've ever seen in a low-priced car! Be sure to see the new two-tone upholstery on the Special De Luxe models.

It Spells C-L-A-S-S

Inside, Outside, the New Plymouth Spells Luxury! New Fashion-Tone Interior—New 4-Way Step-Up in Performance—New Powermatic Shifting...19 Great Advancements!

THE MINUTE YOU SEE IT—you *know* this 1941 Plymouth is *class*...it's so long and sleek and beautiful, so completely luxurious in every detail! So much so, it's a pleasure to remind yourself that it's a *low-priced car!*

Performance has been stepped up *4 ways*...increased horsepower and torque, new transmission and new axle ratio. It's a "powerhouse" to drive!

Get the thrill of new *Powermatic Shifting*, with its vast reductions in driving effort...a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner that adds to engine smoothness and long life...new Engine Bearings, 2 to 3 times longer-lived...all told, *19 important advancements!*

Plymouth's the "One" for '41...see and drive it today at your nearby Plymouth dealer's. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.
SEE THE LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

PLYMOUTH
THE "ONE" FOR '41

DRIVE THE POWERMATIC WAY—vast reductions in driving effort—and actual elimination of certain usual shifting motions.

RONALD McLEOD

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NEW SEALING throughout body to keep out dust, water, heat, noise.

NEW ONE-PIECE HOOD with inside lock—controlled from driver's seat.

BATTERY LOCATED forward *under* hood—for easy accessibility.

Like Beauty in a Fog...

Until IRIUM Chases Surface-Stains from Teeth!

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Of all Tooth Pastes and Tooth Powders ONLY PEPSODENT HAS IRIUM

...to give teeth natural brilliance

Want teeth to sparkle and gleam with all their full natural radiance? Insist on IRIUM! *And that means Pepsodent*, whether you prefer a tooth paste or a tooth powder! Because of all tooth pastes and tooth powders, only Pepsodent contains Irium . . . the patented, more effective cleansing agent. So take your choice . . . Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder. You get the wonderful results of Irium with either.

What *form* you choose doesn't matter. What *brand* you choose makes the big difference! It's what's *in* a dentifrice that makes it work. Doesn't that make sense?

That's why Pepsodent should be your choice. That's why thousands upon thousands are using Pepsodent every day. Pepsodent gives you the Plus Value of Irium. That's why, too, Pepsodent with Irium has been pronounced Safe, Effective, Truthfully Advertised by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association . . . further assurance that you get the effectiveness, the cleansing power, to safely remove Surface-Stains that hide the true brilliance of your teeth. Get Pepsodent today. Your reward will be the brighter, cheerier smile you've always wanted.

BOTH CONTAIN IRIUM...

Known to Dentists as Purified Alkyl Sulfate

Collier's The National Weekly for October 12, 1940

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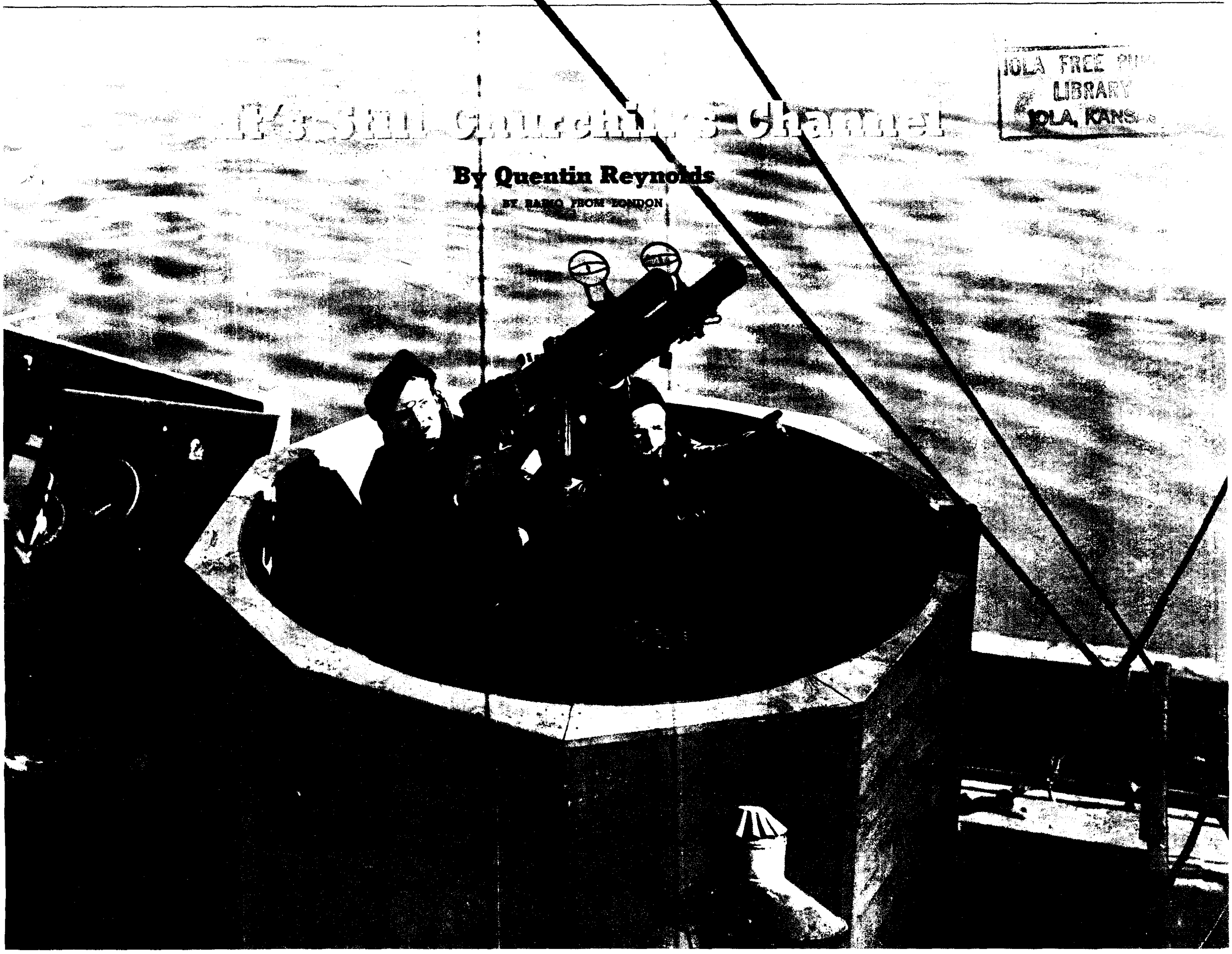
It's Still Churchill's Channel

By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM LONDON



BRITISH COMBINE

Britain's fishing trawlers help protect convoys with double guns mounted in turrets fore and aft

A Collier's correspondent goes for a boat ride with the British and the only casualty is a German boast

AIR MARSHAL HERMANN GOERING, July 31, 1940: "And the German air force dominates the North Sea and the English Channel."

"Here comes Jerry," a cheerful voice called out and then we knew that we were in for it. I was standing aft by the gun turret. There were two good guns there. Two men, one named North and one named Simpson, crouched behind the guns, grinning with pleasure. They had once been fishermen. Well, actually, this trawler we were on had once been a fisherman, too. But now it had been converted into an armed trawler and it was nursing a convoy through the Channel.

There were twenty-seven of us in all, and one destroyer. We had just entered the Straits and we were off Margate. It was North who had called out, "Here comes Jerry."

No orders came from our captain. He was standing on the bridge, smoking his pipe. He didn't have to give orders. Every man knew what to do. It was a beautiful afternoon. The sky was blue and friendly-looking and the few clouds that hung against it hardly moved.

We could see the French coast quite clearly to the left. We could see the English coast, of course, to the right, and I knew that just a mile or so back of the coast there were airdromes and that now pilots were hurrying into their Spitfires. The whole machinery used to protect this convoy was swinging into motion.

We steamed on, making six knots only, for the slowest ship always sets the pace. Then we heard the German airplanes. They were very high, and at first we couldn't see them. Then the helping sun hurled its rays against the German planes, and the rays flashed and shimmered as they hit the smooth body surfaces. So we were able to locate them. When airplanes fly low they are dark and black. When they fly high they are silver and almost transparent. There were six of them and they were at least 20,000 feet high. They were directly overhead, which is where I like to see German bombers. When they are directly overhead they can't hit you.

There's Safety in Angles

When a plane going 300 miles an hour drops a bomb, instead of falling straight down, the bomb travels in the direction of the plane for some little distance. When a plane directly overhead at sufficient height releases a bomb, the bomb will fall about half a mile away—from you. So you always like to see the airplanes directly overhead. The danger is past then for the moment.

North was cursing softly. These planes were too high. But the shore batteries opened up now. The blue sky was suddenly miraculously studded with small puffs of cotton. But they were far below the Germans. Then our destroyer fired a few shots and, strangely, they left black puffs in the sky. They were using a different kind of explosive. Then we heard the loveliest sound in the world—the high, singing note of the Rolls-Royce motors of the Spitfires. The Germans wheeled sharply toward France.

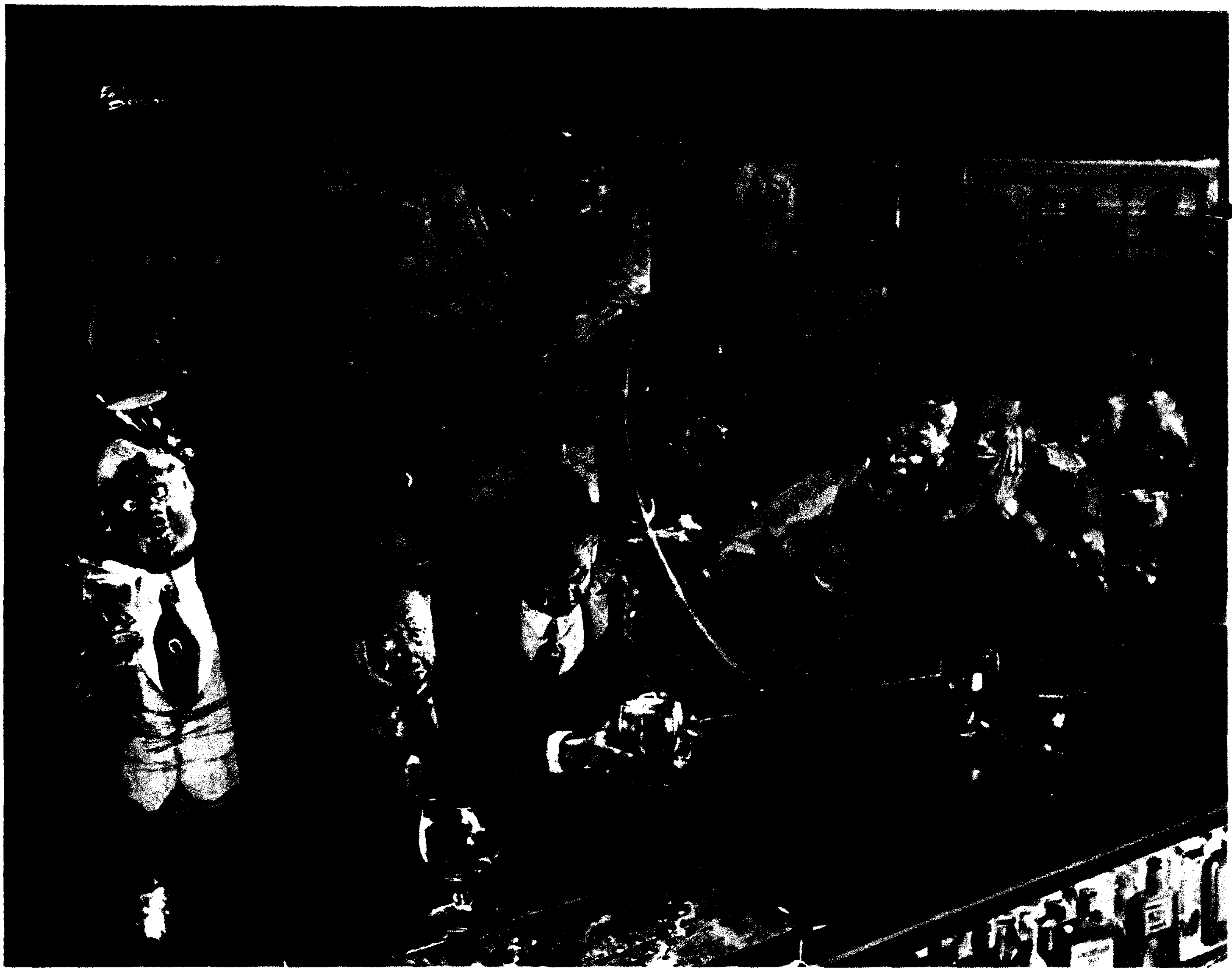
The Spitfires appeared, twelve of them, buzzing angrily because their prey had escaped. They circled twice and then turned for home, their motors wailing dejectedly. Serenely, we steamed on, twenty-seven little ships.

My trawler led the convoy. I went to the bridge and stood by the captain. He had given me the run of the ship. "I've got just three things to ask," he had said when I came aboard. "Always wear your tin hat; always wear your Mae West and then," he added, grinning, "when the sun is over the yardarm always report to the messroom."

I didn't know what the last one meant at first. I soon learned. At eleven that morning I was on deck. The first officer grabbed my arm.

"The sun is over the yardarm," he

(Continued on page 65)



"I ate the egg peacefully. But the talk was overheard and some anonymous hero later did this foul thing"

Follow the Guidon

By Charles L. Clifford

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The great climax in the military career of Danny Dooley—who was often a private, seldom a sergeant, but always a soldier

"ALL right, Danny, get your things!"

Danny Dooley had been staring through the bars of the guardhouse window. An especially pleasant dream had been rudely interrupted by the cocky corporal of the guard's voice. A daydream that featured him, as usual, as a broth of a boy, flouting great odds to greet fortune's smile with a broad grin of triumph. At this particular moment, he was in the act of winning a diamond-studded gold watch as the result of a picayune investment in a superpunchboard.

Outraged, Danny swung about and fixed the corporal with contemptuous eyes. "My things! All the high schools you young squirts have been to, with your pockets stuffed with gold-sealed diplomacies, and you still can't read. Or you'd see by a simple glance at the guard book it's ten days yet I have to do in this haven from bickering top sergeants. Go get yourself a pair of them pinch-nez glasses with a ribbon on them and read it. And leave me to my thoughts."

"You don't seem to have learned much in over thirty years' soldiering," the corporal said coldly. "I don't see any stripes on you. And apparently you don't even understand English. I said: *get your things.*"

"English, is it! And when did that become the language of the American soldier? Bah!"

"I've got no time to educate you; just to tell you the orders from the adjutant. For you and the rest of these maneuver-beating gold bricks that can't hold their beer; or their tongue when a noncom gives an order."

He smiled grimly.

"You'll have just time to draw your equipment so you can attend those *three* long months' maneuvers that you figured getting yourself in here would beat. Come on, let's get going."

Dazed, Danny considered this colossal double cross. Why, escaping those maneuvers was his only way of getting even with that devil of a top sergeant. Framed into the guardhouse, and now framed out of it!

"It's . . . it's *illegal!*" he stormed. "They give me fifteen days, and ten of them, the best ten, they steal offa me. I'll get my rights, if I have to go to the colonel."

"This new colonel we got might change your mind on that. Or haven't you had a chat with him yet?"

This was a sneer, Danny recognized. Thirty years in the regiment had made him a sort of landmark to the older officers.

And a lot of these squirts were jealous because many of them had a reminiscent word for him at inspections. Even "batted them out" with him on less formal occasions.

But this new colonel was a cold, military so-and-so type, and a chat with him was the last thing Danny desired. So, with cold dignity, he "got his things" and walked back to the troop in gloomy contemplation of his wrongs.

There he was received uninspiringly. The top sergeant looked up from the papers on his desk and at once confirmed the corporal of the guard's outrageous dictum.

"If you had the courage of your convictions," he said smoothly, "you'd ask for redress in the proper quarter." He was pleased with that sentence.

"Ah," said Danny, pouncing on it. "You've yet to see me quail before one of them, and many an unfair

(Continued on page 48)

HI, JINX!

By Luther Davis
and John Cleveland

Jinx Falkenburg, the typical American girl, who smiles at you from so many magazine covers and advertisements, has been speaking English only four years; she's dynamite in any language

IT WAS in March, 1936, at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, that Samuel Goldwyn first saw Jinx Falkenburg.

She was playing tennis with championship skill; tanned, wind-blown, athletic—the producer's idea of young America. He could almost hear the Star-Spangled Banner when he looked at her. "Miss," said Goldwyn as she came off the court, "you are going to be the Breath of America—if you're not too tall."

Jinx smiled blankly and replied, "*Pues muchas gracias, señor, pero yo siempre pienso que soy española porque he vivido en Chile toda mi vida.*" All of which means: Thanks, but I consider myself Spanish because I've lived in Chile all my life.

Mr. Goldwyn forgot to worry about her height—five feet seven—and concentrated on the problem of how the Breath of America could speak Spanish and still be understood in Kentucky. He thought, and thought and thought, and finally hit upon the idea of making her the "Breath of Spanish America." Jinx was sold down the river to a company specializing in remakes for Latin consumption, and became a sensation in Mexico, Peru and points south.

She might still be "Señorita Jeenxe" if she hadn't learned English perfectly and become, in record time, exactly the All-American girl Mr. Goldwyn had wanted her to be. In the last three years she has modeled for no less than fifty-two magazine covers in this country, posed for over fifteen hundred advertisements, endorsed such typically U.S. products as soap flakes, canned beer, cigarettes and automobiles.

The Sleepless Beauty

Her pose is always athletic, her background a swimming pool, tennis court or something equally sporty. Thoroughly the outdoor girl, she holds the swimming championship of Chile, stands sixth among women tennis players in California. Jinx has never been inside a beauty parlor in all her twenty-one years—unless you count one Hollywood make-up laboratory into which she was carried bodily, kicking and moaning. The only cosmetics she uses are a dab of powder and a hint of lipstick. "The secret of beauty is sleep," she explains. "*I* never get any."

Most of her pictures are taken by Paul Hesse, a prominent commercial photographer. Says Mr. Hesse, "Since my most fortunate discovery of Jinx four years ago, I have sought in vain for someone who would even begin to compare with her. She is the most charming, most vital personality I have ever had the pleasure to photograph."

She always photographs beautifully—and always differently. When Albert Hailparn, head of a display lithographing company, was asked by the president of a brewery to choose his favorite among the world's most beautiful models, he spent two weeks poring over photographs, and finally whittled the field down until he couldn't bring himself to discard any more. "It's between these three girls," he told his client, pointing to some pictures. "They're all beautiful."

All were beautiful, and all were Miss Jinx Falkenburg. As a result she's to be seen on a thousand billboards, proclaiming the virtues of the brewery president's beer.

(Continued on page 80)

W. EUGENE SMITH

The Man Who Lost Everything

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Mahlon thought he was through. A chance pickup along the road showed he was wrong

NOW beyond Boston and Everett, in the afternoon, Mahlon had the broad, fast Newburyport Pike before him, and he tramped on the gas. His car was large and long, with a luxury of power beneath the lean hood, and he drove well—deftly, confidently—despite the trouble that moved in over his mind with an inexorable rhythm, like waves upon a beach.

He had been driving since early morning, most of the time through intermittent showers. But now the sky was completely overcast and a heavy, damp smell was in the wind. His body was stiff and sore. His eyes burned and ached. The rimless spectacles on his nose felt heavy as lead. But he meant to push on, to reach his destination, regardless of whatever turn the weather might take. Once in his camp, he told himself, he would be able to sit down, lean back, and regard with some analytical detachment the ruin and desolation of his career. Mahlon had come a long way in forty-five years, and all the way alone; and he had gone down, in one resounding crash, quite alone also.

He got some big, slapping drops at Newburyport, and then rowdy bursts of wind. When he rolled through Portsmouth the rain was whipping down in sheets and spuming on the road ahead of him. Forty-odd miles of road still lay beyond, but he pushed on.

When he stopped at the crossroads, to let traffic go across, he closed his eyes, pressing the lids tightly together, trying to force the immense ache out of his eyeballs. He was conscious of using a great deal of effort in order to get his eyelids open again. Then he happened to glance at the lighted sign of a roadside eating place and decided that perhaps a cup of black coffee would give him a lift. He swung off the road into the parking area, cut the motor, buttoned up his mackintosh, and ducked in out of the driving rain. Mahlon was a big man, and even though he was dead tired there was a thrust to his shoulders, a lift to his heels.

"Coffee, black," he said.

He took off his hat and placed it on the wooden counter. A red welt, the imprint of the leather band inside his hat, lay across his broad forehead. His hair was dark, thick. Alongside each corner of his wide mouth was a small, tight lump of muscle.

"Some rain," the counterman said.

Mahlon said, "Um," and took off his glasses and laid them on the counter. Instantly the menu cards behind the counter blurred. He sipped the hot coffee gingerly, keeping his eyes cast down, following his private thoughts on their relentless course round and round in his head.

"Excuse me, mister," a good-humored male voice said back of his shoulder. "You going toward Brightstown?"

Mahlon said, "I never pick anyone up," and was not stirred from his deep preoccupation.

"Thanks just the same, mister," the voice said, and the unchanging good humor in it caused Mahlon to glance around, in spite of himself. He saw the youth, tall and loose-limbed, sandy-haired, already moving away from him toward the front of the room. He joined a girl who was standing by a window peering out into the rain. She looked up at him and he shrugged, but neither of them said anything. On the floor beside them was a battered suitcase; on the table, a small black handbag.

The counterman said, "More coffee, sir?"

"This will do, thanks," Mahlon said, setting down the empty cup briskly. There was a crunching, cracking sound. Almost instantly Mahlon snatched the cup up again, but the damage was done. His glasses were broken.

Mahlon swore under his breath as he picked up the pieces. He tossed a nickel on the counter, glanced at a clock on a shelf back of it. The face of the clock was blurred. All things were blurred, without his glasses. He could not drive without them.

"Too bad," the counterman said.

Mahlon said, "Well," and frowned and strode to the door. Pausing there to light a cigarette, he glanced over his cupped hands at the boy and the girl. The boy was standing with his hands in his hip pockets and the girl was holding his arm. He wore khaki trousers and a faded suède windbreaker. The girl's face was quiet, composed, rather pretty.

THEY looked decent enough, Mahlon thought, but you could not be sure. He had never in his life picked up a hitchhiker, had never even gone so far as to consider picking one up. It was dangerous business. The newspapers were full of it. Mahlon was not a timid man, simply a hardheaded one. Yet he wanted to get to Brightstown.

"Can you drive a car?" he said.

The boy looked at him and nodded. "Yes, sir."

"All right," Mahlon said. "I'm going to Brightstown. I just broke my glasses. I'll give you five dollars to drive me."

"Well, gee, I'll drive you, mister, but forget about the five bucks. We want to get to Brightstown too."

"All right," Mahlon said, taking a five-dollar bill from his wallet. "Here, take this and we'll get going."

"No, thanks. We got to be there in the morning and I'd sure like to drive you, but I couldn't take anything for it."

"I insist," Mahlon said. "Take it, so we can get started." He thrust the bill into the boy's hand and went out and got in the back of his car.

All his life he had paid for everything—for his early beginnings, his growth, for every rung of the ladder he had climbed, for the company of women, and especially for the company of Louise Severon. Louise would have received his letter by now. With his career a shambles, there was no place in his scheme of things for Louise. She was too expensive. Nor was there any place in her scheme of things for a man who had lost everything. Of this, Mahlon was dead certain.

"You two ride in front," he said. "You can put your bags back here."

The girl said, "Oh, this is just too wonderful! What a beautiful car!"

"Get in, Lina," the boy said. "Quick, out of the rain."

"Be careful, Chip, driving."

"Okay."

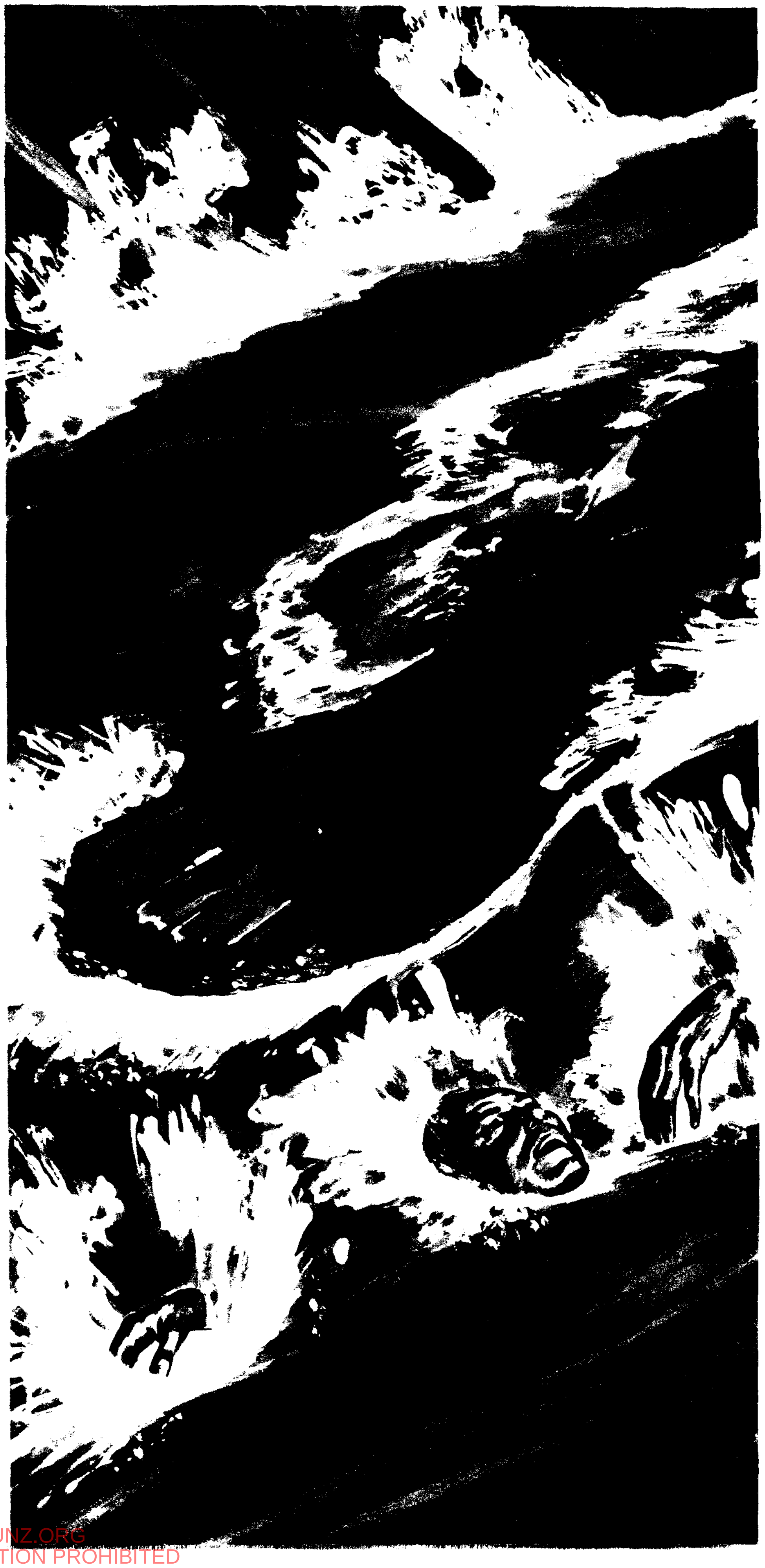
Mahlon leaned back in the thick cushion and stretched his legs. The car moved out of the parking area and he could tell by the way the boy shifted and accelerated that he was a competent driver. Mahlon relaxed. It was a tremendous relief, really, to be away from the wheel.

"DO YOU live in Brightstown?" he asked.

"No, sir, we don't," Chip said. "But I've got a chance to get a job there in a barbershop for the summer. We come from Waterbury. This is my wife here, Lina. Our name's Winter."

Lina said, "We left Waterbury yesterday morning."

"Yes, we've made bum time," Chip said. "People just won't pick you up. Well, you can't blame them, I guess."



Dazed, he watched the boy, saw him tossed, spun around; saw him come up again. A log missed his head by inches

Mahlon said, "You're pretty young to be married, aren't you?"

"Well, I don't know," Chip said. "I'm twenty-one and Lina's eighteen."

Lina turned, saying proudly, "We've been married just fourteen months, a year and two months."

Mahlon felt he ought to make some comment, and he said, "You both seem to be very happy."

"Yes, sir!" Chip said with conviction.

Lina sighed. "I don't see how anybody could be any happier. For instance, just now, here we're getting a ride to where we're going. We waited five hours there. Now we're riding. It's wonderful. Because we've just got to get to Brightstown."

Mahlon sank back deeper into the cushion and closed his eyes. They looked upon the ride as a favor, a gift. Mahlon smiled to himself. Children. Simple children.

In Mahlon's complex world all the simplicities of life had been ground out of existence. He had fought and bought his way up, dispensing favors only with a view in mind of some tangible recompense. Born in a ramshackle house in a frowzy mining town in Pennsylvania, his beginning had been simple enough. He remembered his father as a hulking, brutish man, backhanding his mother on the slightest pretext. When Mahlon was seven, his father died in a drunken brawl. When he was eight, his mother just lay down one day and closed her eyes and never opened them again. Lack of food, the doctor had said.

And there was the home for orphans, three years of it, a permanent scar on Mahlon's memory; small and frail in those years, the other boys had bullied him, beaten him, till he lived in a blood-warm fever of constant fear. Three times he had run away, and three times he had been brought back. The fourth time they failed to find him.

MAHLON fell asleep. He roused with a start and sat up and blinked. They were at the edge of Brightstown.

Chip said, "Just say where you want me to stop, mister."

Mahlon thought for a moment. "My place is about a mile out of town. I have other glasses there. Suppose you drive me out and I'll drive you back again."

"All right, sure," Chip said. "Just show me the way."

The main street of the small town was deserted and here and there a lighted store window made a bleary glow in the heavy rain. Mahlon directed, and at the northern edge of the town they left the state highway and proceeded on a narrow road into the woods. Here the sound of the rain was like continuous thunder. Mud and water crashed against the fenders.

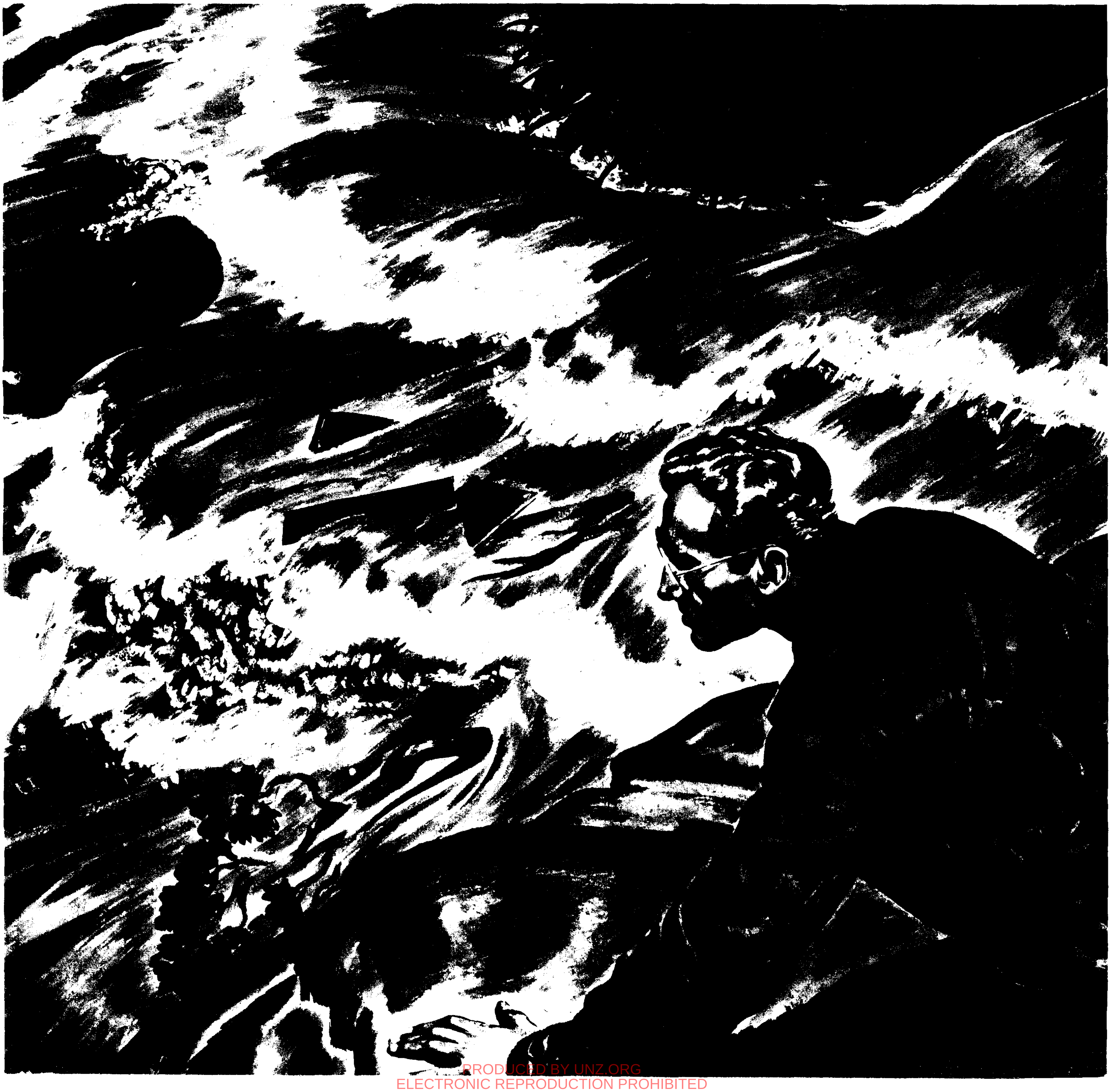
"Ahead," Mahlon said, "there's a little wooden bridge. Take it easy."

The stream was boiling white in the darkness and the bridge, only wide enough for one car, creaked as they crossed it. Mahlon saw that the water was pretty high.

"Straight," he said. "The road ends at my camp."

His camp was on the knoll, situated between two streams, and when they pulled up before the board-and-batten

(Continued on page 33)



PICTURES, INC.

Farmhand Weissner talks it over with Farmer Flynn, who is also political boss of New York's Bronx and, as Democratic national chairman, the man whose job it is to re-elect Roosevelt

Roosevelt's Flynn

By Henry F. Pringle

Eddie Flynn, Jim Farley's successor as Democratic national chairman, has always been a mystery among political leaders. Nobody seems to know his income, whether he has fifty thousand or five hundred thousand dollars in the bank, and his private affairs are really private. Now he is forced to make speeches and give press interviews—strange doings for a strong, silent man

THE borough of the Bronx, in New York, is a vast and sprawling section of the city and Edward J. Flynn, now chairman of the Democratic national committee, is its vast but not sprawling boss. He is also the Democratic boss of New York State and he has succeeded Postmaster General James A. Farley, disgruntled and hurt, as the chief campaign strategist for President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

But the friends of Eddie Flynn bristle with resentment when he is called a boss. They point out that he is, on the contrary, a farmer and a cattleman. They offer the irrefutable proof that he has a farm at Mahopac in Putnam County, New York, where he works with his own hands and whence are derived all the vegetables and milk consumed by Mr. and Mrs. Flynn and their three little Flynns. He is co-owner of an 8,000-acre ranch in Nevada which cost $50,000 and where he personally rides herd three or four times a year on his 2,000 steers.

In his spare moments, none the less, Edward J. Flynn has managed to give considerable time to politics, and he has failed in only one major ambition. This was to wrest the control of Manhattan Island from Tammany Hall. In addition to agriculture and animal husbandry he has held such lucrative jobs as sheriff of the Bronx, city chamberlain and secretary of state and has a flourishing law practice, too. Ed Flynn is outwardly affable and polite. His followers are awed by the fact of his college education and by his taste for art and literature. He has risen to power, though, because he has been tough and ruthless and hard. Flynn does not subscribe to the doctrine that a boss should ask little for himself and a lot for "the boys" or that his word should be better than his bond. Consider, for example, the experience of his brother-in-law, Thomas J. Brady, and a bumbling gentleman who was, briefly and unhappily, mayor of New York.

In 1933 New York was seething politically. Its jazz-age mayor, Jimmy Walker, had resigned under fire the previous summer. That fall Surrogate John P. O'Brien had been commanded by Tammany to run in a special election and became mayor in January, 1933. The job was too much for huge John O'Brien. It was too much for anybody except a man of very unusual ability, for the city was in a financial mess. As hard-working as he was slow, Mayor O'Brien stayed up night after night wrangling with the bankers.

One morning after such a session the telephone in O'Brien's apartment rang at the ghastly hour of six o'clock. Eddie Flynn of the Bronx wanted to see the mayor at once, on a matter of great importance. His Honor protested sleepily that he had been helling around with the bankers until almost dawn. Couldn't it wait? Flynn was adamant, however, and an engagement was made for nine o'clock at City Hall.

Flynn said he wanted Tom Brady, his sister's husband, appointed immediately to the Court of Special Sessions, a $12,000 post. O'Brien was astounded. The job had just become vacant by death, he said. The judge who held it was hardly cold in his grave. Shouldn't they go through the motions, at least, of consulting the leaders of the bar? Boss Flynn said he wanted the appointment made without delay.

"I'm taking the train for Washington this morning," he said, "and I think I can get an endorsement for you."

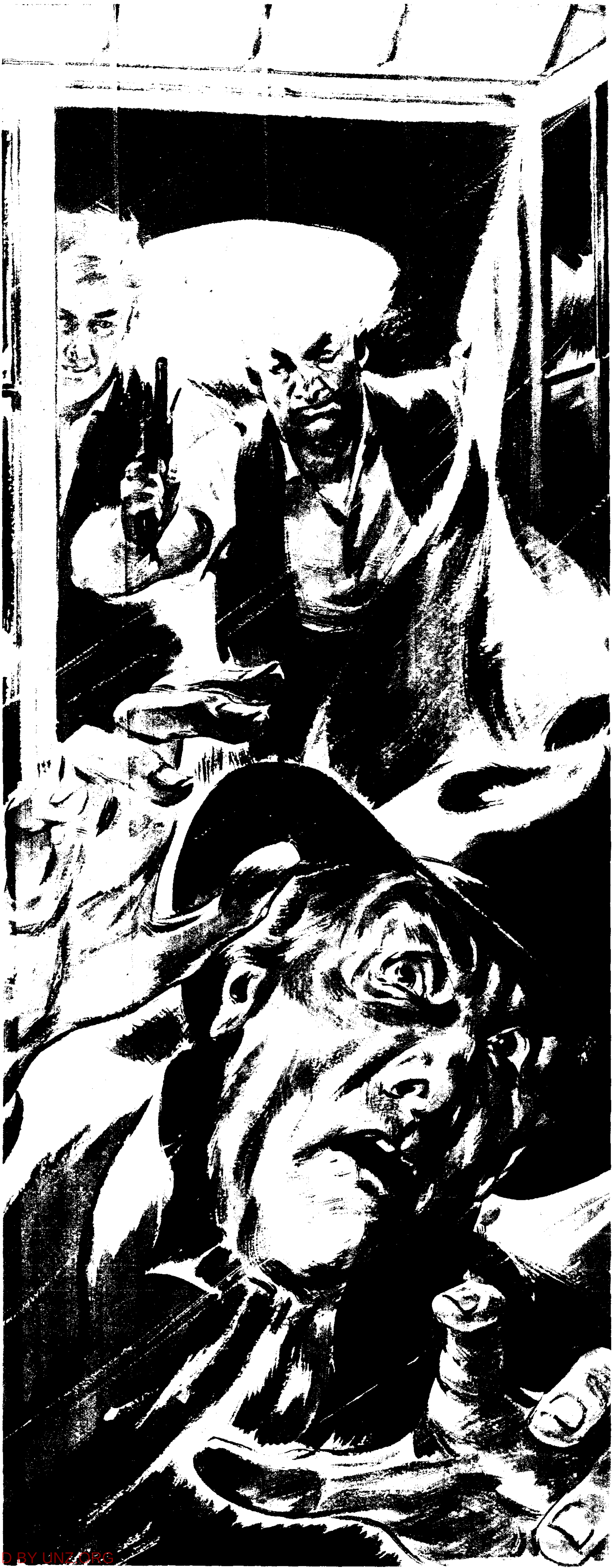
Behind this offer was John O'Brien's great desire to run for a full, four-year term that fall. "Endorsement" meant backing of his candidacy by Jim Farley, even by President Roosevelt. So on September 14, 1933, Mayor O'Brien elevated Eddie's brother-in-law to the Court of Special Sessions. Then he waited in vain for the endorsement. It never came. Two weeks later Flynn and Farley backed Joseph V. McKee for the mayoralty in an ill-advised attempt to make the Bronx machine more powerful

(Continued on page 40)

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



The Story Thus Far:

A VICTIM of amnesia, Albert Campion finds himself in a hospital room with no memory of his past life. Overhearing a conversation, from which he gathers that he has seriously injured a policeman, he slips out of the hospital and makes his getaway.

He is followed, and picked up, by an elderly man and a girl in a car. The girl's name, he soon learns, is Amanda; the man's is Anscombe. A few minutes later—having dropped Anscombe at his home—Amanda and Campion reach the home of Lee Aubrey, who, it appears, is their host.

A letter is awaiting Campion. Its contents make it clear that he has been entrusted with an important secret mission by Scotland Yard. . . . Shortly before dinner, the police arrive. They announce that Anscombe has been murdered. They question Amanda and Campion. And Campion feels that, somehow, he had been involved in the killing!

Late that night, Campion is summoned by Superintendent Hutch, an official who seems to be co-operating with him in his Scotland Yard assignment. Together, they explore an old fortress near by. Hidden in the stronghold, they discover a spacious garage containing some three hundred lorries.

According to Hutch, the "Town Masters," a mysterious local group, use the fortress as a meeting place. Wondering about the nature of their activities, Campion questions Aubrey. Aubrey informs him that they back and exploit inventors. After which, he takes him to the "Institute," a group of workshops and laboratories owned by the "Masters," where he is permitted to inspect the latest development—some startlingly powerful hand grenades. . . .

Superintendent Hutch shows Campion an anonymous note (probably written by one Pyne, who suspects Campion of complicity in the murder) in which suspicion is thrown on Campion. Realizing that Hutch is preparing to arrest him, Campion knocks him unconscious, steals his car, and drives away.

His memory, dim and hazy, is gradually returning to him—*he knows that he must find Lugg!* And find him he does—the man (obedient to his orders) has kept hidden, while receiving messages, in a room behind a shop in a near-by town.

A sudden noise interrupts their talk. Lugg hands Campion a gun; he produces another for himself. Then, as Campion moves to the darkness at the rear of the room, he hears another sound—the sound of gentle knocking.

VI

IT WAS a quiet, insistent tapping on the French windows. The gentle summons was very near and very intimate. It sped through the weeping of the storm and stood close to them.

They waited in silence and let it come again, still discreet but a fraction sharper, determined, inexorable.

Lugg glanced over his shoulder. Campion was well in the shadow, so he picked up his gun and advanced toward the window with all the easy confidence of an innocent householder expecting a visit from the police.

He drew back the curtains cautiously, as a good citizen should, allowing only the minimum of light to escape. For some seconds he stood peering into the darkness, alert as a dog at a rat hole. Finally he unlatched the doors and pushed one of them open a few inches.

" 'Ullo?" he demanded suspiciously.

There was no direct reply but there was a new movement out in the storm and Lugg became tense, his bald head with its fringe of grayish hair held oddly on one side.

Standing just below him in the driving rain was the figure he expected. The drab mackintosh and slouch hat of the plain-clothes man were there, but the stranger was not looking at him squarely. He peered up slyly out of the dark and from his white hand hung a large white handkerchief which fluttered significantly in the downpour. It was impossible to mistake its meaning.

Lugg backed slowly into the room and the newcomer came in after, holding the white rag ostentatiously before him.

He took up a position some little distance from the table and the heavy shade over the lights cut him off from the breast upward as far as Campion was concerned. As soon as the window was closed behind him he held up his hands.

"You can take my gun," he said distinctly.

Lugg searched him promptly and efficiently, setting the heavy gun that he discovered on the table well within the circle of light. Then with a glance at his visitor he produced his own gun and put it down beside the first. There was a long pause and then Campion also stretched out a hand in the darkness and added his weapon to the other two. He kept his face out of the light, however, as did the newcomer.

They made a curious, headless group standing around the three guns, since all the light in the room was focused on the weapons and on their three pairs of hands. Lugg and Campion maintained their advantage and waited for the visitor to make the first move.

"I'VE got a message for the man calling himself Campion," he announced at last. "That's you, isn't it?"

"Never mind which of us it is," corrected Lugg sharply. "What's the dope?"

"*He* knows." The stranger spoke meaningly, jerking a hand toward Campion. "It's up to him, that's all."

This was an unforeseen impasse. Campion's thin hands remained expressionless and Lugg's great ham fists did not stir. The silence persisted. The room was hot and its very quiet was ominous and uncomfortable amid the bellowing of the storm which raged around the house. Lugg found it unbearable.

"The boys outside'll get wet," he observed pleasantly.

"I'm waiting."

"What do you think we're doing?"

"He's only got to make up his mind. He knows." The visitor had begun to reveal a personality. He was not a big man and his raincoat hung on him in concealing folds, yet he managed to convey an impression of wiry strength curiously and rather horribly allied to ill-health. His voice was not without culture of a sort, either, but it had a thin, tinny ring to it and when he coughed, as he did frequently, his lungs wheezed and groaned dangerously. Yet he was a force in the room. There was no question but that he knew what he was doing and was determined to waste no time.

SINCE his head and shoulders were hidden, his hands were his only distinguishing feature and these were frankly repulsive, being womanish, degenerate and quite abominably dirty.

A sixth sense warned Campion to hold his tongue. It was not that the half-seen, headless figure was actually familiar, but the atmosphere of rank evil

(Continued on page 71)

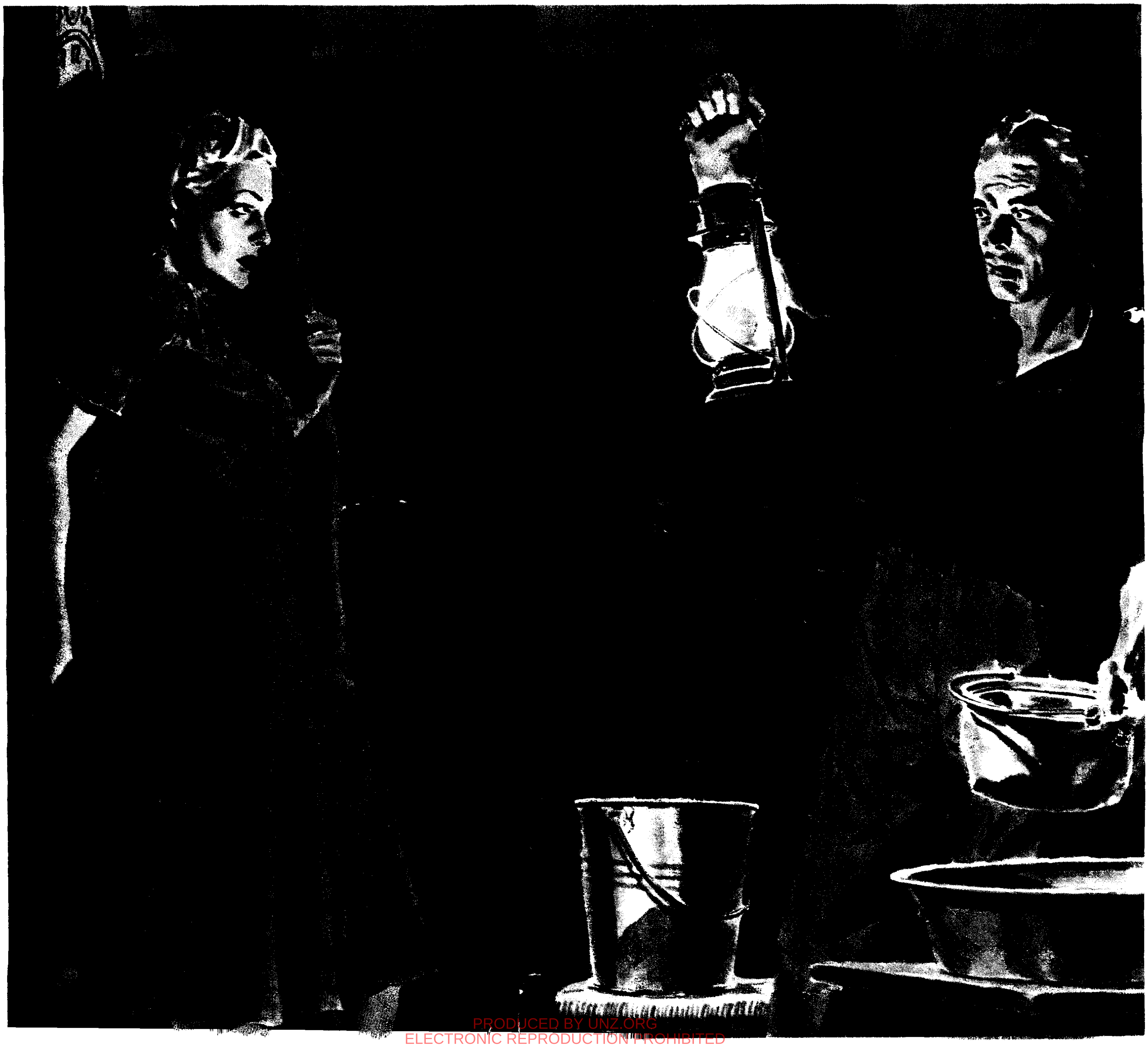
He rushed from them, threw himself at the window and burst out into the storm. Lugg stood gaping after him

The Deep Tangled Wildwood

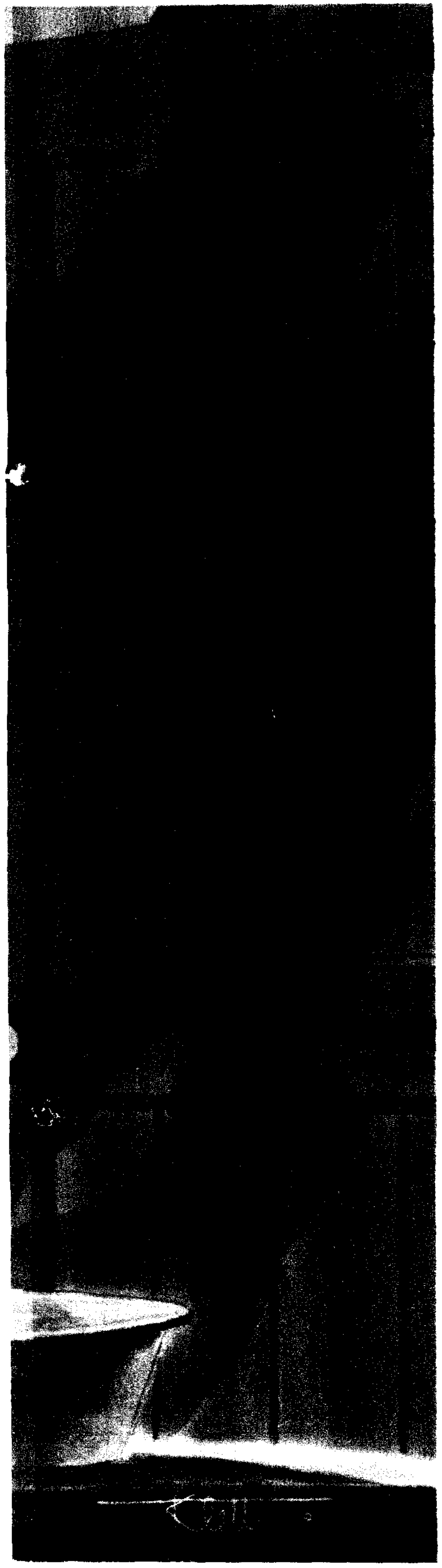
By Corey Ford

Marry as often as you like but keep it strictly in the family. A story for playwrights who are fatally attracted to actresses

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Suddenly she was in my arms. I could feel her slim, firm body quivering against me



"What the devil are you doing here?" I demanded. "Oh, Mr. Cobb," she sobbed hysterically, "I had to. I had to come!"

I HAD been living in the house a month before I so much as looked at it. For a month, it was just a house I lived in: a white, square, bare New England farmhouse. I had not even noticed the mountains, until the afternoon that Effie pointed them out. For that matter, I had not noticed Effie. . . .

"I've found a local girl to help," Pat had said. "She'll work for you days. Name of Effie."

"Effie?"

"Effie Libbey. Don't grin. She's quite attractive."

But, attractive or not, I was not looking at anyone else right then; because that first month, no matter what I looked at, all I saw was Myra. Not her face: I do not mean that her features drifted before me in a smoke ring, hand-tinted, like a Bachelor's Reverie. But she was there, all the same, between me and everything I saw or touched or wanted. When you have loved a person very much, when you have been married to her—when you have, in fact, been married to her twice—she is a part of whatever you do. You get to think of things in terms of her. She would have liked this attic. She would not have liked this kitchen. She would have laughed at these gold-framed ancestors in the mohair parlor. She would have loved this hall fireplace with the old crane, and the copper kettles.

Now and then, after I was living in the house, Pat would descend in her battered station wagon from the big mansion on the hill, and drag me back with her, and I would trail myself listlessly around her swimming pool a couple of times, like an oyster in a restaurant stew, and then haul myself out and lie steaming on the hot grass. Pat would regard me soberly, sitting in a wicker chair and sipping a brandy and soda: "Wally, you know it's just being morbid."

I nodded my head against my perspiring forearms. "I was thinking about that week end we spent here with you last year. Just about this time. And we had a fight, because Myra said she had to get back to New York for rehearsals—"

"Well, stop thinking," Pat commanded. "I'm getting bored glassy-eyed with this whole business. Think about something else. Think about me. I'm a wealthy widow, only forty-six years old, rather attractive in a quaint, tumbled-down way like an old barn. . . ."

She had been in on the thing from the beginning, of course. I had phoned her from a bar right after it happened. I had stayed on after Myra left, and gotten quite a little drunk. Carl brought the phone over to the table, and I said, as distinctly as possible: "Ge' me Mrs. Eva Patten . . . N'Hampshire. I don' know, town's name' Granite an' she's on a rurrurrl line. I'll wait." I had another Martini, to sober up, and I listened absently to efficient clicks and snaps and, presently, a nasal New England voice saying: "The numbah's Granite five fo-ah ring two" and over it Pat's sleepy voice: "Who?"

"Wally. Waldo Cobb. Look, I want to buy a house in the country."

"At three in the morning?"

"I'm clearing out of New York. . . . Of course I'm drunk," indignantly. "Look, Pat, I can' tell you over the phone, all of it, but Myra and I've split. . . . No, we're all washed up this time, this is the real thing, and so I want you to pick me out a house— What? I don' know, one with some rooms, one here and one there, and a staircase that goes up like this, and—oh, a roof." I made a roof with my hands. "I'll wire you what train. You do have trains up there?"

SHE met me at the Granite station, driving a mud-caked station wagon, wearing a man's felt hat and a gray sweater and slacks, her feet stuffed into an unlaced pair of rubber-bottomed hunting boots. (Her tiny feet that had twinkled through half a dozen Ziegfeld Follies, when she had been Eva Patten, of Fred and Eva Patten.) I looked at her a moment. "Where's your corncob pipe?"

"Welcome to the Limberlost," she said. "I'm the Bird Woman. Throw your bag in back." She started the car with a jolt. "There's a flask in the glove compartment." We drove past several stores and frame houses and a garage —"and that," said Pat complacently, "was Granite"—and abruptly we were driving through New Hampshire back country, with sloping, rubble-strewn pastures and higher hillsides green with juniper and always, at the top, the receding stands of dark, sad pine. "I've got several places picked out for you. There's the old Swasey place about a mile from me, and the Shackford place over the mountain on the back side, and the Bentley place, only they want too much. . . ."

She had not asked about Myra; and I had not mentioned her. But that is Pat. Interested but not inquisitive, closemouthed, casual. She minds her business and, when you ask her to, she can mind yours. She respects a confidence. She knew us all, she could have told Walter Winchell things about himself he never knew, but she never told anybody anything. Blunt, outspoken, ribald, a little hard—but you get that way when you have trouped for twenty years.

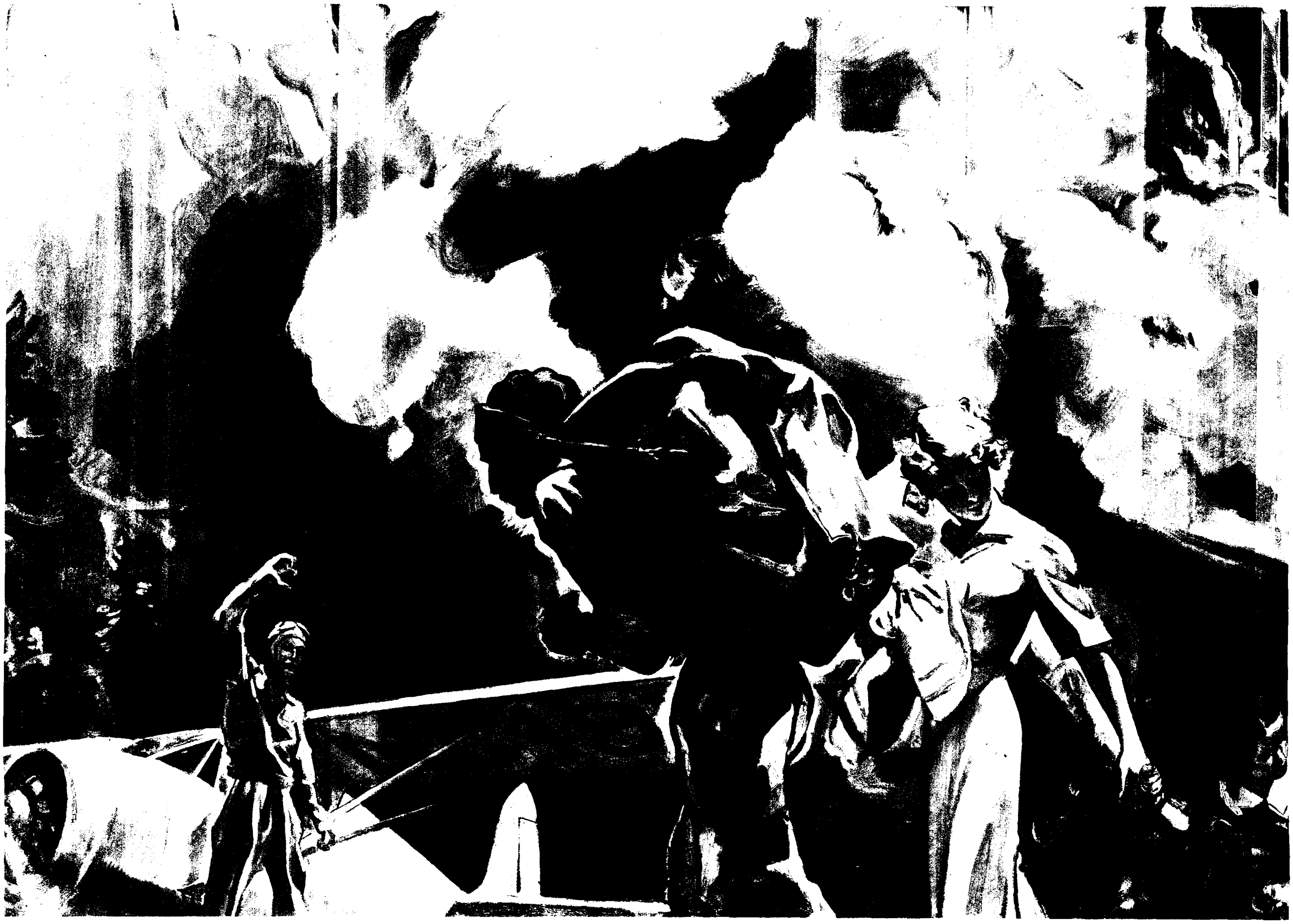
Twenty years of it; one-night stands —cities, people, lights, noise. "And me just a country girl at heart. I used to live in New England, you know. Once I spent a week at the Commercial Hotel in Fall River." Even toward the last of it, when Fred and Eva Patten were famous, when they played the New Amsterdam three successive seasons, she would get up early in the morning and ride around Central Park in a hack wistfully filling her lungs with carbon monoxide. "When Fred finally dances his brains out some day," she'd say with an affectionate squeeze of her partner's arm, "I'm going to hire a car and drive up into New England and pick out the house I was born in . . . well, at least, I can pick out the house I'm going to die in. And you can tell New York for me . . ."

So, when Fred died, she moved to the country. We all said it wouldn't last; but she had not been back in three years. She bought a farm in Granite and remodeled the building (she used to send us pictures, proud as of a baby) and planted trees and bought a tractor, and we would drive up week ends and watch her strutting around the shocked countryside, incongruous as a peacock in a barnyard. She tried in vain to be accepted; but New England accepts things slowly. The town was suspicious of her café-society friends who came to call, disapproved of all the empty brandy bottles afterward, exchanged glances at the cigarette dangling from her magenta lips, gazed coldly at the taut rear of her blue overalls wagging defiance down the road.

"Wally," she said once soberly, "these people up here can forgive you anything else except having a good time."

The Swasey place was the first house we stopped at, and I took it without looking any further. I was not interested in looking at houses. Mrs. Swasey, bony-faced and severe, began briskly: "It's been in our family I don't know how long, the only reason I'm selling is

(Continued on page 67)



Then he saw Ferrand, staggering under an enormous pack. The woman was there too

The Sky was Red

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

He got the job, he got the girl, he saved the business. And not by counting costs and cutting prices

"TEN per cent," said Russ Kavanaugh. Alex Hunt said, "Tell 'em to go to hell."

Russ Kavanaugh looked at the figures scrawled upon the scratch-pad that lay beneath his hand. Ten per cent. The margin of profit wasn't much bigger than that. If he cut the freight rate it meant the operating expenses would have to come down. And that would be like whittling flesh from a skeleton. If he didn't cut the rate—

He said, "Suppose I do get tough? What *happens?* Sam Johnson signs with Olcott. The bank calls my note. They take the ships and we take the air. We pack our other shirt and go back to dusting cotton."

"What other shirt?" said Alex Hunt.

"The one with the holes in it."

Alex scowled. "That ain't funny."

He was right—unless having four years' work shot from under you is something to laugh about. Four years of squeezing pennies, stalling creditors. There had been times when a bad landing, a cracked spar or any of the million small things that can happen to a plane would have been enough to finish them. But all of that had seemed over and done. Safely behind. And then Sam Johnson had flown in on his monthly trip to the mine—

"Olcott's offering a better price," said Russ. "Johnson will grab it. That's good business, Alex."

Russ Kavanaugh tipped his chair away from the desk. He was big and solid and he was not handsome, though you forgot that when he grinned. A tiny crescent of scar shone white against the brown of one cheek. The weather lines were deep about his eyes. He wore gray slacks and a thin sweater that was old.

"Johnson's a heel," said Alex bitterly. "You flew his stuff over the hump when he didn't have a dime. Now he hits the jack pot. Now the mine's makin' plenty of money, so Sam Johnson gets a swelled head. He gets nasty."

"We'll meet the price," said Russ. "We'll get by."

Sourly, Alex Hunt said, "Like hell we'll get by."

HE TURNED away from the desk then —a tall, thin man in grease-stained coveralls. This, Kavanaugh knew, was Hunt's way of closing the incident. He'd say no more about Johnson, or the mine, or the grief that lay ahead. But he'd be around when trouble broke—dour, bitter-mouthed, profane. He was a mechanic, one of the best, and he'd been with Kavanaugh since the beginning.

"The smoke's gettin' thicker." Alex rubbed the dusty window with the heel of one palm. "That Little Jack forest fire must be gettin' away from them."

"They've got everything else stopped."

The roadster came then, taking the curve of the drive, passing close to the window.

"Here's Ann Carpenter," said Alex Hunt.

"She's here to meet Olcott."

"Olcott?" Slowly, Alex Hunt turned his head. All the lines of his face were long, grim. "That ain't the way it used to be. Why let—"

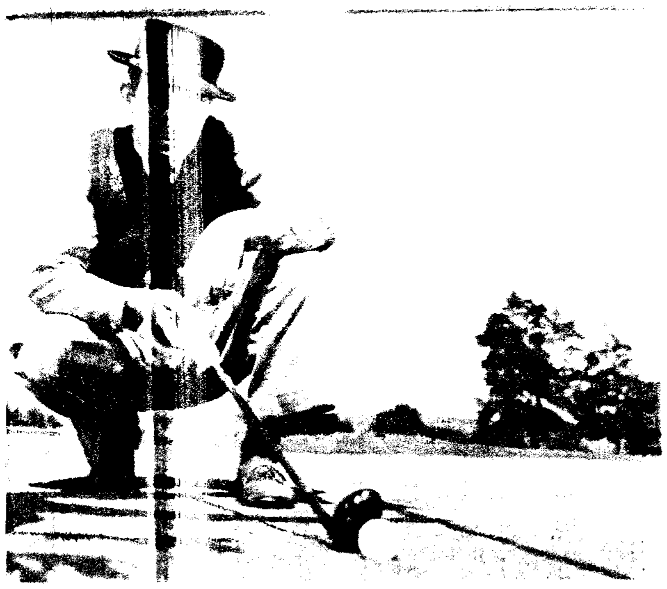
"You've got work to do," said Russ Kavanaugh.

"Yeah . . . I've got work to do." Alex Hunt slouched to the door, pausing there. "I still think you're a sucker," he said finally. "If it was me, I'd slap Olcott's teeth out." He was gone before Kavanaugh could reply. . . .

Ann Carpenter said, "Hello, Russ."

She was standing in the doorway, hazy

(Continued on page 55)



Paul Runyan, twice P.G.A. Champion, really prefers plaids, as witness the long-sleeved blue Glen plaid shirt in the sweater-slack getup at the top. Below, he's wearing a 3-button tweed sports jacket, tan with blue overplaid. The tie is of cashmere wool in tan with a red overplaid

Mr. Runyan wears a golf jacket, wool muffler and a flat cap in a tasty combination of three Glen plaids in different sizes and colors. The putter is his own infallible invention with which he has just missed a short one.

PLAIDS PLEASE

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

A HUNDRED years ago if you were a tenant of Caroline, Countess of Seafield, on her Glen Urquhart estates, you automatically wore the Glen Urquhart plaids. Each clan had its identifying pattern which, when the shooting started, helped the clan triggermen find the proper targets.

Today, if you like to dress casually in tweeds with a soft blending of colors we recommend Caroline's tartan. For country wear the Glen Urquhart patterned jacket may be worn with gray flannels or, in the summer, with white flannels. The trousers of the Glen Urquhart suit may be worn with a plain-color tweed or a gabardine sports jacket. A Glen Urquhart suit is a sound investment since it is smart for travel, town or spectator sports wear. The pattern is also made up in flannel, saxony and unfinished worsted.

Probably the best color combination is the black-and-white check but the headwaiter won't toss you out if you wear brown and white, blue and white, or green and white. Sometimes large overplaids of rust, yellow or other shades in subdued tones decorate the basic checks of the Glen Urquhart pattern.

The checks range from small to oversize blocks. The large man should wear a small pattern, the thin man a large check. Glen Urquharts turn up in caps for motoring or golf, in wool mufflers, overcoats, even cigarette cases and tobacco pouches. The larger patterns and deeper colors are used in cotton and wool flannel shirts for country wear, in miniature checks for town wear. Silk Glen Urquhart neckties are worn in town, wool and cashmere for the country and week ends.

Glen patterns in shirt, tie and suit are combined by varying the size and color of each. For example, with a Glen Urquhart suit in a fairly bold pattern, you may wear a GU tie whose check is smaller and colors contrasting. But don't wear all three in Glen patterns; a plain-color shirt is easier on the eyes. Glens are classic, and good the year around. ★★★

Classic black and white on gray flannel, with a gray-and-red silk Glen tie. The overcoat on the bar is a tweed with zip-in lining, plaid of course

A Matter of Pride

By William Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

JOHN BRENT'S secretary was certain that her boss wouldn't want to see anyone this morning. But the tall, nervous man outside the railing was patiently insistent.

"But what did you want to see Mr. Brent *about?*" she parried again.

"It's a personal matter," the man explained a second time. There were tired lines about his mouth. He needed a haircut. "Just tell him that George Avery wants to see him a minute, please."

"I'll see," she said skeptically. She wrote the name on a pad and opened the door into the sumptuous inner office.

John Brent, solid and red-faced, signed two letters, with his usual flourish, and glanced at a third before replying to his secretary. He didn't look up from his big desk. "What's he like, Miss Grange?"

"Well . . . he's tall and thinnish and respectable-looking. But a little frayed around the edges," she added efficiently. "He seems worried. He looks as though he might want something, Mr. Brent." She half turned toward the door.

John Brent drummed his fingers on his shining desk top. "Wait, Miss Grange. . . . I'll see him. A big businessman," he said with obvious pride, "ought to keep himself reasonably available."

Pride governed John Brent, sometimes against his better judgment. He was excessively proud of his reputation as a businessman who could foresee long trends and make quick, courageous decisions.

Pride had always governed John Brent. Pride had prompted him in college to fall in love with the prettiest and most popular girl on the campus, Mary Carr. Pride had made him want to marry her.

George Avery was the only man ever to crack Brent's pride.

Avery had married Mary Carr, the girl everyone expected John Brent to marry.

Before George Avery was shown in, Brent took a silver cigar case from the desk drawer and set it conspicuously at his elbow. He lighted a cigar and became busy with papers.

GEORGE AVERY stood on the deep-napped carpet before Brent's desk a full two minutes, waiting.

Brent finally looked up. He smiled and came around the desk, hand extended cordially. "Avery, old man!" John Brent's speculative, unsmiling eyes took in Avery's worn-out overcoat, the expression of uncertainty in Avery's thin face. Brent knew the signs. Avery needed money and needed it badly.

Brent said, "You're looking great, George. Sit down. Sit down. How long has it been? Let's see. Fifteen years, hasn't it?"

Avery sat down.

"Yes, just fifteen years, John."

Brent smiled. "Glad you could find the time to drop by. I've been busy as a bird dog myself. Which reminds me, I'm planning a little duck shoot down in Maryland next week. This crisp weather smells like gunpowder, doesn't it?" Brent puffed his cigar slowly.

George Avery said, "Yes, yes, it certainly does, John."

John Brent smiled. Brent had become a defensive expert in fencing over money. Every remark he made had a question tacked to it, a question designed to keep Avery answering instead of asking. If that method failed, Brent knew another method of stalling that never failed. Every man had his pride. Brent said, "Have you done any duck shooting lately, George?"

He watched Avery's lips tighten in a line of resentment. Avery didn't answer this question. He blurted out, "John, I need money. Will you lend me a thousand?"

John Brent took his cigar from between his teeth, emphasizing his surprise. He smiled. "George, you're not serious, are you? I've heard you were pushing that tousled head of yours to the top of the heap." He watched slow color come into Avery's pale face. For one moment John Brent felt a strange sympathy for George Avery. A sympathy for a man who was fighting hard to keep his pride from being humbled. But the moment was brief. This was a matter of John Brent's pride, too.

Brent didn't wait for Avery's answer. He said, "Too bad I haven't been able to see more of you and Mary. I've had my secretary mail you invitations to dinners and parties and what not at Brent Manor." He watched Avery wet his lips, draw in his breath hard. Then Avery said quietly, "Mary and I stopped opening your invitations after a while, John. We knew you wanted to flaunt your success, to show off your big house. We knew there was no friendship involved."

Brent's eyes widened a little at Avery's self-control. He said, "If there's no friendship involved, George, why do you come to *me* to borrow money. I'm not in the money-lending business." He saw George Avery squirm under the taunting question. But still Avery held himself in check.

"Mary's been sick a long time, John. I've got to get her out of the city right away. I've got to . . ."

Brent interrupted him. "You thought I might entertain some sentimental attachment for a woman who showed bad judgment enough to marry a failure?"

John Brent confidently waited for Avery's pride to make him stalk out of the office. But Avery bit his lips, then said calmly, "I came to you because you're the only man I know with a thousand dollars who is willing to take chances."

John Brent said, "Does Mary know you've come to me?"

"Yes."

John Brent put his cigar ash carefully into the ash tray. Then, though he sensed that this, too, would fail to shake George Avery's calm, he said, "You haven't got any pride, have you, George?"

"I need a thousand dollars," George said quietly. "A thousand dollars can't touch my pride."

John Brent opened his mouth and closed it again. He drummed his fingers on his shining desk. He was a man of quick decisions. He rang for his secretary. "Bring me the office cash box, Miss Grange."

She brought the box and unlocked it. She looked questioningly at George Avery, at John Brent. She walked noiselessly back.

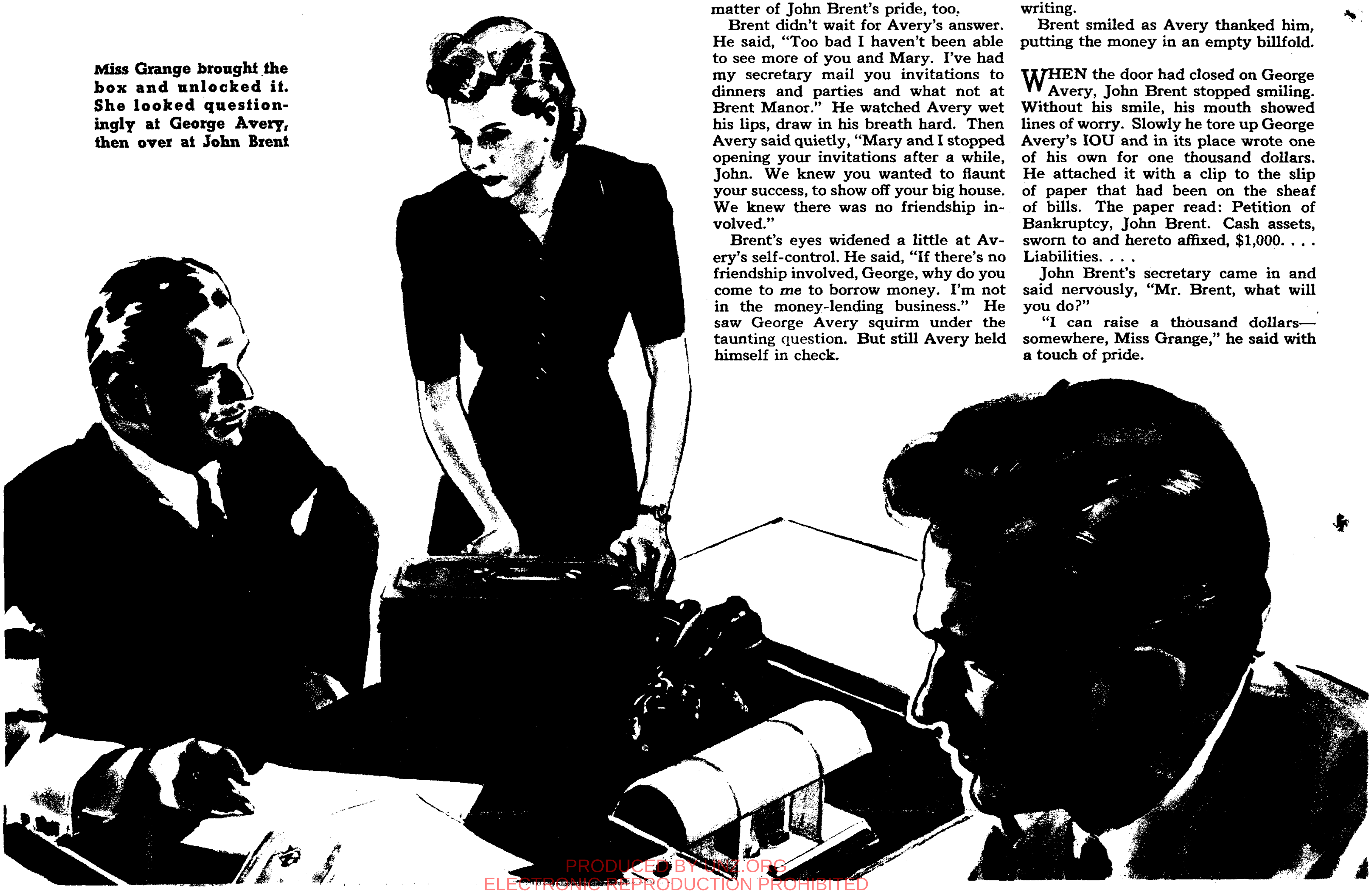
Brent detached the paper clipped to the sheaf of bills and counted out ten one-hundred-dollar bills. "I'll take your IOU, George. Matter of form." He watched George Avery's nervous fingers writing.

Brent smiled as Avery thanked him, putting the money in an empty billfold.

WHEN the door had closed on George Avery, John Brent stopped smiling. Without his smile, his mouth showed lines of worry. Slowly he tore up George Avery's IOU and in its place wrote one of his own for one thousand dollars. He attached it with a clip to the slip of paper that had been on the sheaf of bills. The paper read: Petition of Bankruptcy, John Brent. Cash assets, sworn to and hereto affixed, $1,000. . . . Liabilities. . . .

John Brent's secretary came in and said nervously, "Mr. Brent, what will you do?"

"I can raise a thousand dollars—somewhere, Miss Grange," he said with a touch of pride.



Miss Grange brought the box and unlocked it. She looked questioningly at George Avery, then over at John Brent

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL PETERS

A man to watch this year—"Cowboy" Jack Crain, **bulbous halfback of the University of Texas**

Opposing tacklers have a name for elusive "Cowboy" Jack Crain—they call him The Little Louse Who Wasn't There. Brother Crain is right busy now living up to his name

WHAT happens to young Texas football gentlemen when they enter college is that they immediately begin eating themselves to death. Even as a sophomore the famous Ernie Lain at Rice was taking on weight at such a rate that anxious observers feared he would be wafted aloft like a wayward blimp some windy afternoon. They are having the same trouble now at the University of Texas with Jack Crain, the phenomenal halfback who might have made All-America last year and will this year unless he founders.

"The greatest runner football has ever seen and we don't except Gipp or Grange or Cliff Battles or anybody," they say defiantly at Austin, "but we wish that kid would get off about fifteen pounds."

Since Crain is a pudgy little squirt to begin with, consternation filled the breasts of all loyal Tejanos this year when Jack turned up for spring practice looking as if he had just had contact with a bicycle pump. He had taken on sixteen pounds, and his moleskins fitted him so immediately that spectators turned away in modesty whenever tacklers approached him. The inevitable happened in the practice finale, when Crain took a punt on the fly and went ninety-seven yards for a touchdown. At midfield a tackler took a whack at him and, by some miracle, disengaged those tight pants. With admirable *sang froid* Jackie raced on across the goal with his trousers following at a respectable distance. This is reported as giving an idea of Crain's presence of mind under unusual and trying circumstances.

The fears were somewhat allayed when Crain reported for practice this fall after a strenuous summer in camp at Kerrville. He had boiled the 180 pounds down to 170 and proceeded to clip off a 75-yard sprint in 7.7 seconds, wearing football shoes.

"Ah-h-h-h!" said Coach Dana Xenophon Bible, taking a long, deep breath.

The Kid Changed Everything

If Mr. Bible's sigh was prompted by his personal relief, his sentiments were shared by all Texas alumni. Sad cess descended upon the Southwest's largest college after 1934, and the old grads were tastefully shrouded in a fancy grade of hand-woven gloom. Not even Bible, lured away from Nebraska in 1937, had been able to brighten this particular corner. Then the Kid from Nacona popped in and proved to be a climax runner who would have had Frank Merrilwell working second string. He was a stocky individual with thick piano legs, a cotton thatch and a foghorn voice. He turned out to be the most amazing thing ever seen on the plains.

His phenomenal career began last year at Madison when he galloped thirty-five yards for the clinching touchdown against Wisconsin. The week before, he had run Florida ragged and finally clinched that game also with a twenty-five-yard jaunt. But he really entered the limelight against Oklahoma when he ripped off two seventy-yard touchdown runs in the last quarter and almost dragged a lost game out of the fire.

That set Texas definitely ablaze but insanity triumphed completely next week end against Arkansas. The Razorbacks had been giving Texas a fearful lacing, making twenty-one first downs to four, and gaining at will. Against that, Crain had set up one touchdown by picking up a rolling punt on his ten-yard line and bringing it back 83 yards before Red Hickey finally nailed him on the seven-yard line.

"Had my hands on him twice before," Hickey explained to Coach Thomsen, "but was unable to make permanent connection."

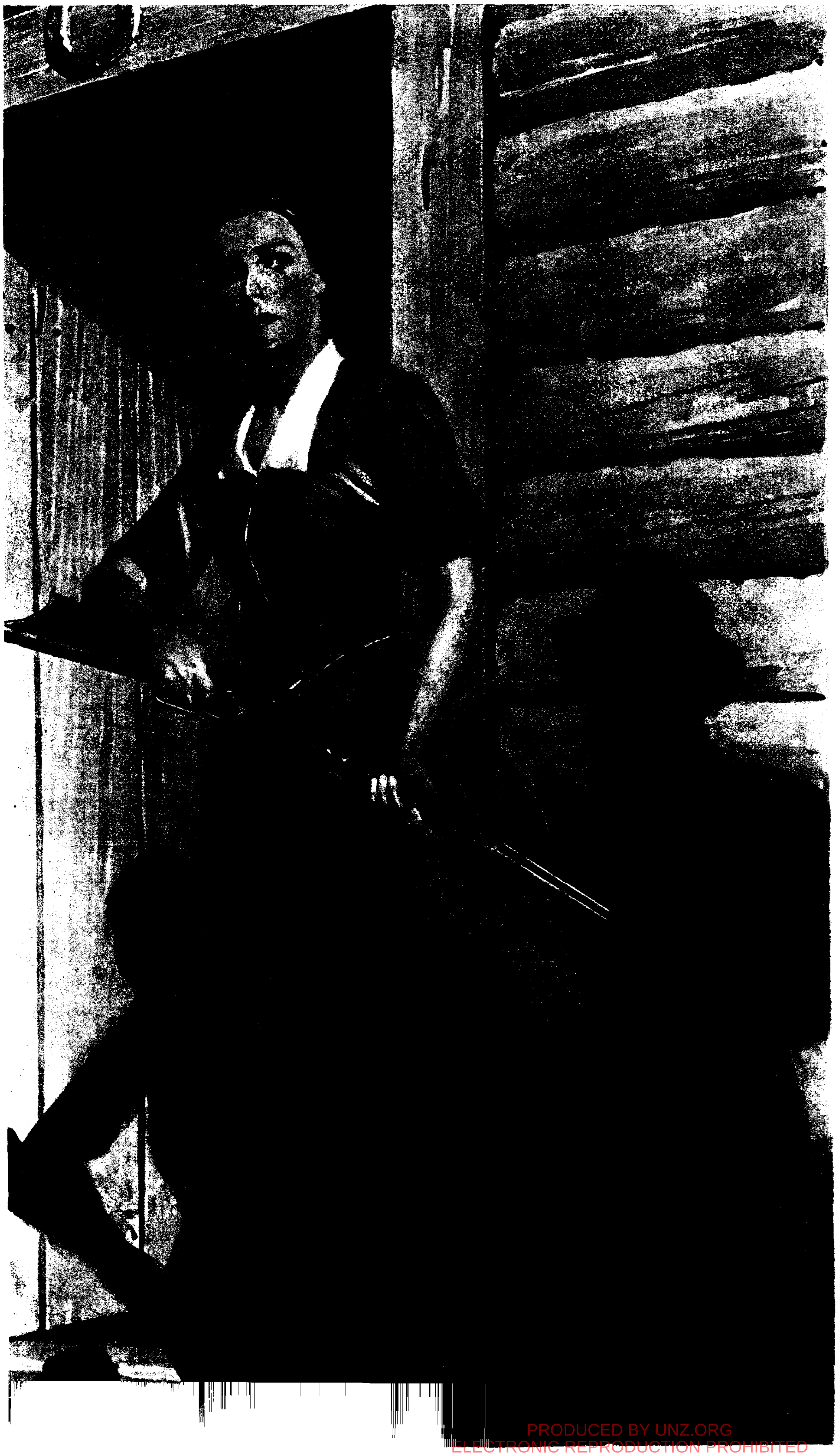
But even that seemed futile because

(Continued on page 63)

The Drifter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



The Story Thus Far:

JIM KEENE, a rider from Texas, registers at a hotel in the frontier town of Prairie City. A few minutes later, he is walking toward a saloon when a girl stops him. "Have you," she inquires, "seen Doctor Ellenburg?"

Before Keene can reply, an intoxicated cowboy—a member of Grat DePard's Broken Bit outfit—jostles the girl. Whereupon, Keene slams the drunk against a wall—a procedure that almost leads to a fight between Broken Bit's foreman, "Red" John, and the Texan.

Disliking each other immediately, "Red" John and Keene meet again in a saloon. This time a battle seems inevitable. But it is averted by an episode that makes the two men forget their trouble for a time—a savage attack on Fritz Spackman, a poor homesteader, by Jesse Morspeare, a candidate for the job of sheriff, who hopes to ingratiate himself with the cattlemen by persecuting homesteaders.

Realizing that he is in a sector that is in the grip of some brutal cattlemen, Keene decides to move on. Paying his hotel bill, he gets his horse, mounts and rides away. . . . Some twenty-five miles north of Prairie City, he stops at a homestead shack. The girl who had asked about Doctor Ellenburg is there—her father has just died. Touched by her very obvious grief, and her helplessness, Keene assists her friendly neighbors (only one of whom, Cleve Stewart, is a cattleman) in seeing to it that her father is decently interred.

Desperate, because of her poverty, the girl—Aurora Brant—now does a dangerous thing. She moves her possessions to an old cabin on "cattle graze" land from which homesteaders are barred, illegally, by the cattlemen. Keene helps her to get settled. Then he rides away.

That night, Aurora is awakened by voices outside the cabin. She rises, opens the door, looks out. Four men are stealing her only horse. One of them, calling from the darkness, tells her she must "clear out" or else—

Then a new arrival begins shooting at the intruders. They ride away. And a man steps up to Aurora—*Jim Keene!* "Tomorrow," he says quietly, "I believe I'll stake a claim around here. It looks like fun!"

II

THIS hour of the morning—it was before five—contained a silence that picked up the crackling of the fire and magnified it into minor explosions; the clank of the stove lid rolled on and on across the valley. To either edge of the valley and pine, ridges—Lost Man Ridge in the east, Skull Ridge to the west—stood purple-black in a sunless, glass-clear light. Night's thin chill clung to the earth. Jim Keene, Aurora noticed, had camped a quarter mile up the creek. As soon as the coffee boiled she called to him.

He came up on his horse, his hair wet from a swim in the creek. He had a tremendous vitality. There was no morning sourness in him, no sleepy irritability. The swim had brightened the blood glow of his cheeks, the smell of coffee and bacon made him smile.

Perhaps it was the coffee and bacon; she wasn't entirely certain of that, for he watched her with the same awareness and approval she had noticed the previous day. She was attractive in his eyes. Those eyes made pictures of her that seemed to please him as he sat down to eat breakfast.

"You slept well?"

"When I realized you were not far away," she admitted, "I slept like a log. Today I'm going to town. Among other things, I'll get a gun."

"I'll be around," he pointed out.

"I can't always be depending on you." Then, because she was more curious and more hopeful than it was wise to be, she asked a point-blank question: "What keeps you here?"

He smiled. His eyes had a long-reaching expression in them; even as he studied her he was seeing things beyond her. His face was alert and a small, swift air of excitement brushed fugitively across it. "What makes a man travel," he said in his soft voice, "what makes him stop?" He changed the subject. "I'll be around while you're gone. The boys might figure to burn the cabin."

"I'd build another one," she answered at once. "I'm going to stay. *Do you see what I see here?*"

"Nice valley and fine grass. It is better land than across the river. But that will help you none. You can't farm alone."

"Here's the road from Prairie City. There's the road running along the edge of the river from Wells to Argonaut. Everything meets here where they cross. That's the way towns are made."

"But nothing stops here," he pointed out. "The cattle outfits will see to that."

"Maybe," she murmured. "But they can't shoot a woman." She rose and washed the dishes. Afterward she saddled her horse for a trip to town. Idle against the house corner, he noticed on her face a mild expression of stubbornness, as though she foresaw trouble and was prepared for it. It turned her into a cool, self-contained woman who wanted her own way and meant to have it.

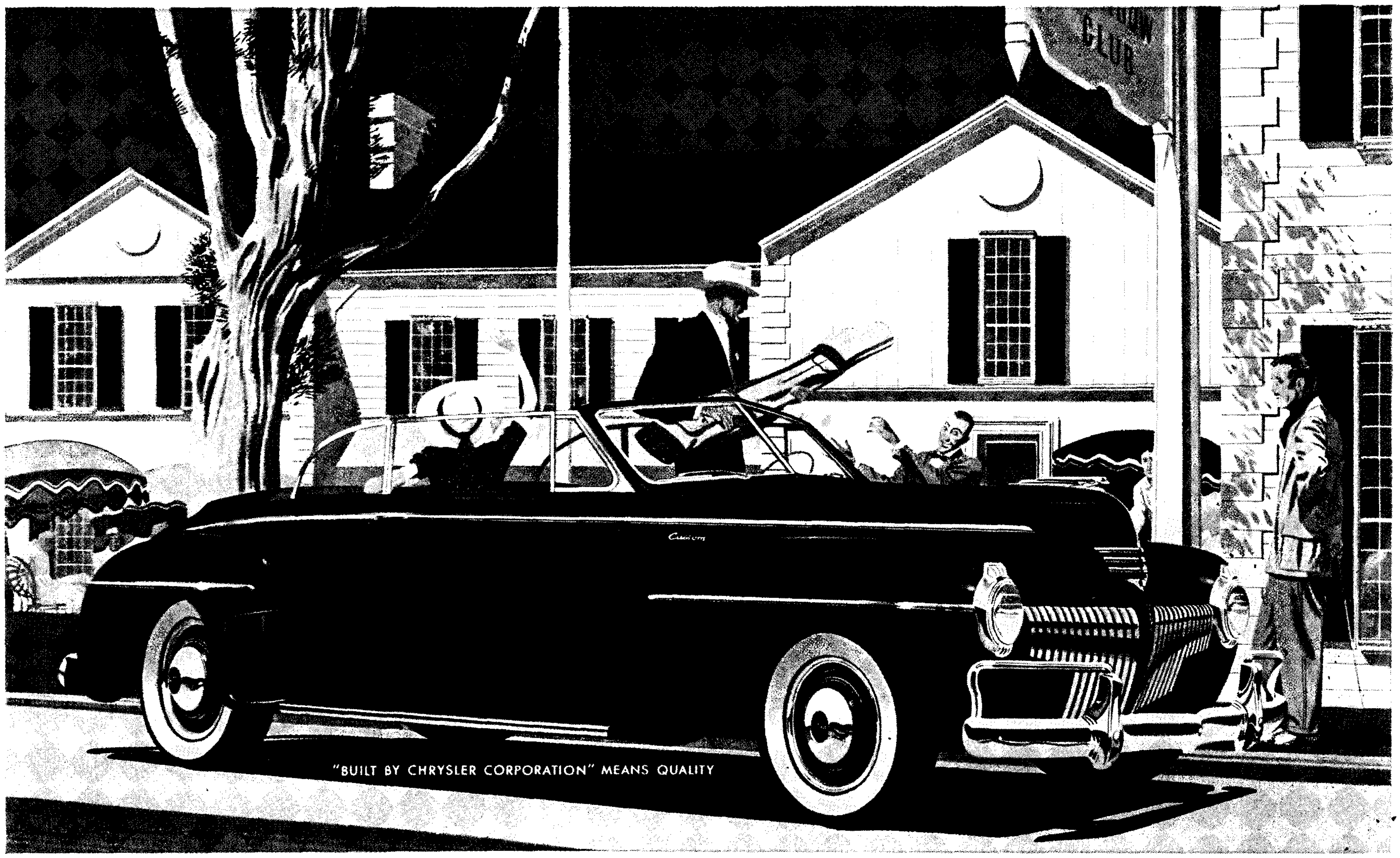
He watched her pull up her shoulders, the way her body changed curves when she settled on the saddle. Her lips were red and when *(Continued on page 27)*

Aurora came to the doorway. "Have you ever had a woman shoot at you, Mr. DePard?" she asked

Chrysler Corporation *Proudly Presents*

THE NEWEST NEW CAR OF THE YEAR 1941 DeSoto

Truly Dramatic **features for '41:** **De Soto Fluid Drive now combined with the new Simplimatic Transmission—gives you full Automatic Shifting for all normal driving! New, longer, wider, low-slung Rocket Bodies! Rich, spacious, Two-Tone Interiors—with Form-Rest Seats. Instrument panel, steering wheel—all fittings designed in two-color harmony! Many other great Chrysler Corporation features for Quality, Economy, Long Life!**



"BUILT BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION" MEANS QUALITY

Fluid Drive

Formerly only on high-priced cars, now combined with Simplimatic Transmission, gives you Automatic Shifting for all normal driving

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION TODAY!

IT'S THE 1941 DE SOTO . . . and what a car it is! Seventeen feet, four inches of automobile. Long, low-slung, rakish...with a front end so beautiful that it makes you tingle just to see it!

Outside, inside—it's beautifully designed and fitted. Every line—every detail—reflects quality, distinction, good taste!

But "looks" are only half the story. De Soto hugs the road—"floats" over rough spots. You have power galore—effortless performance.

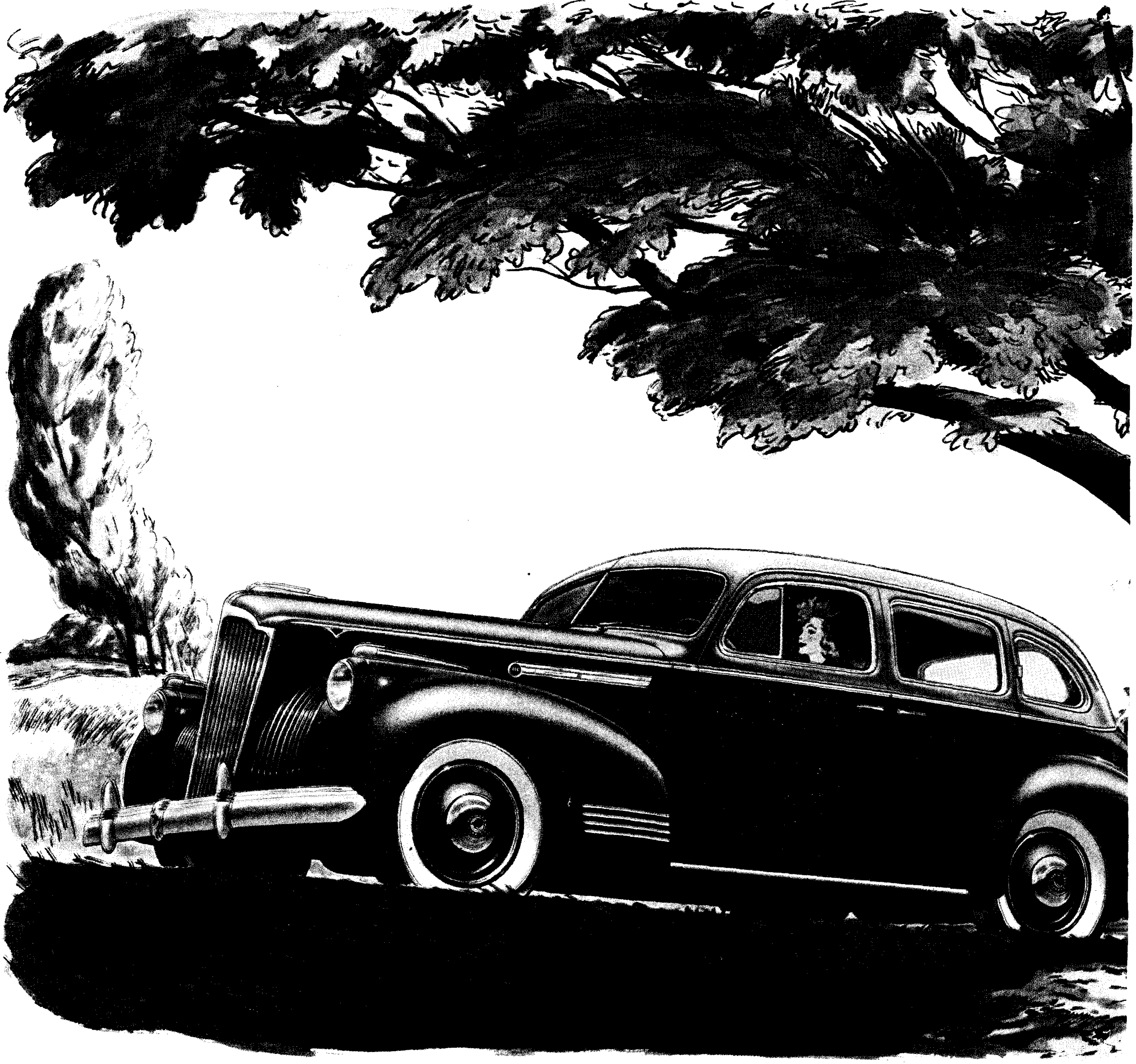
And you don't "shift gears"... not when you have *Fluid Drive!* You can stop, start—drive all day without touching clutch or gearshift!

See De Soto today. Available in 13 body styles —8 smart colors—4 new two-tones. De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

IN '41 DRIVE A DE SOTO with Fluid Drive. You can start—stop —drive all day—without touching clutch or gearshift!

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' HOUR, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P. M., E.S.T.

Brimming with Beauty

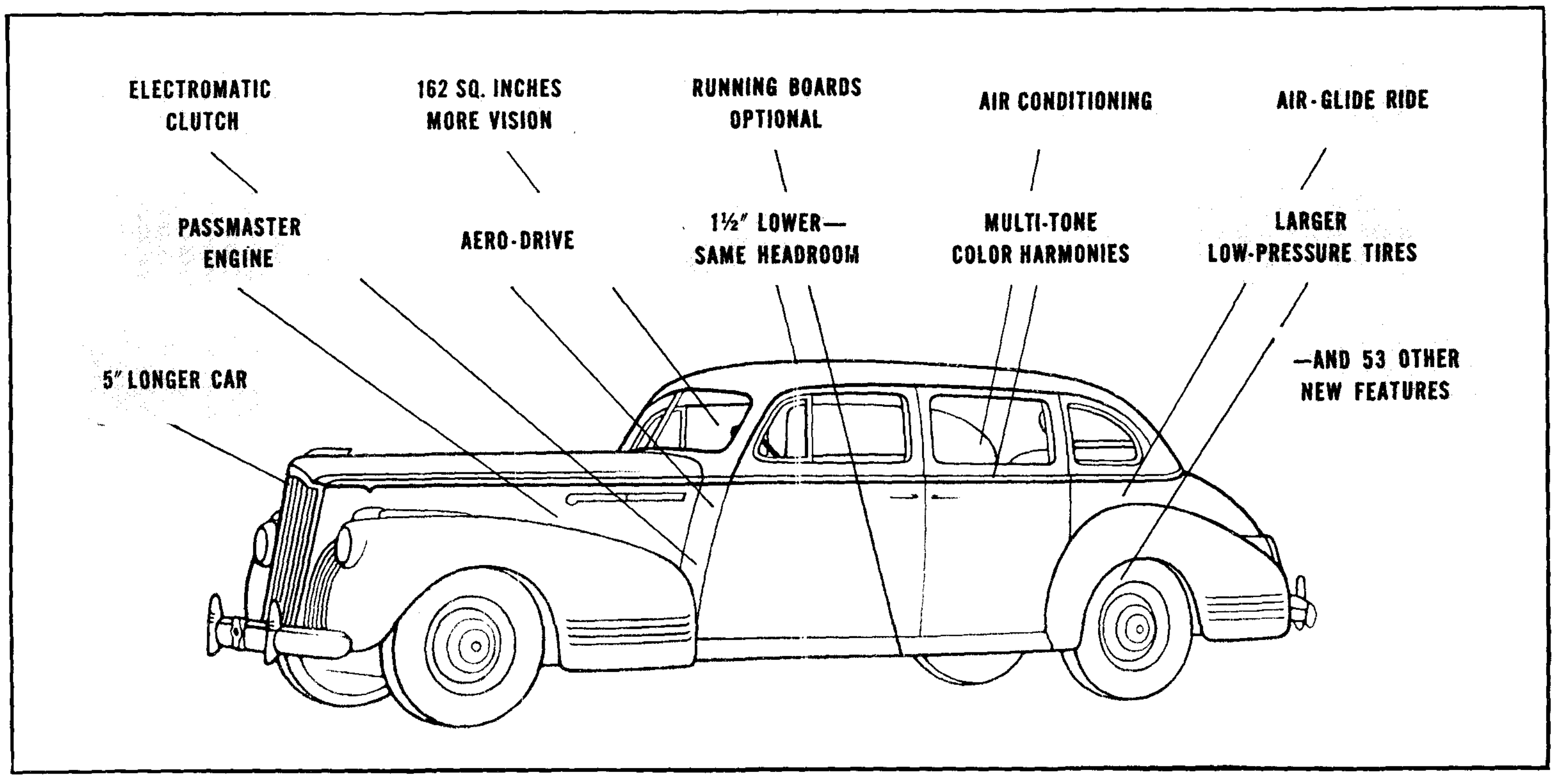


This stunning new Packard One-Ten Deluxe Sedan is available in many brilliant Multi-Tone combinations—both inside and out. Like all of the new 1941 Packards, it's completely restyled, bumper to bumper, roof to road. Nothing like it on the road!

—the Class of

— Bursting with News!

'41


ELECTROMATIC CLUTCH
162 SQ. INCHES MORE VISION
RUNNING BOARDS OPTIONAL
AIR CONDITIONING
AIR-GLIDE RIDE
PASSMASTER ENGINE
AERO-DRIVE
1½" LOWER— SAME HEADROOM
MULTI-TONE COLOR HARMONIES
LARGER LOW-PRESSURE TIRES
5" LONGER CAR
—AND 53 OTHER NEW FEATURES

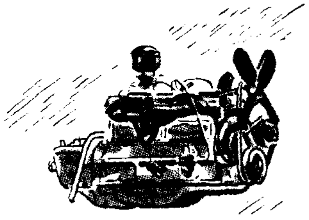
The NEW 1941 Packard

YOUR FIRST delighted glance will tell you the 1941 Packard is both the *newest* and the *smartest* car on the road! Completely redesigned! Inches longer . . . inches lower . . . and "luxury" the watchword!

Its stunning new Multi-Tone color combinations are available with a variety of equally stunning upholstery options inside.

And the chart above highspots only 11 of the engineering advances which total 64 in this superlative new car.

New! Passmaster Engine Cuts Fuel Costs 10%!



Along with the dash and fire of this spirited power plant comes a new mechanical master stroke!

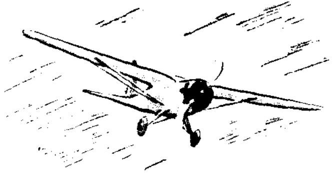
Without sapping an *ounce* of this great engine's flashing power, Packard engineers have succeeded in cutting its already-low gasoline consumption by *no less than 10%!*

Couple these welcome savings with negligible oil consumption and low upkeep cost, and you have a thrifty trio that's hard to beat.

New! Electromatic Clutch Lets Your Left Foot Loaf!

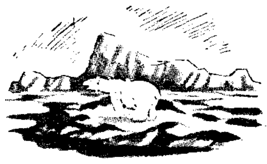
In the new 1941 Packard, the *car itself* operates the clutch! Your left foot loafs. This Packard-perfected clutch works on a new principle, free from the defects of earlier devices. If desired, the conventional foot-clutch can be employed by touching a button. There's nothing complicated, nothing new to learn, about using Electromatic Clutch —and it's available at *very low* extra cost.

New! Aero-Drive Doubles Fun of Driving!



One ride tells you that Packard's Aero-Drive doubles the fun of open-road driving! For it lets your engine turn lazily over—*27% slower.* And when you want to pass a car, in cuts a mountain-climbing gear — automatically — and you fairly zoom past! (Aero-Drive, optional at extra cost, is a money-saver, too— cuts gasoline consumption up to 20%!)

New! Air Conditioning— A Packard FIRST!



No mere ventilating device, but real, refrigerated air conditioning. (Costs extra, but you'll bless it every mile you drive!)

Check all 64 features that make Packard the year's smartest buy. And remember Packard's low upkeep! A recent survey shows a Packard needs servicing less often than *any other car!* See your Packard dealer now!

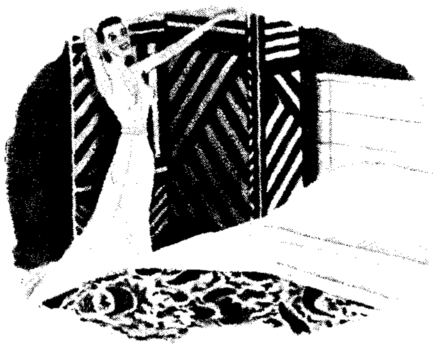
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

P.S.

Your Packard dealer has the good news about 1941 prices!

How to get the supreme luxury comfort of the New, Deeper Beautyrest . . . for only a penny a night!

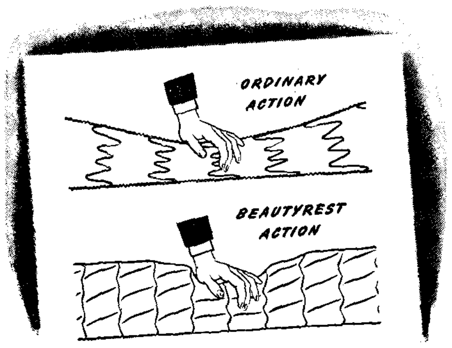
Simmons' Common-sense Guide to Mattress-buying



1. "Plain comfort"... or "luxury comfort."

You can't tell how comfortable a mattress is by looking at it in a store.

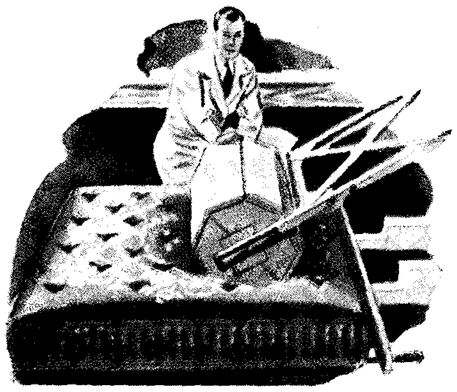
For comfort is a matter of construction—not looks. A mattress with only fair-to-middling "insides" can give you only fair-to-middling comfort. Beautyrest features a different kind of mattress construction. It brings you blissful, heavenly comfort . . . lets you rest in supreme luxury . . . every muscle relaxed . . . on the *deepest* Beautyrest ever made!



2. Not all mattresses work alike.

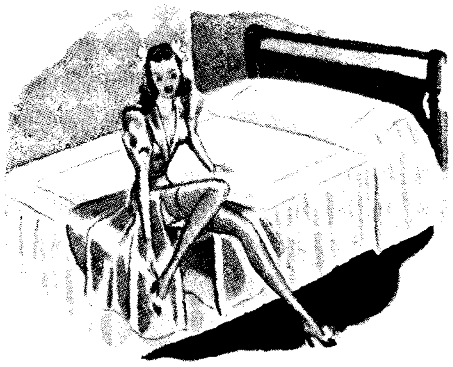
In the "ordinary" mattress, springs are tied together by wire. As you press one down, the springs around it go down too—forming slopes and hollows.

In the radically different Beautyrest, each spring yields *independently* to the slightest pressure of your body. You get luxury comfort. Only Beautyrest can give it to you. *We know.* We make both kinds: the luxurious Beautyrest and the "ordinary action" mattress.



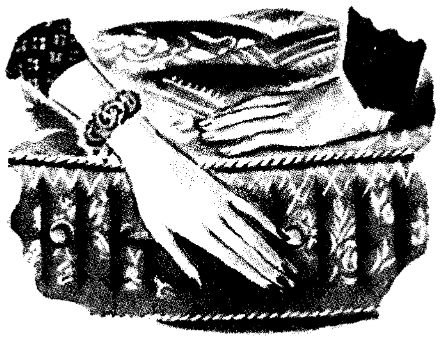
3. How to be sure the comfort will last.

A mattress that can't keep its original comfort is a questionable bargain. In tests made at the United States Testing Company, Inc. (Certified Test No. 11760), Beautyrest lasted *three times longer* than any of the 17 different makes of mattress tested. So we're conservative in guaranteeing Beautyrest for 10 years' service. However, based on these tests, we believe it will keep its luxury comfort even *longer!*



4. How to be sure a mattress keeps its shape.

Some mattresses look fine for a few years . . . then the edges collapse—lumps and hollows form. This can't happen to Beautyrest. For Beautyrest has a patented sag-proof edge that keeps edges resilient and erect for the entire life of the mattress. (P. S. Beautyrest never "lumps" up—so it needs less turning. After the first few months, 4 or 5 turnings a year are plenty.)



5. What makes a mattress stay "fresh" inside?

Some mattresses get musty and stale-smelling inside. That's because they aren't able to ventilate themselves. Beautyrest has 8 real ventilators—not "false" ones. They "breathe" in fresh, clean air, expel the stale air—keeping Beautyrest always sanitary and fresh, even in to the center of the mattress.

THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY

6. What's the right price to pay for a mattress?

Naturally, the right price is the one that gives you most for your money. *We* believe Beautyrest does this. It sells for $39.50. Based on our 10-year guarantee, the price comes down to about *a penny a night!* Where else, we ask, can you get *so much mattress* at so low a price! Buy a Beautyrest today. And never accept a mattress "just as good." There isn't any!

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

The Drifter

Continued from page 22

she looked down at him an expression formed on them and went away. Her lips, he had discovered, were the first to show her thoughts; and now they didn't match the resolution of her face. She was two different persons.

She started from the yard. Beyond the house she swung the horse to look back at him and in her glance then was a woman's inevitable contradiction—a worry for him and a pleased awareness of his presence. She said: "You shouldn't be here, Jim, but I'm glad you are."

She crossed the ford and let the horse have its morning run; thereafter she settled to an alternate run and walk through the streaming sunlight, through late fall's golden haze. It was a morning that, like all desert mornings, held a tonic freshness, buoying her and making her believe anything was possible. At this precise moment she needed desperately to believe that.

YET when she reached Prairie City and racked the horse in front of Worsham and Ross most of the confidence was gone. She faced the store's doorway, watching Worsham wait on a customer and for a moment the purpose which had brought her here almost died. All that held it was the memory of those long years in which her father had run away from every decision and every showdown.

She thought in half panic: "That can't be in me. I must never run, never give up. I've got to start now. I've got to go forward. I've got to." Worsham's customer came out of the store. Aurora went in.

It was easier to talk to him when he was alone and his pleasant manner helped. He said: "I heard about your dad. I'm sorry."

She said: "I wanted to talk to you."

She saw the immediate change, the withdrawal of sympathy and the onset of reserve. A thousand requests from impoverished homesteaders had given him a protective intuition.

"I have moved over to the Garratt place, across the Silver Bow ford."

"I'd heard."

"So soon?"

His answer was dry: "That kind of news travels fast." His hand moved along the counter, the signal of his desire to be about his work. It was difficult for her to go on and his manner took all the conviction from her voice. "It is a long ride for the homesteaders into town for supplies. They'd be better customers if they had a store near them. I'd like to start one at the ford. I thought you might be interested in stocking it on credit for me. A fifty-fifty partnership."

He said: "Why move across the river to start it?"

She drew a cross on the table with her finger. "Here's the road up the valley. Here's the road running along the river. They meet at Garratt's cabin. All travelers meet there."

The skeptic dryness increased. "What travelers?"

"Not long from now," she said, "the valley will be full of homesteads. People will be using those roads."

"Not while Broken Bit's there they won't."

"You're not interested?"

"No," said Worsham.

She went into the sunlight and moved along the walk without conscious direction. Her mouth was dry and she thought quickly back over the talk and remembered all the things she had forgotten to say. Her fear of failure increased and she was self-conscious enough in this new role to believe the town had its eyes on her. This, she realized, was why her father had always run away. He had been too sensitive to endure rebuff.

She arrived at the corner of the bank building and stopped and now found herself looking fixedly at the small bank window. Tim Sullivan, who ran the Cattleman's Palace, came from the bank with a canvas sack of silver coins; he tipped his hat and she said mechanically, "Good morning," and for a moment his bright eyes studied her. Then he went on.

SHE thought, "I must not be afraid," and went into the bank. She had met the banker only once during the year she had lived on the Silver Bow; and had been impressed by his kindness. He was kind now. He stood behind the counter and listened to her and she didn't see Worsham's cold, withdrawing expression on his face. He waited until she had said everything she wanted to say, but when she had finished she learned that men had many ways of listening and of saying no.

"You don't know business very well, Miss Brant," he told her. "Broken Bit is my big customer. What would it say if I loaned money to you?"

"ISN'T there room for everybody on the desert?"

"If I helped you Grat DePard would be here before sundown." His voice was sympathetic; it cushioned his refusal. "What would be your security?"

"Nothing."

"You see? After all, it isn't my money—it's the depositors'." He smiled the sting away as he had learned to do long ago in his business. Then he added with a touch of fatherliness: "This is a lonesome country for a man. There are a hundred good single men here—in town or on the desert. Have you thought of that?"

"No," she said, "but thank you," and left the bank at the same moment Jesse Morspeare came from Worsham's store and moved toward her. She knew, from his half-satisfied stare, that he had discovered her errand. He went by her into the bank, the weight of his body brushing slightly against her shoulder. Presently she heard him grumbling at the banker. She wasn't afraid any more but a kind of iron band closed around her head as she tried to think of other sources, other means; her mind kept circling and coming back, finding nothing.

Dust puffed up from the traveling hoofs of a passing rider; a swamper slowly swept refuse through the saloon's doorway and even at this distance the stale smell of whisky and old tobacco smoke was a rank emanation. Above the saloon four windows showed half-drawn curtains. A woman looked from one of these at Aurora, still-caught by her curiosity or her envy. Aurora lowered her eyes. Tim Sullivan stood in a patch of sunlight by the saloon wall, a cloud of cigar smoke covering his face. Aurora knew he was watching her. It was near noon and hunger turned her toward the hotel. Moving along the walk she held her shoulders up, her chin up.

She looked straight ahead and held her lips together. She went into the hotel's empty dining room.

She sat with both hands in her lap, remembering the banker's hint of marriage. There were few things a woman could do for herself in a man's world. She had heard that many times, but now she knew what it meant. She could marry, she could live on the bounty of relations or she could do as the woman above the saloon did. She moved the pewter caster around and around with the tip of her finger. Her eyes were gray against the inshining sunlight; she was outwardly composed but her mind kept pounding at the barriers and found no weak spot. The waitress brought on the meal, family style, and steps beat along the room. Looking up, she saw Tim Sullivan paused near her.

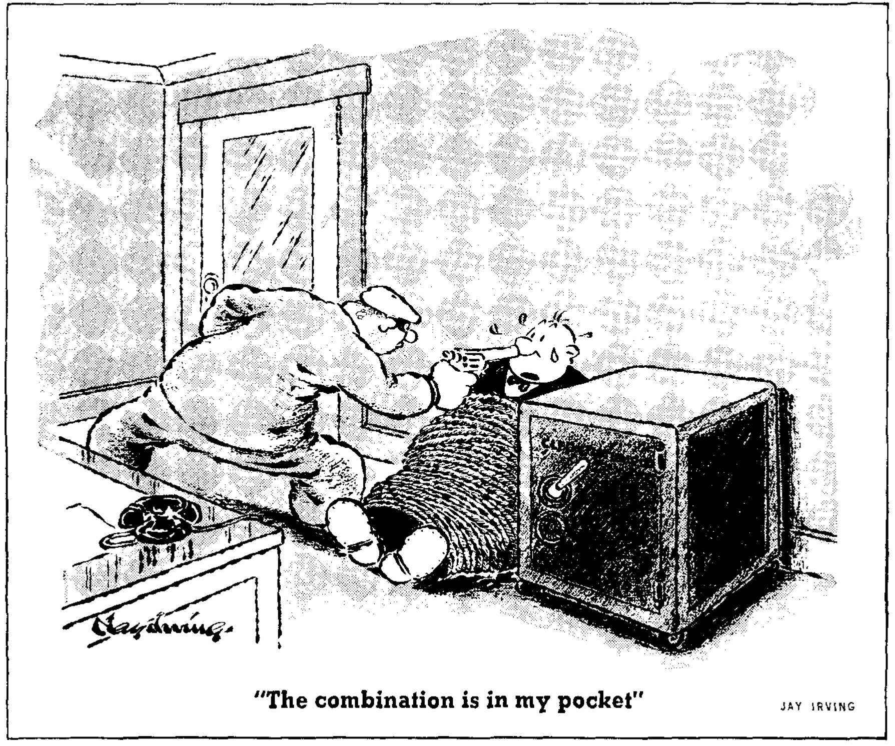
His voice was extremely courteous. "My respects to you concernin' your father," but a moment later the waitress went back to the kitchen and then Sullivan's bright Irish eyes showed a worldly, amused wisdom. "You got no help."

"No."

"And the news is out, like news always is, and Grat will be havin' his private laugh."

"Is that the reason?"

"'Tis Grat's town, is it not, and his desert?"



"The combination is in my pocket" JAY IRVING

Cool Shaves
win liberty from razor sting and smart!

Say to yourself with a grin, "I'm through with stinging, burning shaves! I'm going to treat my face to cool, soothing Ingram's—today."

What a treat you'll get. For Ingram's is COOL—planned cool—to help condition your face for shaving—as it wilts tough and wiry whiskers.

How quickly, smoothly your razor glides through your Ingram's-softened beard! And all the time Ingram's special lather is soothing your face with that refreshing Ingram's COOLNESS!

Men, get wise to Ingram's today! Discover how it leaves your face *smoother, cleaner*—with a freshness that lasts for hours! No lotion is needed. The same cooling cream comes in jar or tube.

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
IN TUBE OR JAR

"I, Baptiste, know more than rich feller!"

1. My huntin' lodge, she lose money. Nobody come for shoot the duck. I give up with despair . . . when comes one ver' rich feller from big city. He arrive by night. Next mornin' when I go to wake this feller, he no wanna get up!

2. He sleepy like anyt'ing. He stumble out to blind. I leave him in boat. Pretty soon plenty duck come, fly around, sit on water beside blind. By gar, this feller no shoot! I wait one hour, two hour . . . still he no shoot!

3. I go see what wrong. This feller sound asleep! Duck all gone . . . no more chance for shoot that day. "Too bad," say rich feller. "I cannot stay-awake!" Then he tell me how he drink the coffee on train last night.

4. Caffein in coffee keep rich feller tossin' an' turnin' all night. By gar, he get no rest at all! "I fix!" I announce. "Today you try rest. Tonight I make good Sanka Coffee. She 97% caffein-free, an' no can keep you awake!"

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

5. I show words on tin: "Council on Foods of American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'." (I no read this good, but rich feller can.)

6. He drink the Sanka Coffee. One cup, two cup. He smack lips. He sleep like bear in winter time. Next mornin' he bag limit ver' soon. "Baptiste," he say, "you smart feller! I buy this lodge, an' make you manager at good salary!"

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

TUNE IN . . . "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Laughs, thrills, pathos, drama, as *real* people tell *true* experiences! Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. See your local paper for time and station.

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

"Sit down."

He showed a small surprise; his eyes sobered. "That was a kind heart speakin'. But I'll stand." He was a stubby man with soft hands, with an Irishman's rich complexion and a saloonman's thorough knowledge of the sins of men tucked in the knowing corners of his face. It was a politician's face. Behind its affability lay an opportunist's acceptance of the world as he found it. But in Sullivan, as in every Irishman, was one hot streak of ancient dissent that occasionally had its way. He said now, softly for no other ears than Aurora Brant's: "Now I like to see spunk and it is born in me to love a fight and see a great man fall. You should not have asked Worsham, or the bank. Do you not know that money is a timid thing? Men who have it fear the world, and themselves even. Have you seen the week's paper?"

He had the paper folded in his pocket. He brought it out and placed it on the table before her, still folded. He said: "I should not open it, were I you, till you had the evenin' heavy on your hands at home."

She put her hand on it and knew its inner folds contained something. She saw the edge of greenbacks. She looked up at him in astonishment and found his eyes dancing with the pleasure of his own intrigue. She said: "I've nothing to give you."

"And did I ask it?" he retorted. "On my poker tables there is a little slot in the center, down which a man drops a white chip each deal. That is for the house. If a man plays long enough, no matter how much he may win, the house will have it all at last. I am comfortable. But comfort is poor diet for an Irishman. Didn't I tell you I love a fighter?"

She was so long silent that he at last said with some concern: "It comes from a saloonman. It is the money of appetite. But you'd not refuse it for that?"

"No," she said gently, "I am thinking of how long you may have to wait before I repay you."

"Ah, that," he said, and dropped his voice until the words only rubbed in his throat. "This will be our private affair. And do your buying not here but at Argonaut. Now you must find a man who will drive a wagon for you."

"I will find one."

"No," he said, "it will not be like that. By tomorrow Grat will have word around and 'twill be worth a man's life to touch a horse for your sake."

The waitress came out of the kitchen. Tim Sullivan spoke in his heartiest voice, "I knew you'd like to see a paper from your old home town," and left the dining room.

She was no longer hungry but a sense of economy forced her to eat the meal. As soon as she had finished she returned to the street and went into Caples' hardware store, buying a secondhand rifle and a box of cartridges. It was past one o'clock when she left Prairie.

KEENE watched Aurora disappear beyond the opposite rim of the river bluff. He took the ax and shovel from her piled possessions and rode out upon Cloud Valley, aiming at Lost Man Ridge a mile east. He crossed a shallow, sparkling oxbow bend of the creek, passed through knee-high meadow grass turned amber by the sun and softly furrowed by the wind. At the foot of the ridge he paused to scan the dark edge of timber above him. The ridge carried him up a hundred feet so that he saw the long course of the valley and the figure of a single rider moving along the road in the direction of the ford.

In the timber he hunted up a few thin pines and cut and trimmed them. During the rest of the morning he dragged them to Aurora's cabin to furnish a temporary supply of wood. Meanwhile as he rode he decided upon the location of a cabin site for himself. He chose a spot by the oxbow bend of the creek in the middle of the valley, half a mile north of Aurora Brant's.

He cooked his coffee and fried his bacon and ate beside the creek. He marked out a small room on the ground—with an adjoining leanto extension for his horse—and fell to cutting strips of sod two feet square. By the middle of the afternoon, working steadily along, he had the walls of the soddy begun.

He straightened and laughed outright and then he ceased to laugh. Why was he staying?

Maybe, he thought hopefully, it was natural for a man to grow weary of riding and to rest a while. But he remembered Jesse Morspeare using his huge hands to club Spackman into the dust and he remembered Aurora Brant facing the cattle outfits alone—and he knew he was lying to himself. These homesteaders were humble people wishing for peace, knowing nothing about the ways of the gun. They were lambs in the field to DePard and Morspeare and Red John. This was why he stayed.

A RIDER emerged from the timber on the western ridge, quartering into the valley. Keene moved over to the corner of the soddy and belted on his gun, and returned to his shovel; presently he saw it was a girl riding with that rhythm that comes only to those born and weaned on a saddle. She rounded before him and spoke in bluntest manner: "This year you dig out the grass and next year it will be weeds."

He propped himself against the shovel. Sweat ran down his cheek hollows; his cotton shirt clung to his long chest and, when he smiled at her, wrinkles cut a fine-netted pattern around the edges of his eyes. She appraised him in a single, surprised inspection.

"You're no homesteader. That shovel looks as funny in your hands as a woman's bonnet would on your head."

He said: "Now that's speaking straight out."

"You're a rider. Stick with your own kind. If you want a job come up to my father's ranch. The Crews outfit—Rafter T. Stop making a fool of yourself with a shovel. Don't you know a cow hand is a miserable man off a horse? I'm Portia Crews. You want the job?"

"No," he said.

Her eyelids crept nearer. She looked down with a slanting, inquisitive glance and broke the horse from its impatient fiddling with one competent twist of the reins. She had yellow hair and an oval face on which sunlight pleasantly fell. There was a faint highhandedness in her manner, a freedom and an authority. Yet she was an attractive girl who could change her temper whenever she wished; having come here to give him hell, she recognized one of her own kind and was full of interest and friendly motive.

"I heard you were a little bit tough," she reflected. "Thought I'd find out. Red John told me. You're the fellow who tossed Snap in Red John's lap last night. Red John didn't care for that. He's a bad man to make an enemy of."

"So I gathered."

She listened to him with her head aside. Her eyes were hazel. They opened fully on him to let out a woman's centered personal interest. "I guess you would gather that. You're one of these quick ones. You do a lot of figuring. You're figuring me now. What's your name?"

"Jim Keene."

"Jim," she said, "What's all this—a bet you made when you were drunk? You know this is no good. Every time you dig up a shovel of that ground you feel silly. Can you feature yourself milking a cow or walking peg-legged behind a plow? No, you can't."

He said, idly: "I'm saddle sore and I'm tired of the sight of my shadow."

"Ah," she said. "Then you haven't been drunk lately. Maybe it's what you need. I know your kind." Her voice dropped softly on him. "Running off from something. From trouble." Her question was light and quick and insistent. "A woman?"

He shook his head.

"You're probably a smooth liar," she observed, holding his attention with her glance. She hadn't smiled at him yet but her eyes lightened as she read him; color ran across her face and her hands moved on the saddle horn. She had a firm rounded body filled with a vitality that produced its physical reaction in him.

There was an unconscious daring to her personality, a frank aliveness. When she spoke again he had the impression she had made her judgment of him and would never change it. "You can't stay here. Grat will kill you."

"The gentleman has horns? Fur on his knees?"

Listening to his voice, Portia Crews liked the music it made and the little edge of irony it held. For the first time during the meeting she took her eyes from him. She thought: He's no fool. He's used his gun. He knows about those things. He's dangerous—he's kind. Which is he the most of?

She had her glance on the cabin down the creek and then she remembered something and brought her attention back to Keene.

"I hear that homestead girl has moved to the cabin."

"Last night."

Portia Crews murmured, "So," in a long, speculating breath and searched his face for a sign. She saw only a poker expression that told her nothing, and reined her horse about. But she turned to add as a casual afterthought: "If you ride up our way the door's open."

"Thanks," he said, and watched her fade across the grassland at a steady run.

During the middle of the afternoon Grat DePard came down to the Black Bluff ford, twelve miles east of Aurora Brant's place, with four hundred steers intended for the railroad stock pens in Prairie. Red John and a crew of five did the moving but DePard went along to be sure they were not pushing the beef too fast, thereby reducing the marketable poundage. For Grat DePard was one of those owners who ran his outfit with a hard fist and permitted no variation from his instructions.

IN THOSE hills he was the largest owner and the greatest power. Rough and illiterate as he was, some bitter brand of ambition drove him through alternate tempers; he could be cunning and soft, he could rise to a tremendous rage. In every respect he was the desert autocrat insisting upon his rights and his authority, suspicious always, a grasper of pennies and a watcher of potato parings in his kitchen, a schemer of great schemes, a respecter of one thing only—power. He was a sagebrush Prussian general on his horse, planning his own distant ends.

Jesse Morspeare, riding down the Silver Bow, found him here and gave him the news.

"Money?" said DePard. "What for?"

"She wants to set up a store in Garratt's old cabin," said Jesse Morspeare, and held himself respectfully still, anxiously wanting to be important in Grat DePard's eyes.

DePard rode to the ford, talked a moment with the crew, and came back with Red John. He said: "We'll go see that woman," and turned his horse. The three rode westward along the rim of the river.

Morspeare said: "Think I'll win, Grat?"

"I'll take care of that."

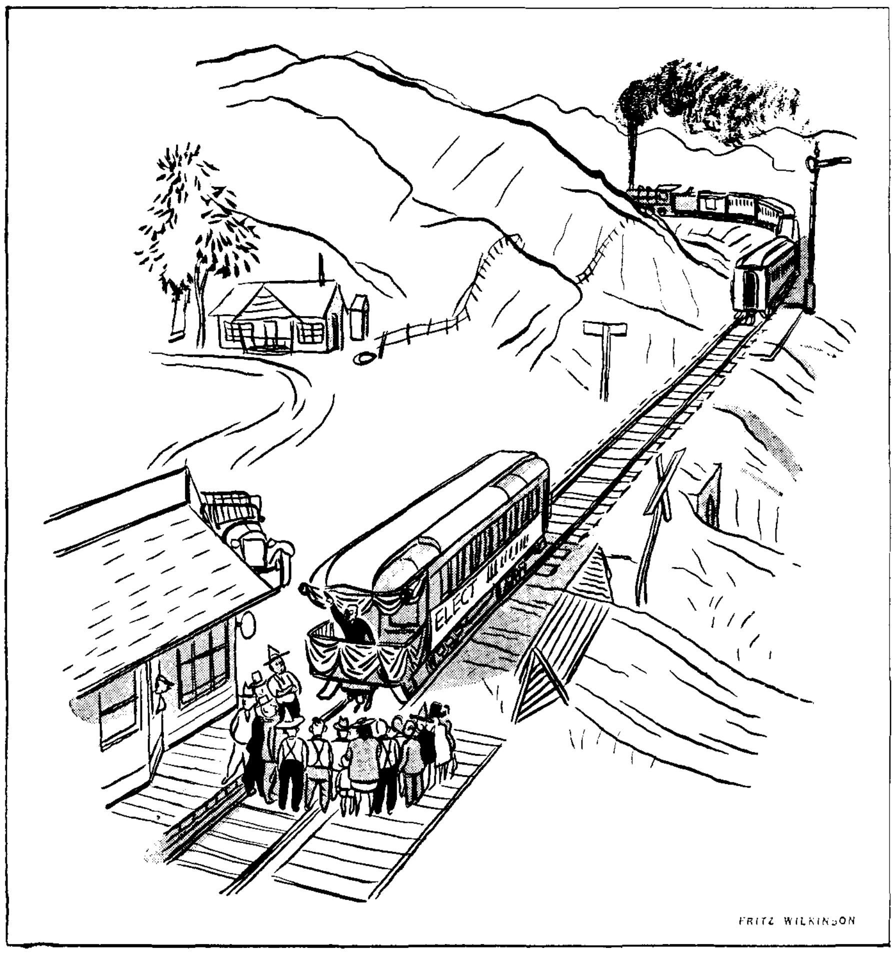
"Lot of homesteaders against us."

Grat DePard looked at Morspeare. "Be a good idea if you'd keep your dumb hands off those people until the election's over."

"You mean Spackman?" asked Morspeare anxiously. "I was only tryin' to show the ranch boys I was on their side."

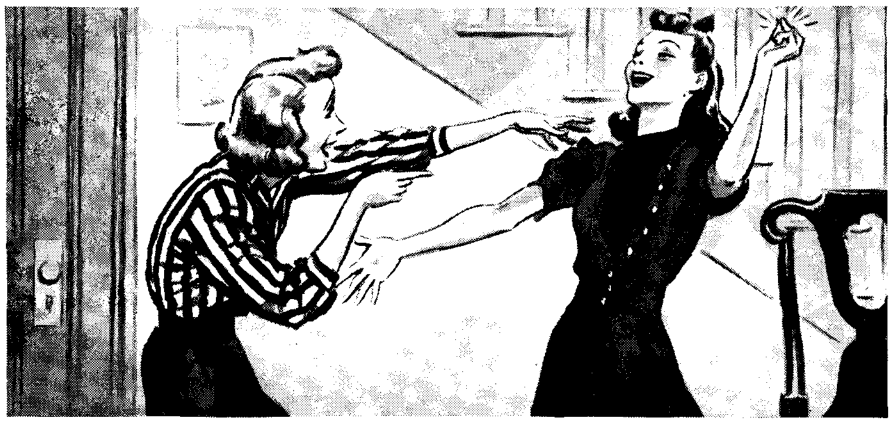
"They knew that already. You go back to town and keep your feet where they won't hurt anybody."

Morspeare obediently swung away. Red John grinned. "You'd do just as



How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Sue: No use, Anne! We'll never find a girl for Junior!



Anne: I know what he needs! It's more *pep appeal!* Look at what he eats. How can he expect to feel right? I'll bet he isn't getting all his vitamins.

Sue: Vitamins! Pep! That gives *me* an idea. I know a perfectly grand breakfast cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra rich in two of the important vitamins, B_1 and D. We'll start him tomorrow.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Junior: (next day) Say! While you two were lecturing me about vitamins, why didn't you tell me what a swell *cereal* PEP is. Best I ever tasted. It's me for *it* every day!

The Girls: (sometime later) Well, where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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well to run an ape for sheriff. Jesse ain't bright."

"I'll furnish the thinking."

Short of sundown they splashed across the shallow ford and came upon the yard of the Garratt cabin. Aurora had arrived home a few minutes before and was inside; when she came out and thus unexpectedly faced them she had an instant of shock that brought her to a sudden halt at the doorway. Immediately she thought of the rifle she had bought in town. It lay unloaded on the table behind her.

DePard spoke in a way that was like the personal pronouncement of law. He was so certain that he didn't even bother to threaten her. "You'll get no money and you'll start no store, neither on this side of the river nor on the other. As for homesteading, you're plainly not able to do it. Even if you were able, I wouldn't permit you to break this sod. This is my graze. You knew that when you moved over. Maybe you believed I'd let you stay, you bein' a woman. I'm a businessman first and a gentleman second. You move back where you came from. Better if you left the country altogether."

"Is this your land, Mr. DePard?"

"My land."

From the corner of her eyes she noticed Jim Keene coming across the valley at a steady run. "You are mistaken," she said. "This is government land. You know that."

DePard waved it aside. "Let's not talk about it. You've been in this country long enough to know law is one thing and possession another. I've got possession, and I won't let homesteaders break up my graze. I admire your courage but you ain't staying."

Keene came into the yard. He stopped his pony and leaned back on the saddle and she noticed the same expression on his face she had seen in Prairie the previous night—the alert interest breaking through idle composure. His arrival produced a change in the yard at once. Grat DePard threw a swift glance at him and afterwards ignored him. But Red John was no longer self-contented; he swung his horse to face Keene and he placed a close watch on Keene, his own muscles obviously tightened for anything that might come. His assurance, Aurora thought, seemed to have been jarred; and for some reason he hated Keene at once.

She spoke to DePard: "Would you shoot a woman, Mr. DePard—as you did Garratt?"

Red's glance moved to her. His eyes widened, he stirred his shoulders.

"I can skin cats in a lot of ways," said DePard. "Think about that."

"Would you have your men shoot me?" she insisted.

Irritation came to DePard's voice. "Never mind the questions. There'll be no shooting but you'll go."

SHE wondered at Keene's continuing silence. He sat on the horse and seemed to be lost in pleasant memories. She turned into the house and got the rifle and came to the doorway again.

Red John said, "Now, now," and liked the sudden turn of this scene not at all. He wheeled his horse to face Aurora and threw a questioning look at DePard. The situation had gotten out of control for Red John; he was up against the unknown factor of a woman with a gun. DePard straightened, immediately pulling his muscles tight.

"Have you ever had a woman shoot at you, Mr. DePard?" asked Aurora.

DePard shrugged his shoulders. "I thought you were a practical girl. Maybe I better point out you can't stand in that door with a gun twenty-four hours a day."

Wrenching his horse around he beckoned at Red and rode away with the foreman behind him.

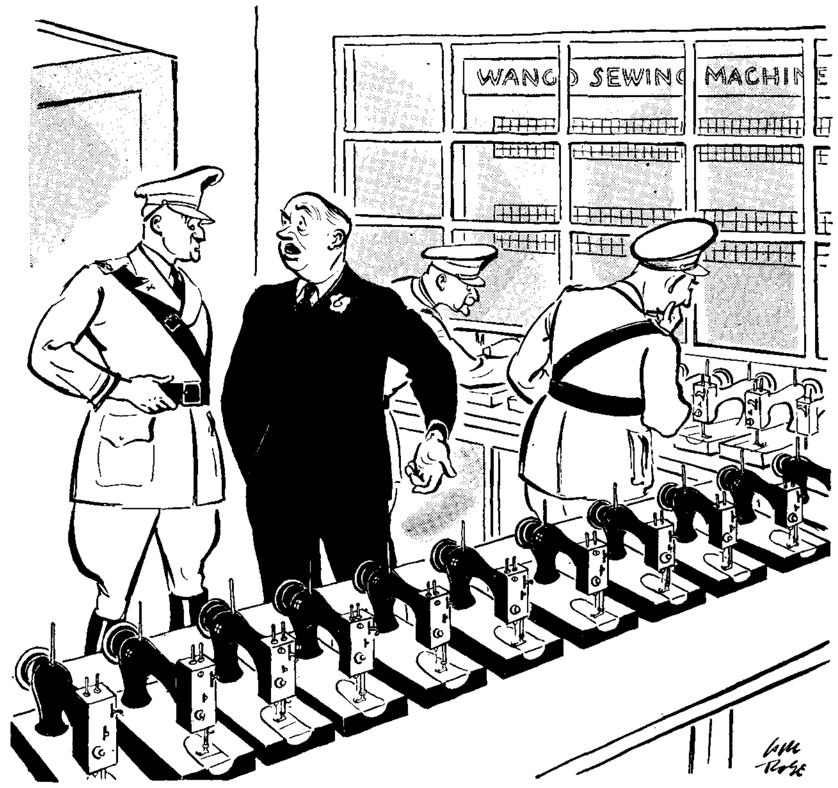
Keene said: "Fine—fine."

She was weak, her courage was gone. "They'll leave me alone, Jim," she murmured, and tried to believe it.

He said: "Can you shoot?"

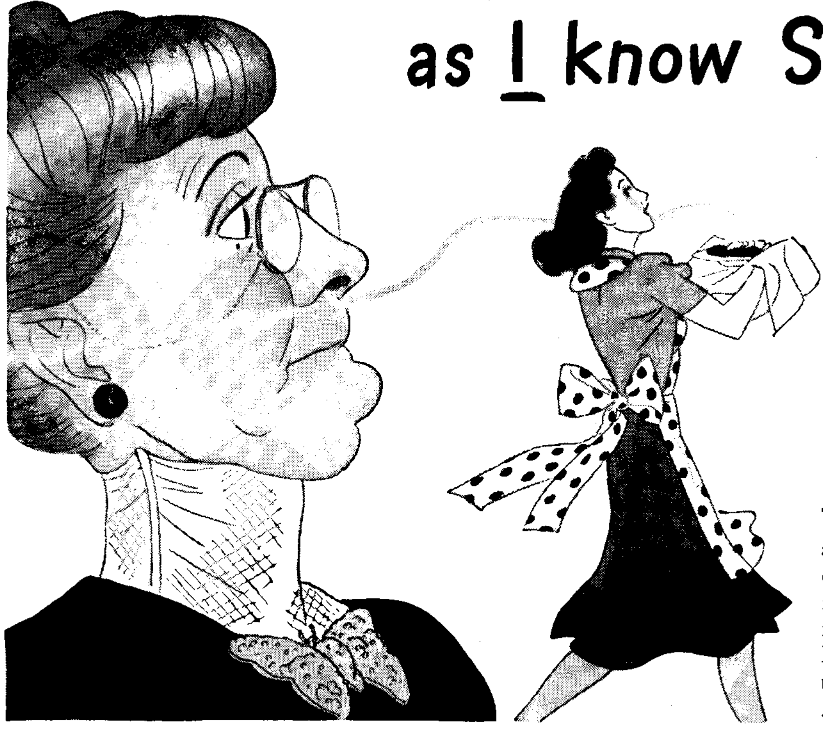
"Yes."

"You've made your bluff. Never back up on it. If I'm not around and a Broken Bit man passes within fifty feet of this cabin throw a bullet at him. I never saw a man yet who liked that." He had kept his eyes on the departing pair and now saw them stop a short distance down the valley. Presently Red John came back, made a wide sweep of the house and crossed the ford to the Silver Bow flats. Grat DePard continued up

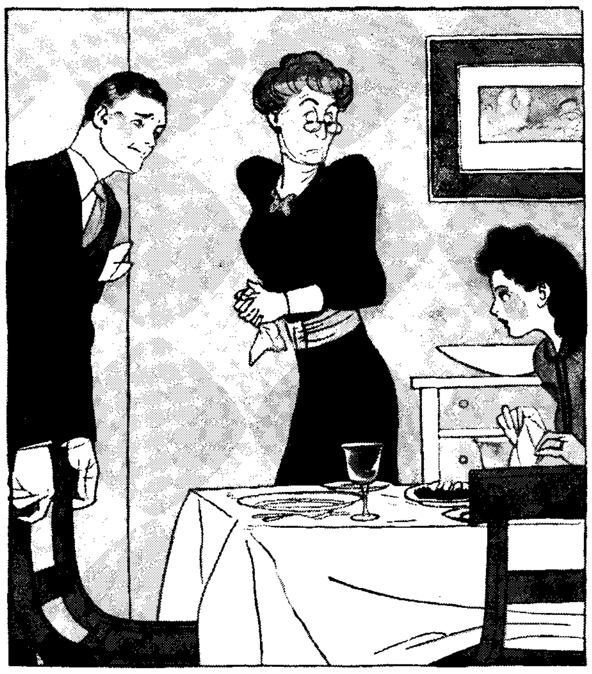


"We've tried and tried to make up that order of machine guns, but no matter how much we retool our plant, they still look like sewing machines" CARL ROSE

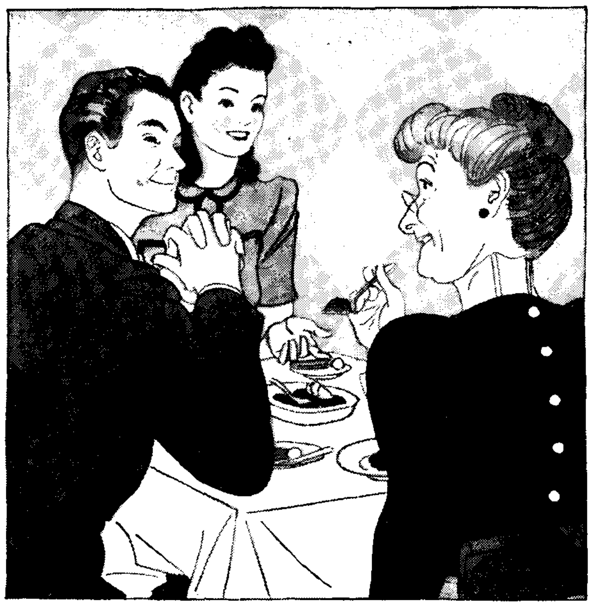
"If *you* knew Spinach as *I* know Spinach...!"



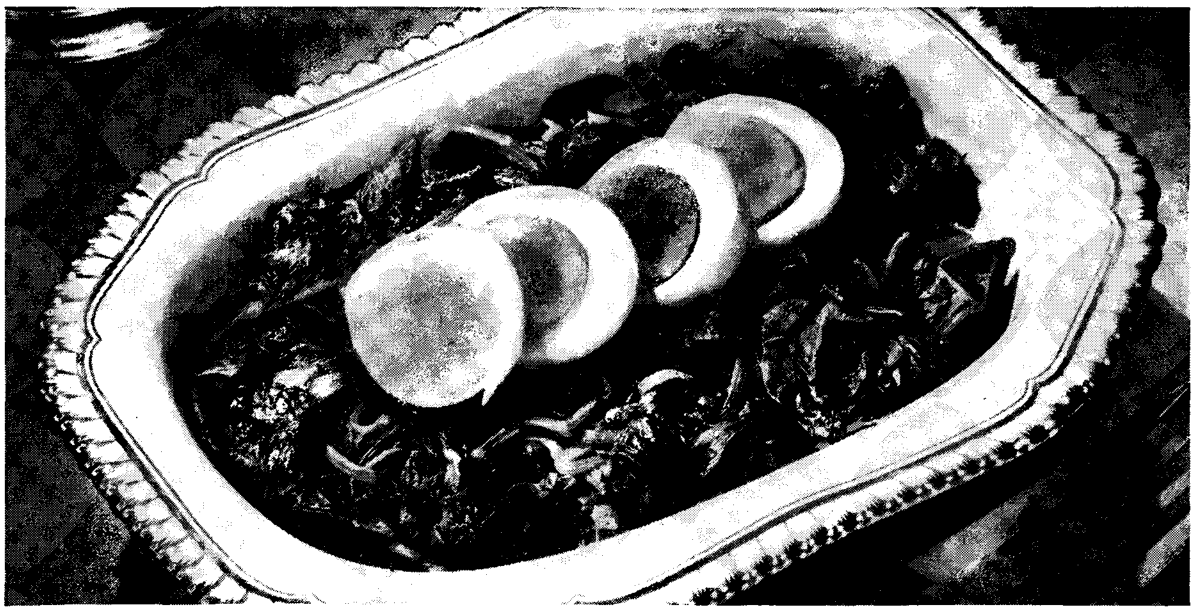
1. Aunt Til always had a grudge against spinach. I think it was because she was raised in the city and never tasted spinach that was *really* fresh. I don't mean city-fresh, the kind you get at the corner store. I'm talking about *just-picked* freshness . . . crisp, green, crinkly-freshness!



2. So, one day I asked her to dinner and served some of that grand Birds Eye *Quick-Frozen* Spinach . . . fixed nice and tempting with sliced hard-boiled eggs and oodles of butter! It looked so heavenly-fresh, it didn't take much coaxing to get Aunt Til to try it!

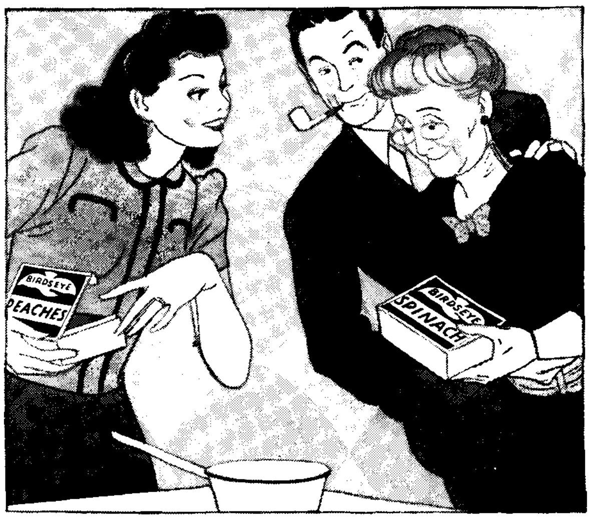


3. Once she *did,* I could see her grudge start melting away right in front of my eyes! "Glory, child!" she murmured wonderingly. "This *is* good! Seems as if it jumped spang out of the garden!" I smiled and said, "Well, Auntie, it practically did!"

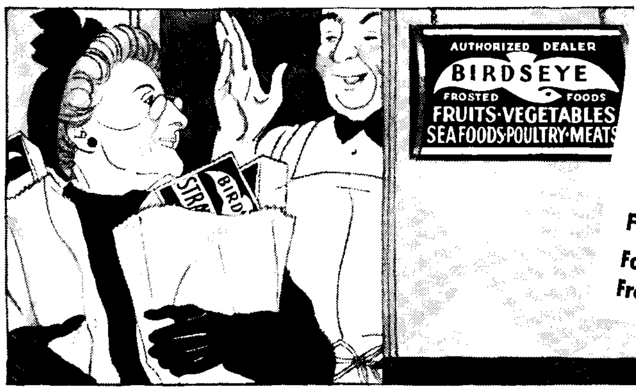


4. "It's Birds Eye Spinach!" I explained, "and that means it *always* has that just-out-of-the-garden flavor! You see, it's specially grown, and Birds Eye *Quick-Freezes* it only 4 hours after picking . . . long before freshness, flavor and vitamins can sneak out!"

5. "Besides," I went on, "they wash every pound in 20 gallons of spring water, rinsing out the tiniest speck of grit. They throw away waste leaves! *It's all ready to cook!* No picking over, cutting, and scrubbing for *me* to do. That saves me *30 minutes'* kitchen work!"



6. "Sakes Alive!" Aunt Til cried. "Must cost a fortune!" I expected that. "Gracious, no!" I said. "You'd need 2¼ lbs. of untrimmed spinach to get what's in one box of *waste-free* Birds Eye! So it is inexpensive . . . like all Birds Eye Foods!" Aunt Til beamed. "If all you say is *so,*" she said, "I'd best use Birds Eye right along, before I find out what *else* I don't know about foods!"



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Natural Fit for easier walking

the valley. Keene turned his horse and moved out on the heels of the Broken Bit owner.

Grat DePard had said to Red John: "Go back to the flats. You tell those homesteaders if they give that girl any help of any kind they'll suffer for it. Tell them I don't want to catch any of them on this side of the river at any time."

Red John went away. Grat DePard moved up the valley, his temper simmering in him, his mind quick and crafty. He didn't look back but he knew Keene was following him. He had deliberately ignored Keene during the talk with Aurora Brant. Recognizing Keene's type at first glance, he had not been quite able to gauge his possibilities, and therefore had let him alone; for DePard, autocratic as he was, never quarreled with a man until he knew the strength of the man and never picked a fight until he had chosen his own ground. When he reached the beginnings of Keene's dugout and realized that Keene was still coming he turned his horse and waited.

When Keene came up the first thing DePard said was: "This yours?"

"Mine. Any comments?"

DePard permitted himself no hard words then, for he saw he faced a bad moment. Keene gave him a glance that startled him to the bottom of his belly; it was that openly in search of trouble. This wasn't the same man at all. DePard said guardedly:

"What are you hot about, friend?"

Keene said: "You blasted mongrel—you're yellow."

DePard spoke through his tight lips: "In that, friend, you are mistaken." His left hand held the reins above the horn, never moving; his right hand was carefully on the pommel; and thus he held himself together, riding out this terrible moment. He knew his own ability as a fighter but he could only guess about this other man's skill; and his guess, when he made it, bothered him considerably. Keene's readiness came right at his teeth; the man wanted to fight. So, unsure of his chances, DePard made his own silent play for survival.

KEENE circled his pony completely around DePard. DePard remained rigid, not venturing to look back. The sun was down and grayness ran in sheets across the flats and in this grayness DePard's face was strained and dark. Keene faced him again. Keene said: "You've got that girl worried. Don't bother her again."

DePard made no move until Keene gave him a nod; and then he rode northward, sitting rigid on the saddle and making no extra motions with his hands until the back of his neck loosened. Then he reached for a cigar and looked at his fingers when he lighted the match. He was sweating but his hands were steady. He drew a great breath of smoke into his lungs, relishing the bite of that smoke; and he had his moment of triumph in realizing that his ability to be humble had saved him from disaster.

What puzzled him was Keene's quick change of temper. In the store yard Keene had rested silent on his saddle; during the next few minutes he had changed to a fellow plainly ready to kill. Remembering that recent scene, DePard felt the backlash of its possibilities. For a fact, something mighty close to death had jumped right out of the twilight at him.

"Mighty proud," reflected DePard. "And mighty foolish."

Riding up Cloud Valley, he made his plans.

Red John rode into the Spackman yard. "Spackman," he called, "come here," and enjoyed the cracking fear he saw on Spackman's face when the latter came to the door. It was growing into dark at the moment and Spackman made a fine silhouette against the house light. Red John said: "Keep away from that girl and give her no help. And don't cross that river. You don't want trouble, do you?" He left the yard without listening to Spackman's answer.

SEEING Spackman's bravery waver amused Red John, who had no liking for homesteaders. He dropped his message at Cobb's, at Lacey's and at Cannon's. Cannon and Cannon's wife and children were in the soft dusk of the yard, and Jennie came to the kitchen doorway. For the first time this night Red John put on a friendly air; he dropped his hint in a neighborly fashion—as though it were a favor he asked. Jennie's face showed him a smothered excitement and he let his glance cling to her, passing a message over the distance. When he left the yard he thought he had seen an answer. All women liked to be hunted, and differed only in the way they wished to be caught. This was a girl that liked mystery; that was the way she wanted to be caught, Red John guessed. Swinging down the prairie he paused at Hoeffer's shanty and completed his errand at the Comrie place. Heading back to the ford, he followed the river bluff, this bringing him near the Cannon place again. Dusk had changed to night and presently he saw the shape of Jennie Cannon in the silver shadows. She had caught his message and she had answered. He got down from the horse.

Her face was white and vague in the darkness; she remained still, waiting for him to break the silence. He knew she had deliberately put herself where he might find her.

He said: "You see, Jennie, I don't have horns."

"I guess you've known a lot of women. I heard that."

She was just a homestead girl but she wanted to try her luck on a man who knew women. She wanted to see if she had the pull other women had; she wanted to sharpen her skill on him. Most women were like that.

"I like pretty girls," he said. "You're the prettiest."

"You're just saying that," she retorted. But the compliment did something to her voice. Red John, who had experience at this, touched her carefully on the shoulder and waited to see if she drew back. She didn't draw back and that was enough for him to know. He pulled her forward and kissed her. She gave him no encouragement, but she didn't fight him; she was experimenting with him and with herself—half cold and half warm. Red John stepped away. His voice revealed the rough, hot agitation he felt: "Listen, Jennie, you're sweet."

She laughed at him. "Is that how you say it to the others?" she murmured. He reached for her again, unsatisfied with half a capture, outraged by her laughter and her assurance. She faded from him, running toward the house, her amusement softly drifting back.

Red John stepped to the saddle, liking this episode not at all. Somehow, she had beaten him at the game, and she had gotten under his skin. She knew it, he thought irritably; her laughter said so. He broke into a steady run, tantalized by the door she had left half open and thinking already of the next meeting. He'd come back. She knew that too. A girl like Jennie liked to play with fire, but pretty soon she got burned. Every dealing he had had with women told him so.

A rider crossed before him, bound toward the Cannon house; and in the shadows Red John made out young Joe Spackman, who was Jennie's steady man. Red John thought in sour amusement: "That's one kiss he won't get."

(To be continued next week)

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Weather Strips

BELL SYSTEM

The Man Who Lost Everything

Continued from page 13

garage Chip put his arm around Lina's shoulders and said, "You feel a little better now, Lina?"

"I guess so," she said.

Mahlon said, as he opened the door, "Something wrong?"

"Well, she was a little sick just before we hit town. I guess she's all right now, though."

Mahlon turned on the dome light and saw the girl's pale, tense face. He frowned. "She looks ill."

"She'll be all right, sir," Chip said. "If you got bags, I'll help you with them."

"Bring her up to the camp for a little. Perhaps a cup of tea will cheer her up."

Without another word, Mahlon stepped out of the car and ran over the soaked ground to the back door of his camp. He unlocked it, went in and turned on a couple of lights. He clicked on the electric stove and then remembered the floodlight in back and turned that on. When he saw Chip bringing Lina up the path, he took off his hat and mackintosh, threw some old newspapers into the fireplace in the living room and added kindling and several logs.

"In here," he said, and watched as Chip brought Lina into the living room. Chip's face was grave, a little set, and the girl seemed embarrassed.

"Sit there by the fire," Mahlon said. "I'll put some water on to boil."

Chip said, "I'll make it, sir. I'm sorry to bother you like this, but she—she—"

LINA pressed his hand and shook her head and then Chip colored a little and gave her a gentle pat on the back.

Mahlon returned to the kitchen and put on a kettle of water, threw some tea leaves into a pot. Then he went to his bedroom, found the pair of glasses he always left in camp, and put them on. He changed into rough clothes. The rain hammered relentlessly on the roof and beat savagely against the windowpanes. When he re-entered the kitchen Chip was watching the water kettle.

"How is your wife?" Mahlon asked.

"Well, she's lying down a little on the sofa. She hates to give in. But she—" He stopped and looked away.

"Is she recovering from some illness?"

"Oh, no. Not that. No. She's just—" He shrugged. "Well, we're going to have a baby, I guess."

Mahlon started. "A baby! *When?*"

"Oh, not for about six months yet."

Mahlon recovered. He looked in the living room and saw her lying on the sofa. She lay quite still, white-faced, her eyes fixed on the ceiling. He turned back to Chip.

"This is certainly no time for her to be out in weather like this. Goodness, man, why didn't you leave her in Waterbury until you got a job?"

"There was no place to leave her, and besides, she don't want to be away from me. Or me from her, for that matter."

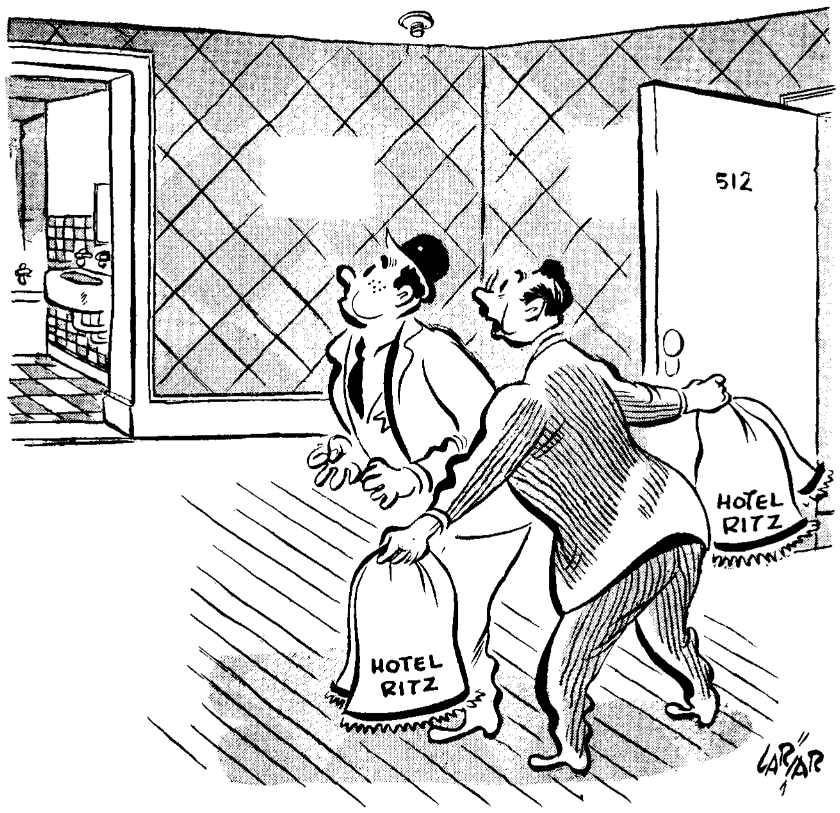
Mahlon said, "Absolutely ridiculous. You have folks, or she must have—"

"No, sir. There's just us two." Chip grinned. "You don't want to worry about us. We know how to take care of ourselves. Well, I guess the water's boiling."

Mahlon poured the boiling water into the pot and set it to one side, to let the tea steep. He glanced at Chip and saw, for one fleeting instant, a shimmer of fear, of apprehension, in the boy's clear blue eyes. Mahlon turned away, not wishing, for some strange reason, to surprise that naked look. When had he last seen, talked with people like this? Plain people up against the bare, fundamental problems of living. Years ago, ages ago; so long ago and far away that the experience, now, was new and startling and a little shocking.

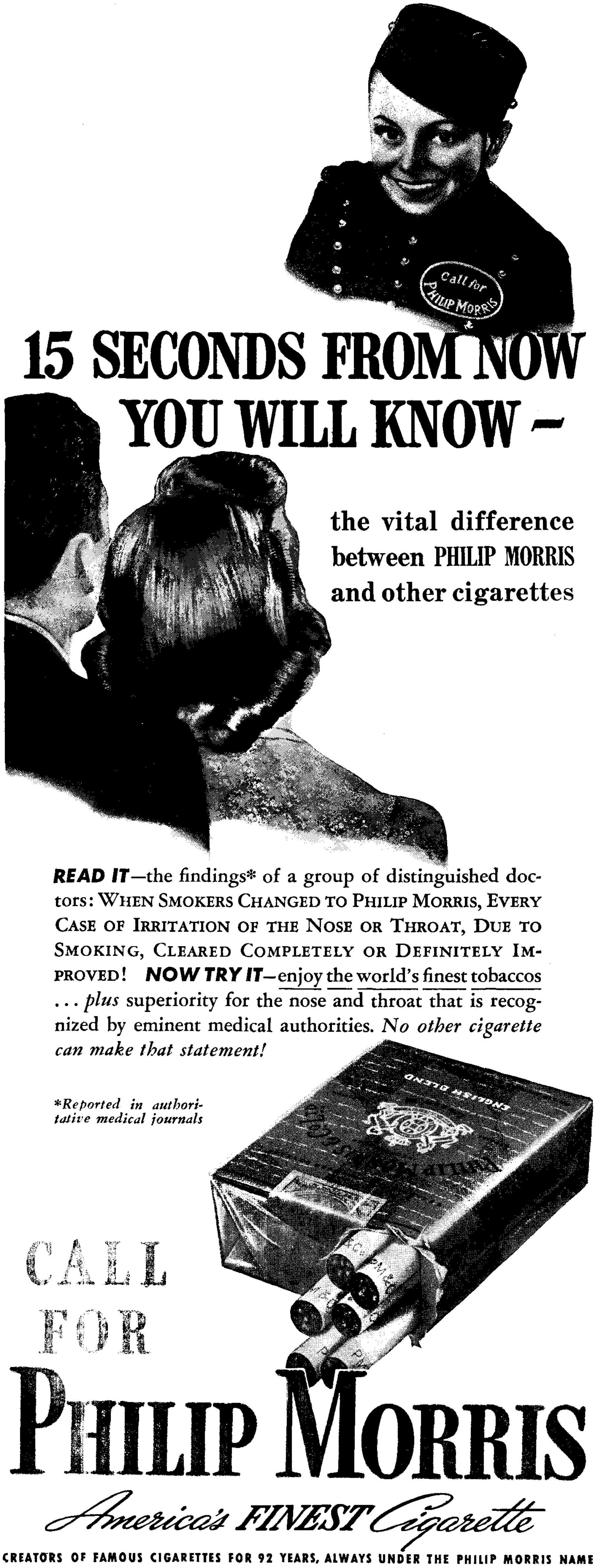
For almost twenty-five years Mahlon had lived in the corridors of great cities. He had never taken a real vacation. On hunting or fishing trips, he had always invited men of influence, and eventually he had become such a man himself and other men invited him for similar reasons. Friendship had never entered into it.

In the back of Mahlon's mind there had been always the unremitting desire



"It's most unusual—the only thing they left was the towels!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR



15 SECONDS FROM NOW YOU WILL KNOW –

the vital difference between PHILIP MORRIS and other cigarettes

READ IT—the findings* of a group of distinguished doctors: WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE OR THROAT, DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED! ***NOW TRY IT***—enjoy the world's finest tobaccos ... *plus* superiority for the nose and throat that is recognized by eminent medical authorities. *No other cigarette can make that statement!*

**Reported in authoritative medical journals*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 92 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

WARNING TO ALL CAR OWNERS
WHEN YOUR OIL BILL CLIMBS..AND YOUR CAR LOSES POWER AND PEP
DON'T BLAME THE PISTON RINGS
WHEN WORN BEARINGS ARE CAUSING THIS OIL WASTE!

Always CHECK THE BEARINGS!

MANY car owners have ordered new piston rings installed to correct oil pumping, and found that the oil pumping continued *just as bad*. They made the mistake of not first finding the real cause of oil waste!

Avoid this frequent and costly mistake. Don't guess at the cause of oil pumping. Have a good service man check the *connecting rod bearings* in your engine. They meter oil to cylinders. When worn they let excess oil flood cylinders, causing excessive carbon, sticky piston rings, fouled spark plugs. Even the best of new rings can't control excessive oil from badly worn connecting rod bearings!

The bearings can be quickly, accurately checked with the service man's Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector. If it shows they are worn, tell him to replace them with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings—thus you correct oil pumping where it starts, give rings a chance to do their own job, and be sure of restoring power, pep and economy!

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE SIGN OF SCIENTIFIC CHECK-UP

Using oil? Stop where you see this sign. You'll find an engine expert who can accurately tell you what's wrong and what's needed to stop oil waste, restore fine performance! He knows this business. He knows there is no magic cure-all for oil pumping—he will give you the facts! Look for this sign!

GET THIS *Quick* TEST

Don't guess at the cause of oil pumping! Ask for the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector Test, which now makes it possible to check internal engine conditions in a few minutes, without opening up engine. *See for yourself* what causes oil pumping, how to stop it!

WORN BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING • REPLACE WITH . . .

FEDERAL Mogul

ENGINE BEARINGS FOR EQUIPMENT—FOR SERVICE • ENGINEERED FOR OIL-CONTROL

to put himself so far away from his mean and ugly beginnings that he never paused along the way to enjoy the simple pleasures of companionship. Ruthless and increasingly successful, the man to swing a deal in utilities or foreign exchange or rich openings in the South American market, it naturally followed that he should become a target for other men no less ruthless than himself. He had outsmarted many men, but he hadn't ruined all of them; and still kicking, some had banded together and inside of three months had driven him to the wall, sweeping everything from beneath him.

There was no doubt in his mind that Louise Severon had wanted to marry him. Before they had been introduced formally he had heard her once say, at a cocktail party, that a woman of her age—she was thirty-five—could not afford to marry anyone less than a very rich man. She had said it with a twist of humor on her lips, but Mahlon had sensed the truth beneath the jest. She was beautiful, worldly, with a fine family background. Such a wife, he had told himself, would lift him another step away from his bare beginnings.

For a year they went around together, they made love, and Mahlon watched her reactions closely. In so doing, he neglected to take into consideration his own; until, with the crash of his private empire, he realized that he had fallen in love with her. And his pride, the desperate pride of a self-made man who considered tangibles the only worthwhile things, had driven him to renounce her. There was nothing he wanted more than to hold Louise in his arms again, but his bitter pride forbade that. In his most morose moments he felt like an urchin looking at a princess through a window in a great castle.

He roused out of his reverie with a start, and when he went into the living room the girl was sitting up, drinking tea, and Chip was sitting beside her.

"Well, young lady," Mahlon said.

She smiled. "I'm feeling better," she said. "And this tea is so good. I—I'm sorry I felt weak there for a while."

"We'll be ready to go in a minute, sir," Chip said.

Mahlon said, "No hurry," and then heard the muffled crash.

Chip glanced toward the back of the camp, then at Mahlon. The girl stared from one to the other, her eyes wide and curious.

Chip stood up, saying, "What was that?"

"It sounded," Lina said, "like a building falling."

Mahlon turned and strode out of the room, put on boots, his mackintosh and an old hat. He took along a flashlight. He suspected what had happened, and once outside he broke into a run, passed his car and pounded down the soggy woods road. Where the bridge had been, the water leaped and frothed on its angry course. Piled up on the other bank amid rocks and trees was the shattered remnants of the bridge.

WHEN he got back to the camp Chip was waiting for him at the door and Mahlon said, "The bridge. It let go."

Lina was in the living-room doorway. "Oh, what happened?" she cried anxiously.

"The bridge is out," Mahlon said. "You'll have to stay. There's no other way to get out. We're situated between two streams. The main river separates above us, then joins again below us. We're on an island."

Chip's eyes were very steady, his face grave. He said, "I have to be there tomorrow morning at the latest, for that job."

"Well," Mahlon said, "there's nothing you can do about it now. There's a spare bedroom at the head of the stairs and you'll find sheets and blankets in the chest there." He glanced at the girl. "I think a good night's rest would do your wife a world of good." He actually smiled.

Chip's eyes wandered as he said, "Yes; yes, thanks." And then his eyes came back to Lina and he said quickly, "Yes, Lina, it would. Come on, honey. You'll feel fine in the morning."

She seemed on the point of saying something to Mahlon, but bewilderment had taken hold of her. Chip took her by the arm and Mahlon noticed a drawn pallor on his face. He watched them climb the stairway and was indescribably touched and for minutes he stood before the fireplace in the living room, oblivious to the thunder of the rain on the roof. What was it about them that appealed to him? It could only be, he mused, their warm attachment for each other, the way the girl looked at her husband and the way he looked at her, touched her, hovered near her. It was something as simple as that thrusting its way slowly into the complicated fabric of Mahlon's existence.

WHEN he came down, early next morning, it was to find the electric power off. Exasperation started dully in him and exploded in an oath when he found the telephone to be dead. The rain had stopped, but there was no sun, and the roar of the river seemed to make the boards of the camp vibrate. There was a wood stove in the kitchen, hardly ever used, but he stuffed it with paper and wood and had a roaring fire in a few minutes.

The back door opened and Chip came in.

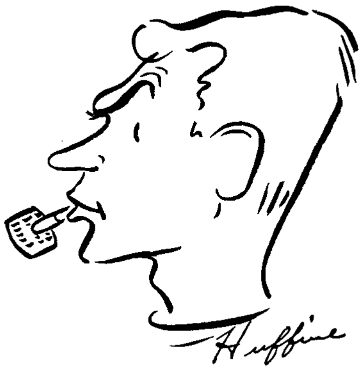
"Oh, I didn't know you were up," Mahlon said.

Chip said, "I've been looking at the bridge. It's all in pieces." A glint of desperation flashed in his blue eyes. "Can I use your phone? Maybe if I phone the shop . . ."

"It's off," Mahlon said, turning away to the wood stove. "Power and phone

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 7



David B. Huffine was born (1911) in Knoxville, Tenn., and sounds like it. After the university he spent five years as a surveyor in the Great Smoky Mountains with the U. S. Coast Guard and Geodetic Survey, then moved up in 1935 to survey New York. Liked it well enough to stay, but likes trout fishing and real hillbilly music better. His latest artistic creation is displayed on page 37.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES
ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

So we hitched our wagon to a FIREBALL*

—and gave these smarter, roomier cars even more sensational PERFORMANCE than before

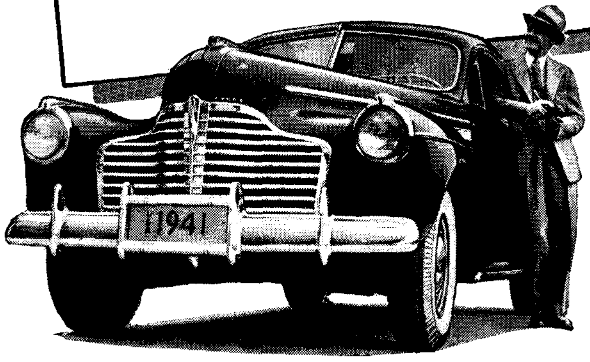
THIS formidable example of precision machinery you see looming here is the new 1941 Buick FIREBALL engine.

It takes its name from what happens inside it.

Like all engines that hold major speed records on land, sea and in the air—like the famed General Motors new Allison aviation engine—it is *valve-in-head* type.

It represents 39 years of the development concentrated on valve-in-head design—and it stands today as the one engine in the land that really capitalizes on the new and better modern fuels.

The pistons in this Buick FIREBALL Eight are found in no other automobile engine.



Cupped in new contours to complement the dome of the cylinders, they roll the inrushing fuel charge into a flattened and turbulent ball, packed fat with potential power.

Concentrated about the racing-car type spark plugs, that explosive ball is fired from its very heart.

So great is its extra thrust that the same-size engine which last year developed 107 horsepower now pours out a super-efficient 115.

This is the Buick FIREBALL principle, latest development of Buick's exclusive Dynaflash design.

But there's still more to the story in the wonders worked by Compound Carburetion.

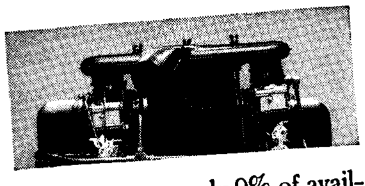
A standard part of Buick SUPER, CENTURY, ROADMASTER and LIMITED engines, this fuel-supply system lets you travel at fifty on the same meager fuel ration you ordinarily expend to get thirty, and delivers up to 10% or 15% more miles per gallon of gasoline.

You can have it in your Buick SPECIAL for a small extra charge—and step up your 115-horsepower engine to a walloping 125.

But in big engine or bigger, you get plus-power from less gas—*even the 165-hp. 1941 engines giving more miles per gallon than last year's 107-hp. engines at speeds above 40!*

**According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with a series of explosions like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a* "FIREBALL."

FACT! More Power From Less Gas!



Straight from the General Motors Proving Ground come these facts: Engines with Compound Carburetion† use about as much fuel at 50 miles an hour as the same engines without it consume at 30. At 20, these engines use only 9% of available power. At 30 less than 12%, at 60 little more than one-quarter. Only one of the two carburetors operates in all normal driving. The other cuts in only when extra power is needed. Result: Thrift in all normal driving, great power when you need it.

†Built into all Buick SUPER, CENTURY, ROADMASTER and LIMITED engines and available at small extra cost on the Buick SPECIAL power plant.

"Best Buick Yet"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

are off." He put in more wood. "We'll have some breakfast, what there is of it."

Chip moved across to the foot of the stairway and listened. He heard no sound issue from the bedroom above. "She's still asleep," he said.

"Let her sleep till she wakes up," Mahlon said.

Chip nodded. He turned, fumbling with a button on his shirt. "I think I know what I'll do," he said, going to one of the back windows, standing there. "I'll try to get across the river. I'll take my clothes off, make a bundle and heave them over—it's about fifty feet—and then I'll try to get across and—"

Mahlon cut in: "Don't be foolish, boy. That water's savage."

"I've got to try it," Chip said grimly. "I can't risk losing that job. He said I'd have to be there this morning."

"You'll risk your neck," Mahlon told him bluntly.

Chip turned and said in a slow, earnest voice, very quietly, "Don't you see, sir? I've got to risk it. I'll go while Lina's asleep. I'd rather she wouldn't see me now, the way I feel. Listen, I try to keep a stiff lip in front of her, but I don't feel that way. It's a job, or it's the road again, and hell knows where."

"Let's go and take a look at it," Mahlon said. "If it's anything like the way it sounds . . ."

IT WAS—a leaping, fighting, booming thing, tearing its way in geysers and spurts and thick billows of white, sudsy water. Sticks, twigs, odds and ends of boards and shingles spun in it, leaped from it. The sound was deafening and in the midst of this chaos there seemed to exist a force purposefully destructive.

"You can't make it," Mahlon said, his jaw clamping. "It's the narrowest part here and you can't make it."

"I've got to," Chip said quietly.

Mahlon's voice rose and he waved his arm: "I tell you, boy, you can't swim in that water!"

Chip was taking off his shirt. His lip curled. "There's nothing going to stand between me and this job," he shouted, his blue eyes narrowed. He bent and unlaced his shoes, then took off his trousers.

Mahlon shouted, "Will you please listen to reason?"

"Reason!" Chip laughed harshly. "I've listened to reason too long. To the reason of employment agencies and how two can live on one and two days' work a week. I heard about this job from a pal who works in one of the hotels on the mountain. He wired me and I spent a buck to telephone the barber who owns this shop and he said, okay, he knew Bert, and I should come up, and be ready this morning. I can get in three months' work here and save hard and keep on the lookout and try to get a job in Florida somewhere later, when the season's over here, so Lina can have her baby where it's warm. But I got to get this job. I got to get it. I can't keep up this front to Lina much longer. I got to—"

Mahlon grabbed hold of him, desperate now. "What's more important, that you get a job or that you stay alive?"

Chip's eyes blazed. "What you don't understand, mister, is that I've *got* to take the chance. Let go of me!"

"I won't," said Mahlon grimly.

"You don't understand. You've got everything. I can tell that. I can tell by your car and your clothes and your camp here and the way you toss away five bucks for a guy to drive you thirty or forty miles."

Mahlon said, "Oh, yes, there's something I want," and thought of Louise Severon. He added: "Only there are times when you've got to realize that some things are unattainable. You listen to me, son. Be calm. Don't try to cross that torrent."

"Mister," Chip said in a voice that shook, "I appreciate how you talk, and I'm sorry about what I just said. But I got to get across."

With a vicious twist of his body he was out of Mahlon's grasp, and turning, he dived into the torrent. Mahlon groaned, tried with one futile lunge to catch hold of him, tripped and was thrown violently to the ground. Dazed, he watched the boy struggling, saw him tossed, spun around; saw him disappear, come up again. A hurtling log missed his foam-flecked head by inches, and Mahlon felt his stomach rise and fall sickeningly and he pulled himself to his feet and stumbled downriver through the brushes, trying to keep the bobbing head in sight. Mahlon knew he was lost, doomed.

"You fool! Oh, you fool!" he shouted in a voice that cracked. He stumbled again, crashing into thickets, and when he scrambled to his feet he did not see Chip in the water, he did not see him anywhere. He shouted, "Chip! Chip!" and battered his way through the thickets. Nothing was on the racing water but foam and debris. And then Mahlon heard a voice. He thought it was the girl's, and panic seized him. But it came again, louder, and he looked across the river.

Chip was lying in a tangle of branches, clear of the water, and he waved wearily. Mahlon was so fascinated by the sight of him, alive, breathing, apparently unhurt, that he was speechless. For he had not believed it could be done. As he stared, Chip began to move, pulling himself up over the branches, to stand at last on solid ground. He called over:

"I'll walk back to where the bridge was. Will you bundle up my clothes there and chuck 'em over, please?"

Mahlon raised his hand slowly, nodded, and picked his way back upstream. Chip caught the bundle, used his undershirt for a towel and then put his clothes on. He called out:

"Will you tell Lina I'll be back soon as I can?"

Mahlon waved. "I'll tell her, yes," he shouted, finding his voice again. "Tell them in town—the sheriff or somebody—about the bridge and about the lights and phone."

He stood and watched Chip hurry off on the old road, then he turned and climbed up to his camp.

Lina was coming down the stairs. "Good morning," she said cheerfully. "Gosh, what a sleep I had! How are you?"

"I'm—all right," Mahlon said, passing his hand across his eyes.

SHE came swiftly across the floor. "What's the matter?"

He smiled weakly. "Nothing. Your husband went to see about his job. He'll be back as soon as he can get here."

She flew to the back door.

"Wait," Mahlon said. "He's all right. He swam the river. He made it. He's walking to town." His voice eased back to a natural tone. "Let's make some coffee and see what we can find among the canned goods. I don't keep much here. It's just a fishing camp."

She came up close to him, her face white and her eyes very round. "You mean he almost didn't make it?"

Mahlon couldn't lie to her: "I never thought he would make it. I tried to stop him. But, yes, he made it, thank God."

"Poor Chip," she said, and a wistful smile touched her lips. "He doesn't fool me, you know. He thinks he does. He never admits he's downhearted or discouraged. And I never admit that I know when he's downhearted or discouraged. He's wonderful," she said quietly, hardly above a whisper. She looked up at Mahlon. "You know, it

He's Running Up a Repair Bill And *doesn't know* It!

BUT THESE DANGER SIGNALS SHOULD WARN HIM!

STOP DIM LIGHTS
Low charging rate? Dirty, worn generator brushes? Oxidized bulb filaments? Reflectors need cleaning?

STOP GAS WASTE
Are spark plugs dirty, electrodes burnt—out of adjustment? Does distributor need proper timing?

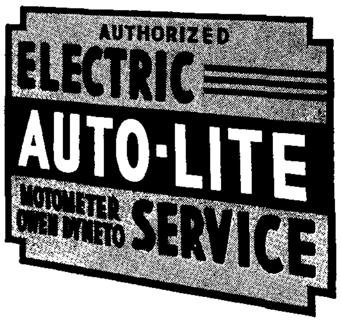
STOP POOR PICKUP
Distributor points pitted? Carburetor need adjustment? Leaky ignition cables? Is coil breaking down?

MILLIONS of motorists every day neglect signals that warn something is wrong with their cars. While they delay, minor troubles run into major repair bills.

This useless expense can be eliminated by Preventive Service—a regular checkup of parts vital to car performance by qualified service men. This is particularly important in making replacements on electrical units—the "nervous system" of your car. The man in your neighborhood who displays an Auto-Lite sign is a master technician. He has had special factory training—he's an automotive electrical expert. Proper testing equipment enables him to put his finger at once on the part or parts causing trouble and correct it.

To give your car "like-new" performance, insist on service parts built by the original equipment manufacturer. More than half of America's car manufacturers standardize on Auto-Lite equipment. Go to an Auto-Lite service station and be sure of expert workmanship and original Auto-Lite parts at fair prices.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO SARNIA, ONT.



Stop AT THESE SIGNS

Wherever you see these signs, you will get expert automotive service and original Auto-Lite service parts.

Original
AUTO-LITE
SERVICE PARTS
SOLD HERE

ORIGINAL PARTS ASSURE "LIKE-NEW" PERFORMANCE

must be awful to be downhearted and discouraged—and be alone."

Mahlon turned to get the coffee can, afraid that the thing deep in his heart might rise to his eyes and be seen there in all its stark reality.

"I'll make the coffee," Lina said, and hummed gaily.

"Well, here's some canned grapefruit juice," Mahlon said. "How about that?"

"That's fine. You know, you've been awfully good to us."

"I don't see how. After all—"

"But you have. We're just nobody and anyone can tell, to look at you, that you're a great man."

"Oh, so I'm a great man," Mahlon said, and chuckled. "What makes you think that?"

"Just by looking at you. The way you talk, act, move—just the look of you."

Mahlon said, "I'll get some more wood," and went out to the shed. He was a little shaken, because he remembered what Louise had once said: "Peter, I've always hoped to meet a man like you—well, a great man. By great I mean forceful and driving and vital. You couldn't help being a success." He gathered an armful of wood and carried it into the kitchen.

Lina said, "Who is that beautiful lady in the picture on the table in the living room?"

"Oh," Mahlon said, "it's someone I once knew."

"She's lovely."

"Yes," Mahlon said, "she's lovely."

At noon he heard voices and he called Lina and they hurried to the river. Chip and several other men were on the opposite bank, with a couple of cars behind them.

"Lina!" Chip yelled.

"Yes, dear?"

"Lina, I got the job! I got it!"

Lina clapped her hands and blew him a kiss. "Did you hear?" she cried, tugging at Mahlon's arm. "He got the job! Isn't that wonderful?"

Mahlon said, "It's beautiful," and meant just that.

One of the men shouted, "Can't put a bridge up till this water goes down, and no telling when that will be. But we can fell one of these trees across, so you could walk over."

Mahlon waved. "Fine. Do that."

When the tree was felled across the river and Chip came over to get Lina and the baggage, Mahlon shook hands with them and wished them luck. He watched them go and felt a pang of regret.

When night came, and there was still no power, to telephone, he lit several candles and put some logs on the fire to brighten the living room. But he could not sit still. He prowled from room to room, and then he opened a chest and took out a revolver. In his left palm he juggled several cartridges, then slipped one into the cylinder.

The roar of the river was in his ears and he went to the back steps and leaned there in the darkness. He smoked a cigarette, drawing slowly on it, with great calm. The sound of the river seemed to seep into him and flow with his blood and he was aware of the pounding in his chest, the beating at his temples. And he saw, again, the boy in the river, struggling, fighting for life, taking the chance—and all for the sake of a job.

MAHLON winced. He threw the revolver away from him with a savage gesture, turned and strode into the camp and changed his clothes. He packed one bag, took a flashlight, and locking the camp, made his way with great strides to the river. Crossing it on the fallen tree, he followed the old roadway through the wet, dark woods. It was a mile to town and he walked it and when he reached the telegraph office his legs were lathered with mud.

He did not know what to write down, how to say it, but he knew he was going back. He was going to see Louise. For he had seen a boy take a chance on his very life, and in one blinding flash of revelation he had seen himself as a man afraid to take a chance on his pride. He had been afraid to face Louise as a ruined man. He was not afraid now.

"Excuse me," the man behind the desk said, "but you're Mr. Mahlon, aren't you?"

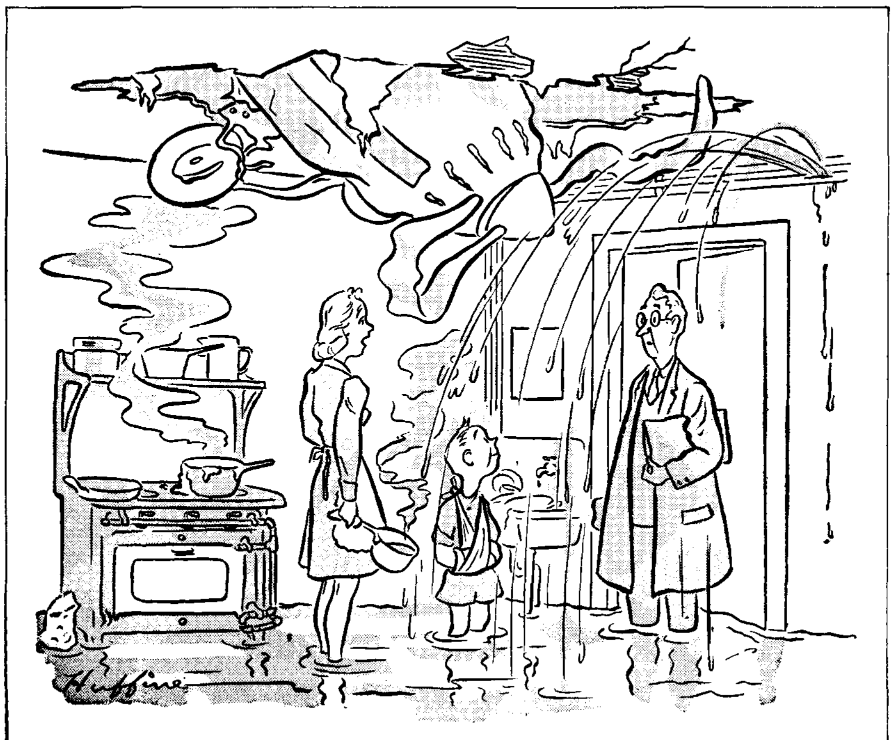
Mahlon said, absently, "Yes. I want to send a wire."

"Yes, sir. Well, I have one here for you—been trying to reach you since morning, but I guess your phone is out, and we don't deliver. Here it is."

Mahlon read the telegram and then closed his eyes and bent his head and squeezed the piece of yellow paper in his hand. It was from Louise.

The man behind the counter said, "Something wrong. Gosh—"

"No," said Mahlon, turning and going to the door. "Where is the railroad station? I forget. I've got to meet someone. I've got to meet the ten-five."



"I'm glad you're home, dear. It's been a trying day"
DAVID HUFFINE

Delicious flavor wins fast friends for this

NEW FORM OF BRAN

THIS NEW BRAN IS THE BEST I EVER TASTED!

New DOUBLE-MILLING process refines texture of

NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN

HERE at last, is a bran that is not only helpful in aiding elimination—but one that you will really *enjoy* eating!

For the new National Biscuit 100% Bran is winning friends all over the country on its texture and delicious flavor.

National Biscuit 100% Bran is a genuinely different bran—made by an improved process of Double-Milling. This new process further breaks down the bran fiber, making the bran particles smaller and less likely to be irritating.

If you are one of the many people who suffer from constipation caused by too little bulk in their diet, try this *modern*, gentle relief. You can buy National Biscuit 100% Bran at your food store. Eat it regularly as a cereal—try the recipe for delicious bran muffins on the package. If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner—consult a competent physician.

Check its Advantages

✓ accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN Council on Foods

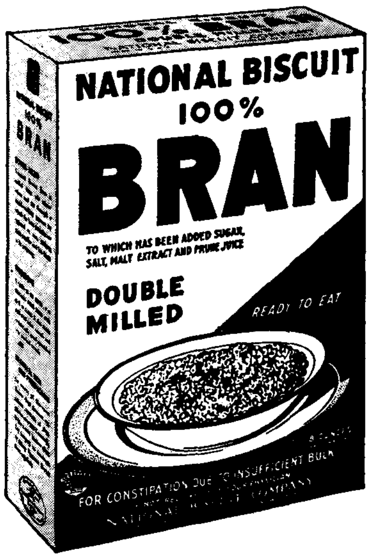
✓ helps relieve constipation caused by too little bulk

✓ double-milled—made by an improved process

✓ a deliciously different New Form of Bran

✓ 100% Whole Bran

✓ furnishes significant amounts of Phosphorus and Iron and is a good source of Vitamin B₁


NATIONAL BISCUIT
100%
BRAN
TO WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED SUGAR, SALT, MALT EXTRACT AND PRUNE JUICE
DOUBLE MILLED
READY TO EAT
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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

PHILCO *Celebrates the*

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LCO RADIO
with the Greatest Values in its History!

PHILCO DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST JOIN THIS GREAT CELEBRATION WITH

Special Jubilee Offers!

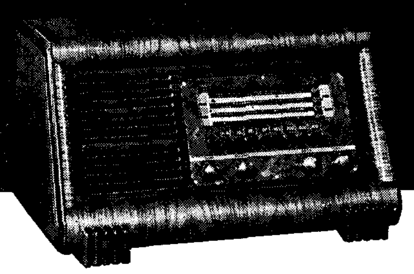
America has bought 15 million Philco radios . . . a proud record in the history of American industry . . . a mark of public preference not even remotely approached in its field.

And now, Philco celebrates! Throughout the nation, with Special Jubilee Offers, dealers present the greatest radio and radio-phonograph values Philco has ever produced . . . the crowning achievements of the skill and experience that have built 15 million Philco radios.

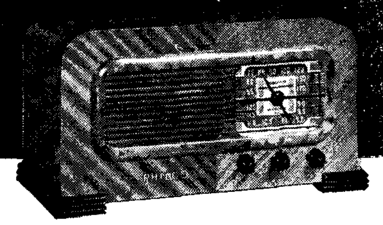
Spectacular Philco inventions have created a brand-new radio circuit that doubles selectivity, reduces noise and interference by 5 to 1 and makes overseas reception 5 times stronger, clearer and easier to tune. And, in addition, the 1941 Philco gives you more tubes for the money, bigger, finer speakers and an exquisite variety of lovely new cabinet designs.

In the new Philco *Photo-Electric* Radio-Phonograph, a new miracle of radio science *plays any record on a BEAM OF LIGHT!* Instead of a pointed steel needle that *scrapes* music from your records, a rounded, permanent jewel *reflects* the music from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. No needles to change . . . record wear and surface noise reduced by 10 to 1 . . . glorious purity of tone . . . yes, *new delights* in the enjoyment of radio and recorded music!

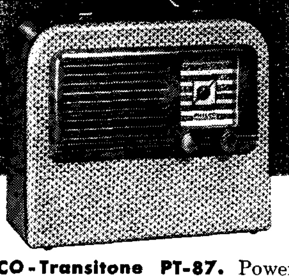
Your Philco dealer presents these sensational 1941 Philco radios, radio-phonographs and auto radios now, in a great *Celebration Sale!* He offers liberal trade-in allowances, special easy payment terms and money-saving *Special Jubilee Offers,* all arranged for this event. It will pay you to visit him *today!*



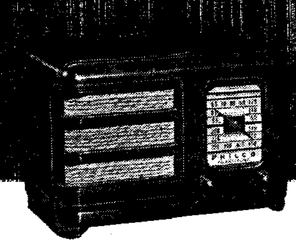
PHILCO 255T. The finest table model radio money can buy in tone, performance and beauty. Powerful 9-tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity and selectivity. Lovely walnut cabinet. *Only $5.95 down.*



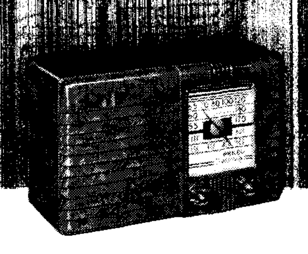
PHILCO 221C. Brings you Philco's latest features at a record low price. American and Foreign reception; new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Smart walnut cabinet. Just plug in and play. *Only $2.35 down.*



PHILCO-Transitone PT-87. Powerful 5-tube portable, operates on AC or DC current or self-contained, long life battery. Compact, light, easy to carry, yet full, rich tone and amazing performance. *Only $19.95 complete.*



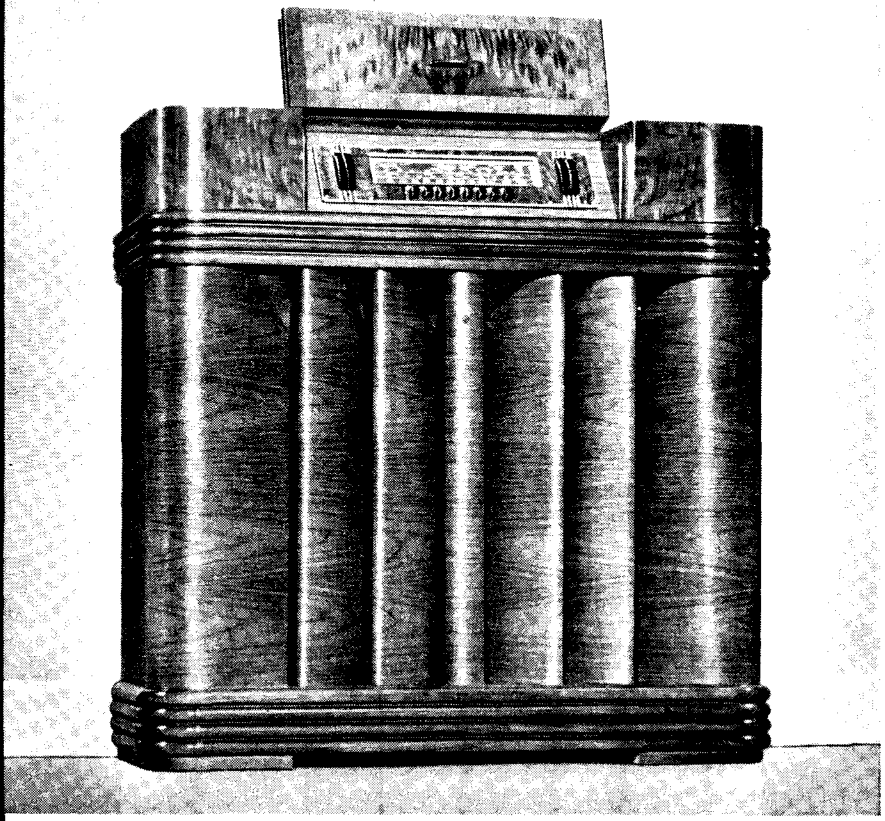
PHILCO-Transitone PT-30. AC-DC. Beam Power output for superb tone and amazing volume. Built-in Loop Aerial. Handsome figured brown plastic cabinet. *Yours on small monthly payments.*



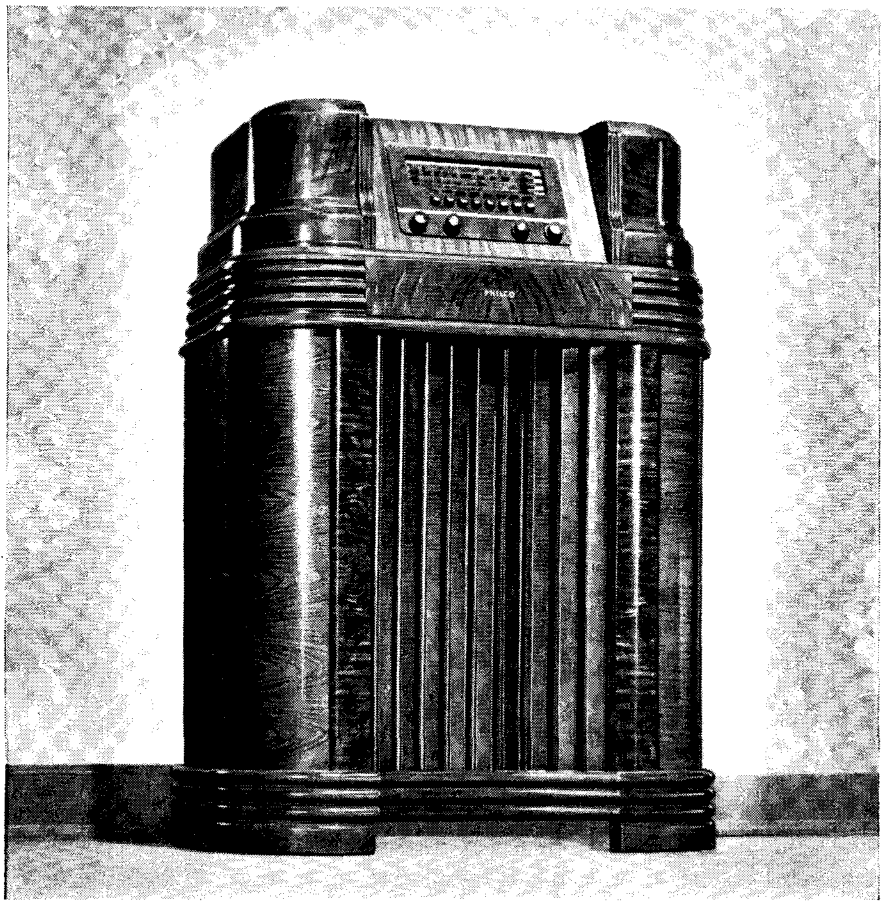
PHILCO-Transitone PT-25. A quality compact radio, maximum tone and performance in minimum space. 5-tubes, AC-DC. High-output speaker. Attached aerial; no ground needed. *Only $9.95.*

New Radio Circuit...

reduces noise and interference by 5 to I. Brings in Europe 5 times stronger, 5 times easier to tune!



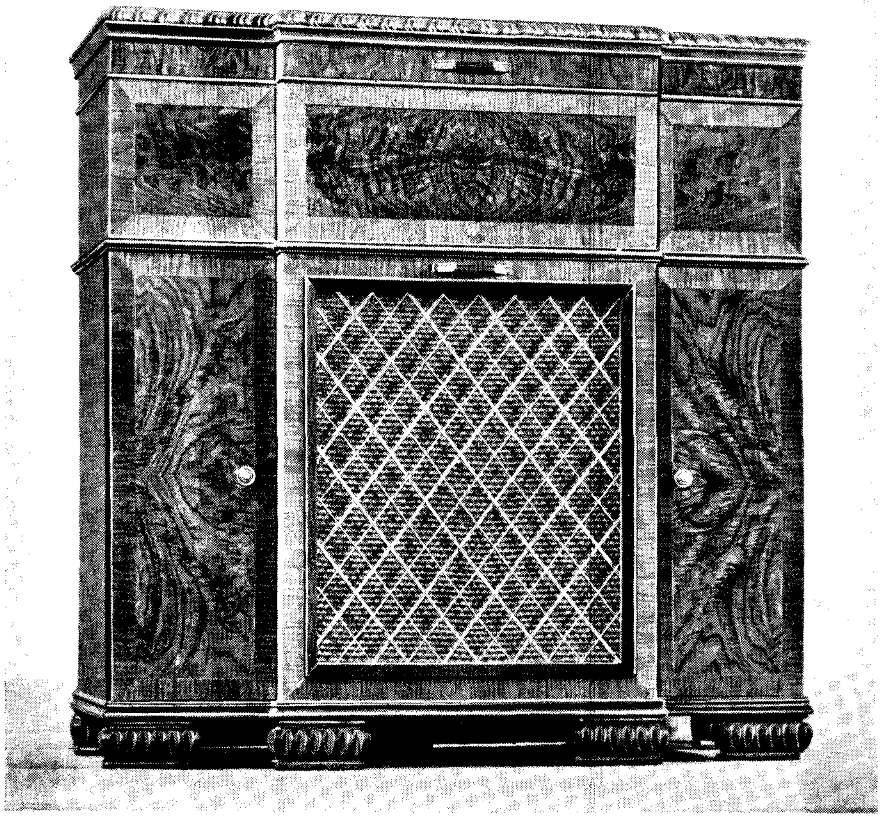
PHILCO 300X Radio Console. Gives you the height of everything that the lover of a fine radio looks for in power, performance, sensitivity, selectivity and tone quality. And in a stately cabinet that sets a new style for radio furniture design. Powerful noise-reducing circuit with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band and new Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System. Large Cathedral Speaker for gloriously rich, life-like tone. Eight Electric Push Buttons. *Yours for only $13.50 down.*



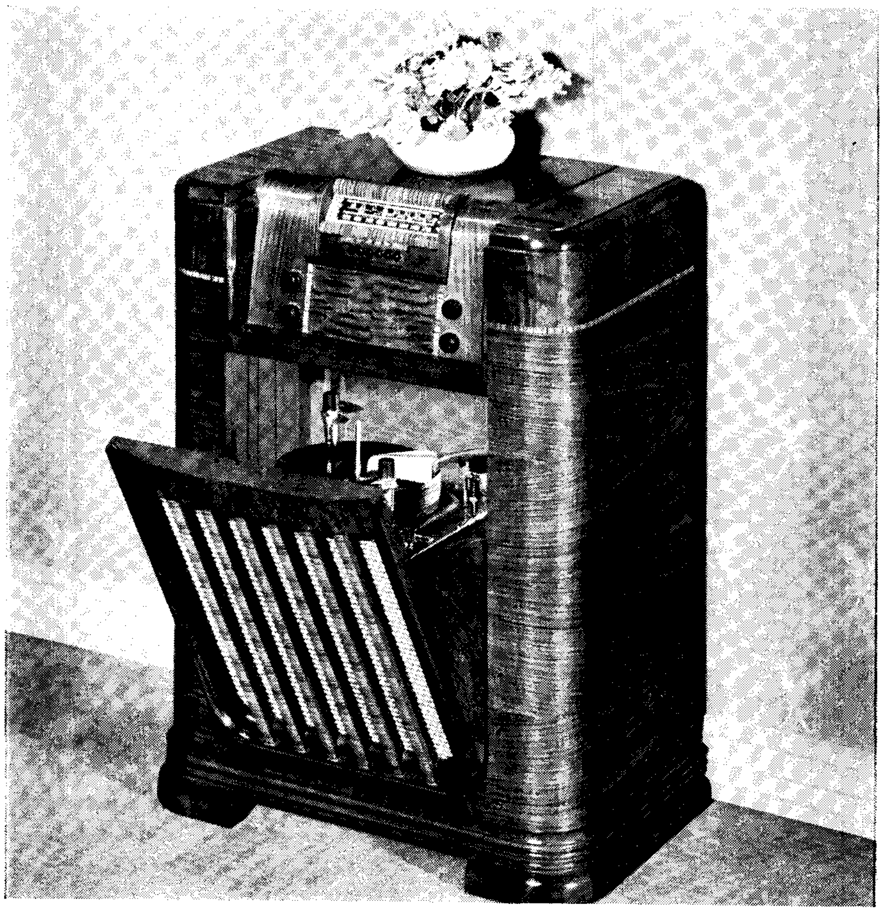
PHILCO 280X Radio Console. Radio's champion value in tone, performance and cabinet beauty! Powerful new 8-tube circuit more than doubles selectivity, reduces noise and interference by 5 to 1. New kind of Overseas Wave-Band that brings in Europe 5 times stronger and clearer, new Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Large, impressive cabinet of highly figured Walnut. No aerial or ground wires needed; just plug in and play. *Yours for only $6.95 down.*

Music on a

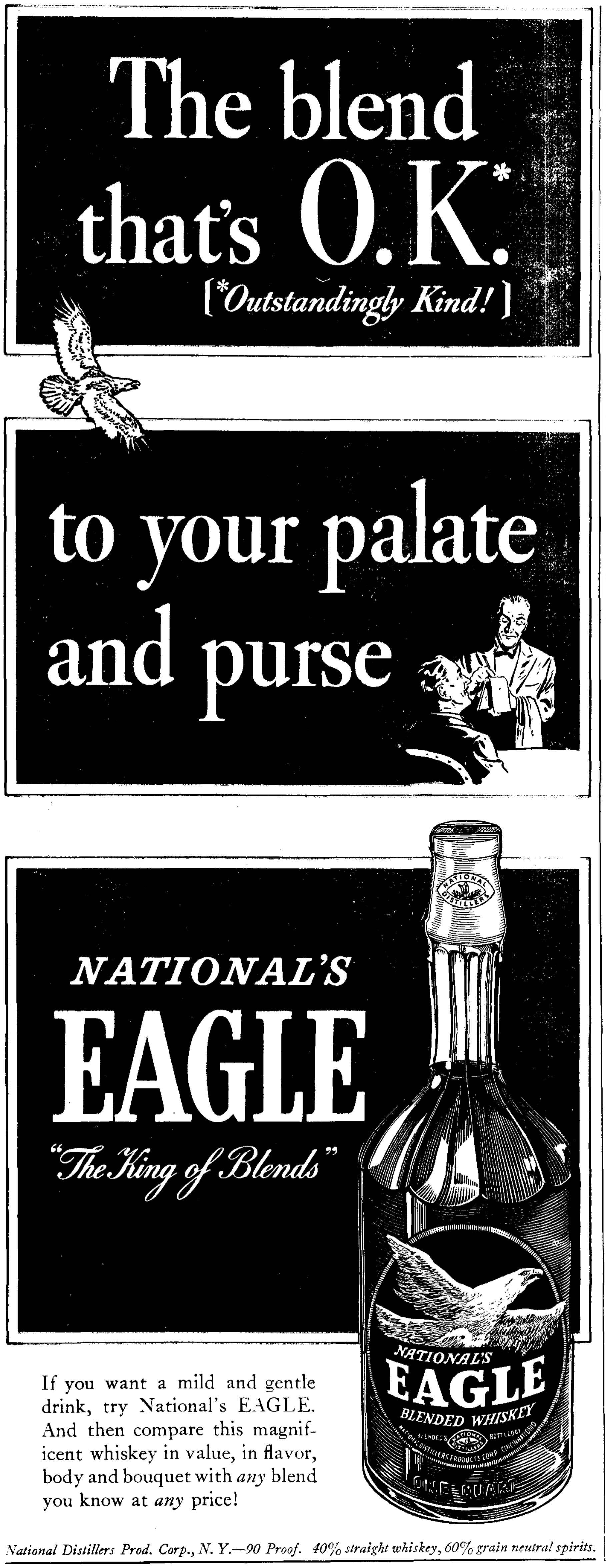
No needles to change! Records last 10 times longer! New Purity of Tone!



PHILCO 616P Radio-Phonograph with Wireless Remote Control. The utmost in luxurious musical enjoyment. Photo-Electric Reproducer plays any record on a beam of light. Deluxe Intermix Record Changer plays 14 ten and twelve-inch records intermixed. Wireless Remote Control operates instrument from anywhere in your home without wire or plug-in connections of any kind. Glorious tone. Powerful American and Foreign reception. Tilt-Front Georgian cabinet. *Yours on Easy Terms.*



PHILCO 608P Radio-Phonograph. Philco's new achievements are yours *at a popular price* in this amazing 9-tube Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Plays any record on a beam of light. Permanent jewel—no needles to change. Tilt-Front Cabinet, no lid to raise, no dark awkward compartments. Automatic Record Changer. American and Foreign radio reception with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Handsome cabinet of hand-rubbed Walnut. *A sensational value . . . only $12.95 down.*



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NATIONAL'S EAGLE BLENDED WHISKEY
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ONE QUART

Roosevelt's Flynn

Continued from page 14

than Tammany. McKee and O'Brien both lost. Fiorello LaGuardia became mayor.

The point is that loyalty doesn't worry the average political boss very much. Power is his chief concern. Ed Flynn had power—in the Bronx at least—in the summer and fall of 1933. Certain among his followers were scandalized when the order came through that they were to support McKee instead of O'Brien, the regular Democratic candidate. Two leaders met that night outside the county headquarters.

"I can't do it, Joe!" said one. "I just can't! Everything I got came from the Democratic party and everything my father got. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going along with Ed," was the answer. "What else is there? I've twenty-six precinct captains in my district. All are poor men and all have jobs. Ed Flynn will fire them tomorrow if I don't go along."

For Flynn had also passed out word that he would "never forgive" any henchman who disobeyed his orders. Nor did he. And that is why, in the Bronx today, a scattering handful of organization Democrats are secretly working for Wendell Willkie. They won't affect the result. The Bronx will again be safely Democratic. But they are enjoying a modicum of revenge. If Roosevelt is elected again Ed Flynn can have a Cabinet job if he likes; in all probability he will be Postmaster General.

At forty-eight he is a handsome man with blue eyes and graying hair and only a degree of excess weight—190 pounds for his six feet, one inch of height—to mar the perfection. Eddie Flynn's voice, save when he is angry, is low and cultivated. He will sometimes use such phrases as "he's in the cops" when he talks about somebody on the police force, but not often. He can associate with ease even with royalty and has done so. As United States commissioner to the New York World's Fair, by appointment of President Roosevelt, he was host to the king and queen of England.

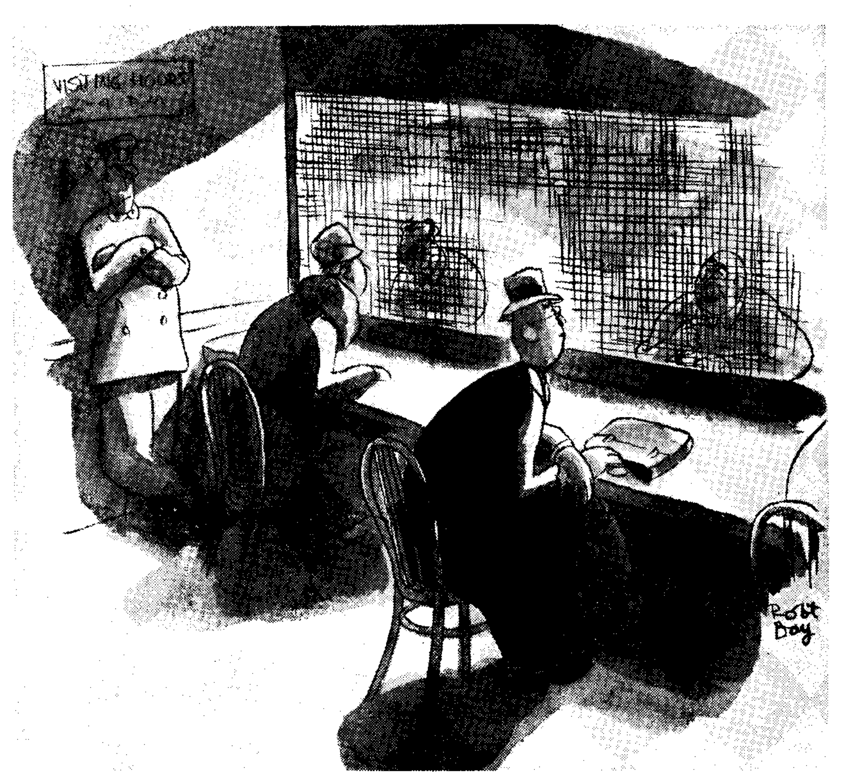
Ed Flynn dresses impeccably, too, and has a reputation among his friends as an avid reader of history, biography and other serious literature. He collects etchings. He lives, naturally enough, in harmony with his position. When Flynn is not being a rugged farmer at Mahopac or a rugged rancher in Nevada he occupies his penthouse, in the Bronx, just across the Harlem River from upper Manhattan. There are fifteen rooms and five baths in the apartment and a private elevator to the street. This is useful when private conferences are held at the penthouse. Nobody need see Ed's callers.

Strictly Hush-Hush

The private elevator is symbolical because Eddie Flynn is something of a mystery among political leaders. Nobody seems to have even an approximate idea of what he is worth or how much he earns. He never discusses his private affairs and there seem to be few men in whom he confides at all. Other bosses have been mysterious, too, but more was known about them. Flynn really dislikes publicity and has suppressed it whenever possible. That he is well off is beyond serious question, but whether he has $50,000 or $500,000 in the bank is anybody's guess.

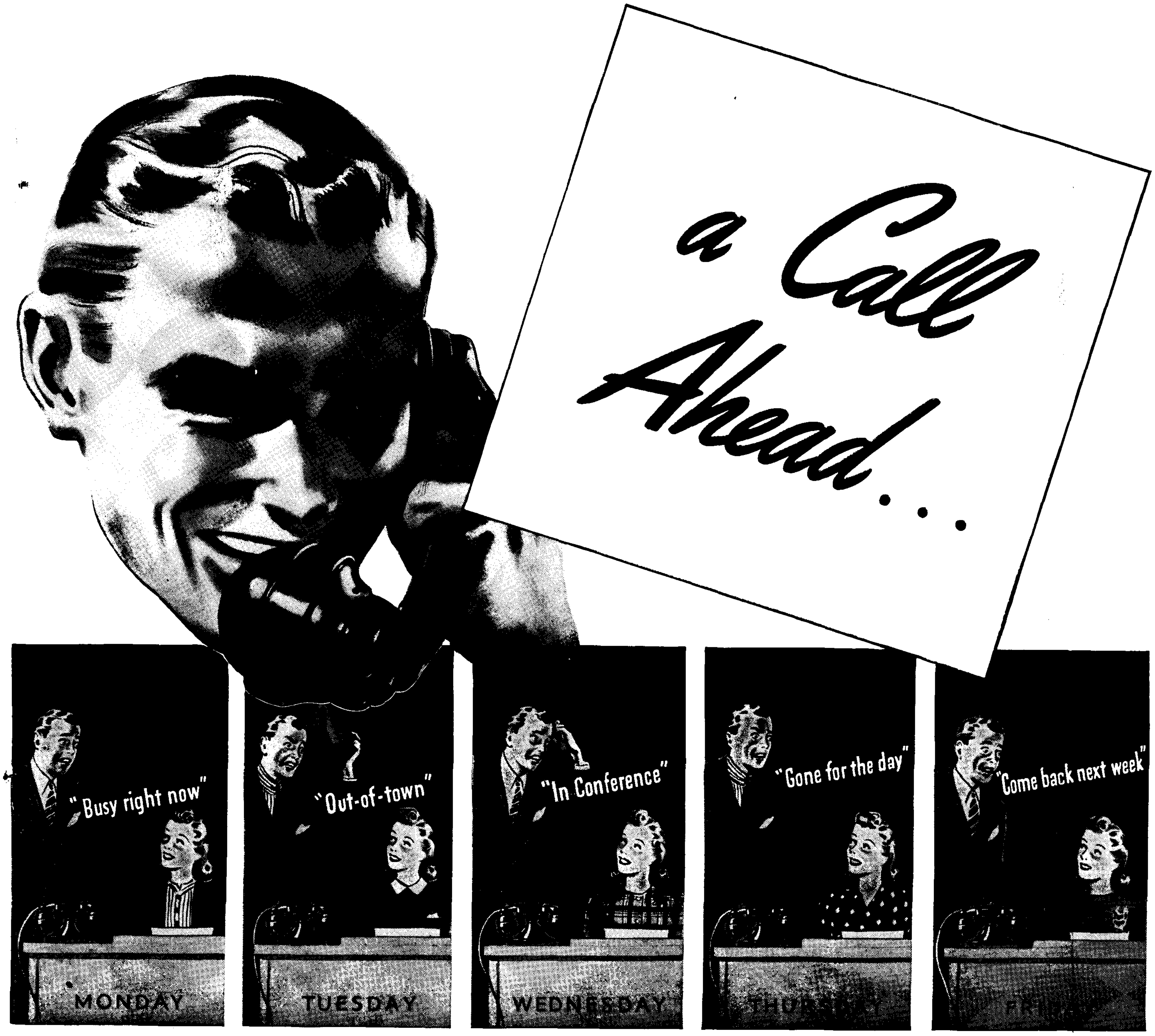
Yet Eddie did not rise to wealth and eminence by surmounting such hardships as youthful poverty or by selling newspapers on cold and windy street corners. The Flynns had enough to send their four children—Ed was the youngest—to school and even to college. The family budget was doubtless augmented by the earnings of the oldest son, Fred, who went through medical school and soon had a lucrative practice in the Bronx. He continued to help his kid brother, who called him "Dad," when Eddie began his first excursions into politics. Dr. Fred knew all the right people, including all the right politicians. Eddie was soon helping to get out the vote and was in line for his first rewards. Meanwhile, he had been graduated from the Fordham Law School.

As a part of New York, the Bronx



"I want you to do me a favor. I want you to get me the hell out of here"

ROBERT DAY


a Call Ahead . . .
"Busy right now"
"Out-of-town"
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"Gone for the day"
"Come back next week"
MONDAY
TUESDAY
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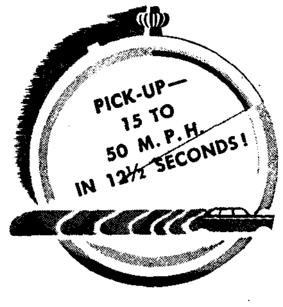
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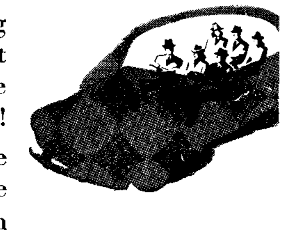

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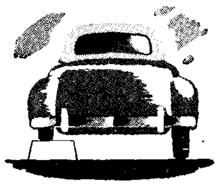

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was emerging from its era of flimsy shacks, outside toilets and wandering goats. The subway had been built. Land values were soaring. A million people would be living there by 1920, and in due course its political importance would rival that of proud Manhattan. It was a place where money could be made, legitimately and otherwise. But the Bronx was still dominated by Tammany Hall. Its leader, Arthur H. Murphy, took his orders from Boss Charles F. Murphy of the Wigwam. They were not related, save politically. Flynn was still unimportant. He realized the valuable link between an active political life and a profitable law practice, however. In 1918, probably at the suggestion of Dr. Fred, he was sent to the legislature where he served three terms with an undistinguished record. "Not particularly attentive or effective . . . absent on important roll calls . . . unsatisfactory record of votes," was the verdict of the Citizens Union in 1919.

Eddie had an enthusiastic backer in James W. Brown, a powerful district leader, who forced his election as sheriff of Bronx County in 1921. The following year Arthur Murphy, the Bronx boss, died leaving a comfortable estate. Boss Murphy of Tammany, destined to die with an estate of about $2,000,000 two years later, worried about a successor who would hold the Bronx in the Democratic column and yet make no false moves toward independence.

"Wish me luck," whispered Eddie Flynn to friends a few weeks after Arthur Murphy's death. "I'm going to Good Ground this evening."

Good Ground was Charles F. Murphy's Long Island estate. Flynn was escorted around the place, enthusiastically admired the prize hens which were Mr. Murphy's hobby and returned to New York. Shortly afterward the command came from Tammany. Flynn was to be the new leader.

"I served under Charles F. Murphy and I'm proud of it," Eddie was to declare later. But Boss Murphy was actually wrong about his new boy. He would keep the Bronx Democratic, but he was whetting a knife to cut Tammany's throat.

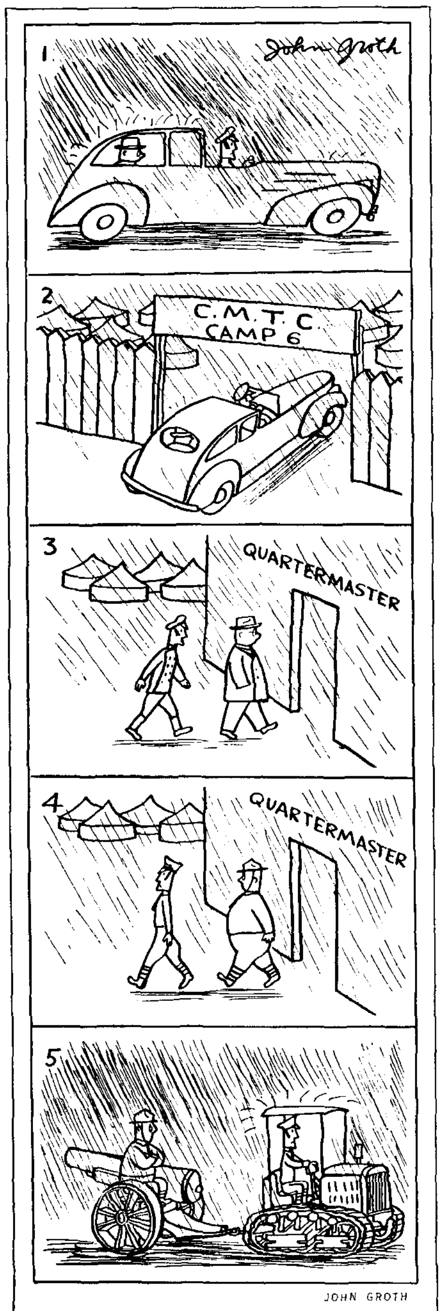
The Man with No Opinions

There were other things to be done first. Among them was streamlining the bulky machinery of the Bronx democracy. Eddie abolished back-room conferences—if anything highly confidential went on it was at his law office or apartment anyway—and established headquarters in an office building where efficient clerks kept efficient files. The files revealed the Democrats who had been saved from eviction, given bail, otherwise assisted when in the toils of the law and transferred from a more remote penitentiary to Sing Sing so that their friends could visit them. Eddie went to the headquarters every Tuesday morning, as he still does, and petitioners were whizzed past the leader like sausages in a packing factory. Flynn greeted them cordially, but did not let them sit down. Meanwhile, he transformed himself from a talkative man into one who said nothing if he could help it. "I don't have any opinions on anything; politics or anything," he once told a credulous reporter. "That's why you never see me quoted."

A second major preoccupation was getting jobs for his important leaders, for his friends, for certain relatives—and for himself. He rewarded his old leader, Jim Brown, with a $20,000 job. James F. Geraghty, another district leader, became license commissioner. In 1925 Flynn allied himself with George Olvany, the new boss of Tammany, against Mayor Hylan and brought about, thereby, the election of Jimmy Walker. Forgetting for a moment his vow of silence on all subjects, Eddie optimistically predicted that this was "a guarantee of a progressive, honest and intelligent administration of the city's affairs."

It wasn't quite that, as the Seabury investigation would disclose. But it was a guarantee of more jobs. Flynn got plums worth $39,000 annually at the start and a lot more later. Among the first ones was the $12,000 post of city chamberlain, now abolished as useless, which he kept for himself. His term as sheriff was just expiring. In due course he arranged the elevation of James Barrett, a college friend, to the Bronx County Court. Brother-in-law Brady went on the Special Sessions Court. Jack Flynn, a nephew, was made an assistant district attorney and Eddie's brother, John, was appointed supervisor of permits in the Bureau of Industrial Alcohol.

Some of these appointments made the boys a little sore; it looked as though Flynn and Company were getting most of the gravy. Otherwise there was nothing unusual about them. All bosses take care of their own and of themselves. Two or three other selections were to be embarrassing, however. One of these was Jesse Silberman, a boyhood friend, who was made a city magistrate. Silberman was one of the jurists exposed by Samuel Seabury. Brought before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court on charges that he had bowed to political influence, Silberman testified frankly enough. His original appointment had been to fill a vacancy. Worried, as it drew to a close, he had consulted the ubiquitous Jim Brown.



"Jim," he quoted himself as saying, "I wish you would go up and see Eddie and see if he is going to recommend me for reappointment."

The reappointment came through. Thereafter, Silberman admitted, Brown would sometimes call on him regarding cases in his court. On these occasions the district leader would make "helpful suggestions," but in no way exerted pressure. The Appellate Division decided, unanimously, that the suggestions had been touched with politics. Silberman was kicked off the bench.

Deputy Sheriff Flegenheimer

The other lamentable appointment was Arthur (Dutch Schultz) Flegenheimer, beer-runner, murderer and gangster. The "Dutchman," was a well-known and sometimes friendly individual who subscribed heavily to charitable affairs. In the Bronx it is generally believed that he once bought $1,800 worth of tickets for a card party thrown by Eddie Flynn for the benefit of a hospital. In 1925, in any event, the Dutchman was appointed a deputy sheriff by Sheriff Flynn and served in that position of honor and trust for six months or so. Flynn then revoked the appointment because, as he later explained, he learned that Schultz was close to another desperado, "Legs" Diamond. Both gentlemen, fortunately, are now dead.

The appointment of the Dutchman did not leak out until Thomas E. Dewey was running for governor in 1938. Then, somewhat meanly, Tom broadcast it on the eve of election and said it demonstrated how unfit to govern were the Democrats. At the time of the appointment, Tom added, Schultz's picture was in the Rogue's Gallery. Eddie's first reaction was one of shocked silence. Then he said he had not known, when sheriff of Bronx County, the identity and true character of Deputy Sheriff Flegenheimer. Hundreds of deputies had been named at the same time, he said.

One function of the defunct city chamberlain's office, to which Flynn was named in 1925 by Mayor Walker, was the investment of funds held in trust by the city for minors and incompetents. Flynn invested something over $2,000,000 of these moneys in the securities of a concern called the State Title and Mortgage Company, for which his law firm, Goldwater and Flynn, subsequently became counsel. Nearly all of the $2,000,000 was lost. Early in 1938 three officers of the concern were convicted of using the mails to defraud and were given penitentiary sentences. Their convictions were affirmed in November, 1938, but they still did not go to prison. One stay of thirty days was granted in February, 1939. Another of twenty-four days was given them by Federal Judge Clancy, Flynn's boyhood chum, the next month. Ultimately, however, prison doors actually closed on the trio.

Another client of Goldwater & Flynn was a group who had acquired ownership of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation. In February, 1936, the Senate Munitions Committee brought out that the law firm had been retained three years before at $15,000 a year, just prior to some PWA awards. L. B. Manning, chairman of the company, told the Senate committee that he had not known that Flynn was secretary of state in New York when Goldwater and Flynn had been hired. Ben C. Smith and Thomas E. Bragg of New York had bought fifty per cent of the stock. The rest was held by the E. L. Cord Corporation of Chicago whose president, Everett L. Cord, is a friend of Eddie Flynn. The acquisition of stock by

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(ADVERTISER'S NOTE TO GEORGE): You'll have better luck with the ladies if you get a Barbasol Face—a softer, smoother, cleaner, fresher-feeling skin—thanks to soothing benefits of modern Barbasol.

TAKES REAL SKILL to shave some ways—but not with Barbasol. You bag the whiskers the very first time, with no stubble standing, either. Barbasol sold at all drugstores, 25¢ and 50¢ tubes, 75¢ jars. Barbasol Blades, 5 for 15¢.

For modern shaving—
No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

Smith, Bragg and the Cord Corporation, Board Chairman Manning said, had preceded the PWA grants, which were to the Navy. But these, he swore, had never been discussed.

"Why was he (Flynn) hired as soon as these new interests took over the New York Shipbuilding Corporation?" Senator Vandenberg, a member of the Munitions Committee, asked.

"We have attorneys in all parts of the country and we felt we should be represented in New York," Manning said.

But these are relatively minor matters and were no handicap in Edward J. Flynn's rapid rise on the broader stage of national politics. He had worked zealously for Alfred E. Smith in the 1928 campaign but he was smart enough to realize that Franklin D. Roosevelt was a better horse for the 1932 sweepstakes and he bet on Roosevelt, then governor of New York. The governor had demonstrated that he was smart, too. He appointed Flynn to the post of secretary of state, a curious office that supervises such diverse matters as elections, new corporations, racing and boxing. The duties of the secretary of state are not too arduous. Flynn was charged with being away from his office, one year, 300 days out of 365. But the job pays $12,000 and it permits lots of time for politics.

"Eddie's My Pal"

Al Smith wanted the nomination again in 1932 and forced Tammany Hall to support him at the convention. Flynn and his Bronx delegation stood fast for Roosevelt, however, and when victory came he was in the big time at last. He joined the Democratic nominee's inner group of advisers, although he was not, precisely, a member of the Brain Trust. His real reward came after election day and in the years that followed. Tammany was in disfavor at the White House. Flynn, more than any other leader, became the dispenser of federal patronage. He worked for a long time in close harmony with Jim Farley. But Jim, as 1940 approached, was nursing wistful presidential aspirations of his own. He did not believe the third-term tradition should be violated. He gradually found himself elbowed out of the inner circle, and word was allowed to spread that he would quit his job as Democratic national chairman. It was publicly announced that he would resign in order to make some money. Years of public life had left him in debt.

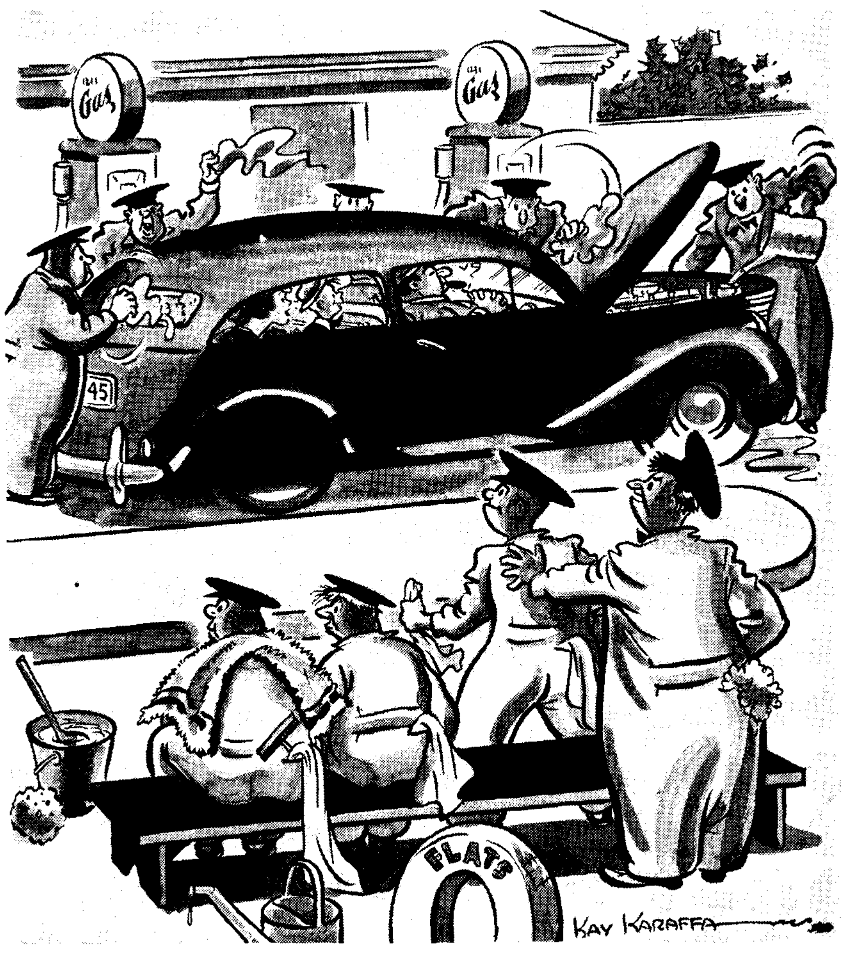
Informed of this, Eddie Flynn expressed surprise. "Why, in his position he ought to be able to make plenty of money!" he blurted.

So Jim Farley, although cheered to the roof, was a minor figure when the bedraggled Democratic convention gathered at Chicago last July and prepared, without enthusiasm, to go through with the program and renominate the President. The important bosses were Mayor Kelly of Chicago, Senator Joe Guffey of Pennsylvania, Frank Hague of New Jersey and Eddie Flynn of the Bronx. Everything went according to orders—except the enthusiasm, which was synthetic. Mr. Roosevelt, protesting that the delegates were free to vote as they liked, was "drafted" for a third term. Farley announced his retirement and the President began a dreary search for his successor. Nobody really wanted the job, not even Ed Flynn. After several others had turned it down, Flynn nevertheless accepted. His decision was greeted with enthusiasm by Boss Hague.

"Eddie's my pal," he said. "I'm for him 100 per cent. He is a very able man."

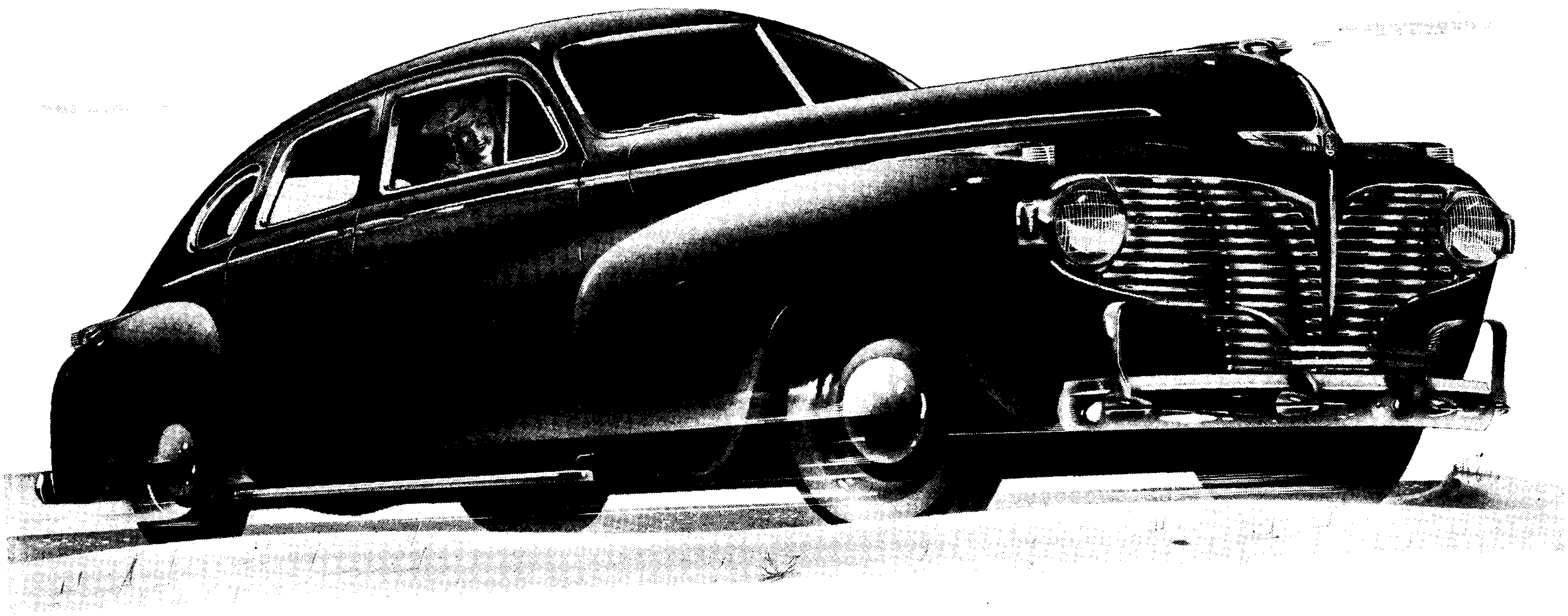
So Flynn is now forced to make speeches, which he does not enjoy. He is forced to see the newspaper correspondents once or twice a day, which he does not enjoy either. He has had to abandon his role of the strong, silent leader without opinions on any subject. One of his first public statements after assuming the burdens of the campaign was to rebuke Wendell Willkie for charging that the Democratic party was in the hands of bosses.

"Willkie," said Flynn, "has been a machine politician all his life."



"Raslowsky, go in for Doolan!"

KAY KARAFFA



We've written the music . . . but we're stumped for words

SOMEHOW we wish our Engineers, who designed this 1941 Dodge Luxury Liner, had also come through with the words to describe it.

Perhaps *they* could do it justice. Perhaps *they* could paint you a "word picture" to match the creation they've put on wheels!

Frankly, it's a tough assignment! We could talk for hours about Dodge beauty, but it wouldn't give you the picture. You've got to let that eye-filling front-end charm its own way into your heart. You've got to let that windstreamed new body—wider, lower, and roomier—tell its own exciting story.

Up front get an eyeful of that new Jewel-Case instrument panel...the sparkling chrome-trim fittings...the huge V-shaped windshield that spreads the whole highway like a ribbon at your feet! You can thank Dodge craftsmanship for that.

You say you're a stickler for comfort? All right, then sit back and relax *because you're going for a Dodge Fluid Drive!*

To begin with, you're going to step on the starter and throw her into high right off! You're going to be surprised that there's no buck nor jerk as the clutch pedal is raised. Instead, you simply glide away like a swan in still water.

Gearshifting Takes a Holiday!

There is nothing new to learn...just a lot less driving effort. If you want an extra surge of power, a flip of the finger gives you airplane-fast get-away.

But marvelous as Fluid Drive is, it is only a part of the 1941 story. For example, there's a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner that does the slickest job of "air-conditioning" you ever saw! It prevents gritty particles from attacking the engine's "innards" and thus greatly prolongs its life.

Dodge *safety* is evidenced in such advancements as 47.6 per cent larger rear window to increase "sternward" visibility; Hump-Rim Safety Wheel that holds tires on securely should "flats" occur.

And, as all the world knows, the men who build Dodge cars are more than expert mechanics—they are fine manufacturers...quality-minded artisans who think always in terms of building sturdier and better products.

But suppose we leave some surprises for your Dodge dealer to spring on you.

Words can't describe it. You must see and drive it!

Here's the Triple Thrill of FLUID DRIVE!

① ***Gearshifting Takes a Holiday!*** For all normal driving you don't have to shift gears! You can start in high, drive in high, stop in high...and *start again in high!*

② ***A Thousand Different Speeds!*** You can drive from one mile an hour to the top speed of your car...and enjoy a thousand speeds in between...all without ever shifting gears.

③ ***The Smoothness of Oil!*** Power from the engine is transmitted to rear wheels through a shock-absorbing cushion of oil. The result is almost unbelievable smoothness and much longer car life.

NEW 1941

Dodge

LUXURY LINER WITH

FLUID DRIVE

NO SALE, BOB - THIS COLD HAS ME LICKED
YOU *WILL* WEAR SUMMER UNDERWEAR
THEN *HE* BOUGHT DUOFOLD -
LANDED ANOTHER SWELL CONTRACT TODAY, HON !
IT PAID YOU TO GET THAT DUOFOLD

Biggest Aid to Success— Good Health!

Salesmen . . . outdoor workers . . . indoor workers . . . all find Duofold the *agreeable* way to guard against colds and illness caused by dangerous wintry weather. Duofold's unique fabric in two thin layers is *warm* outdoors, *comfortable* indoors. Inner layer, next the skin is all soft cotton. Outer layer contains protective wool that can't touch you. No itch!

Try Duofold for *one* season. You'll find it's your "ounce of prevention"—the best cold-weather health protection you can buy!

Made in two-piece garments and union suits in a variety of fabric weights and colors.

DUOFOLD INC., MOHAWK, N. Y.

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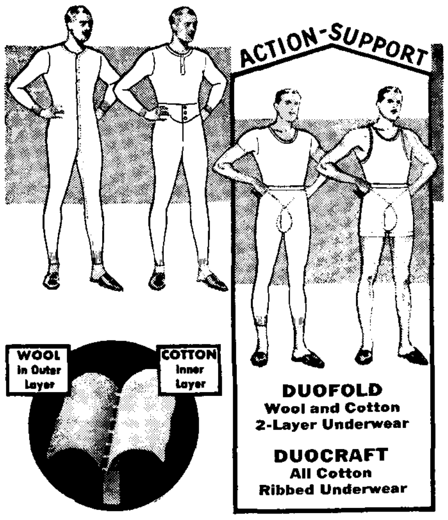
Duofold and Duocraft Underwear and Outerwear.
Also Du-Ons, 1-piece underwear.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I'd like to see Duofold's 2-layer fabric and get details.

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Follow the Guidon

Continued from page 10

conviction I've had, thanks to the likes of you. Here I'm standing at the bar of the blue and gold on a payday night with an ice-cold hard-boiled egg in my hand. Paid for with my own hard-earned money, and peeling it without regard for the boisterous crowd about me. Then up comes this little high-school soldier that, God help us, the Army is ruint with. Says he: 'Danny—' the likes of him in the old days would never have taken the name of an old soldier like me in vain—'Danny,' he goes on, 'see that man?' says he.

" 'Which?' says I, having a few of them green Texas beers in me and feeling cheerful enough. 'The big cowboy or the sour-looking Spick with him?' says I.

" 'The big one,' says he. 'A killer no less. 'Tis Wild Jake Crow they call him, and only last week he blew the head offen a man in Eagle Pass. Ten notches on his gun he has, and got the law so bluffed he goes at will.'

" 'I SEE him,' says I, 'but, by the same token, I am not bluffed. Why, in the old Army,' says I, 'sure the meanest lance jack, if he so much as looked crooked at him, and him with an egg in his hand like this I hold, would bounce it off his ugly mug just for the laugh. He wouldn't dignify a bully like that with even the butt of a gun.' "

"The man it hit swore it was a *raw* egg," *the top sergeant said coldly.* "And a bad one at that."

" 'Tis the truth you never get from a civilian," Danny scoffed. "Sure if that wild jake had as much as wrinkled his brow at me, he'd have had it quicker than Houdini himself could peel an egg. However, that he did not, and I ate the egg peacefully. But the talk was overheard and some anonymous hero a bit later did this foul thing you mention, and myself got the blame from them dumb M.P.'s, who had me in the mill in the shake of a lamb's tail." Danny made a burrhing sound as though stricken with arctic cold and shuddered at the infamy of the thing.

"You were accused all right," the sergeant said with deadly precision. "But by a man in a derby hat and no notches on a gun. And you weren't as anonymous as you thought, as the witnesses at your trial testified. Okay," he went on, holding up a restraining hand, "you've had your say. I've got a word. Since the Army's gone to hell, and you're the only real soldier left, why don't you get out? You've got over thirty years in. So, if they don't run the Army to suit you, all you have to do is put in for retirement, like all the other crocks who get too old to take it do."

Outraged, Danny glared at the smug face of the sergeant. Thirty years he'd been in, it was true. But thirty years ago he was a broth of a boy for a fact. That, and a small recruiting lie had started his martial career some five years before the legal age.

"Too old, am I? Sure I'll outsoldier any man in the regiment, including your smug self, ten years from this date. *Twenty* years!" He paused, too clogged with indignation to barb his words up to the standard of his rage, then getting his wind he added witheringly: "Sure I'll outshoot, outride, outfight, and out*think* any man in the outfit this minute, and yourself knows in your heart 'tis the mortal truth. Now—make out the papers."

The sergeant smiled. "Quit your kidding, Danny. Let's see . . ." He glanced at a calendar pad . . . "counting time lost in the guardhouse and A.W.O.L. under the 107th A.W. you're due for re-enlistment Monday. Day we start on maneuvers."

"I said *make out the application for my retirement*," Danny said in a dangerous voice. "In case you don't know, 'tis addressed to the President himself at the White House. I have the record of my honorable and faithful service in my head. Take it down now, as I want it should be off in the morning with the proper indorsement of the captain upon it. 'Tis my right and I demand it."

The sergeant shrugged, went to the typewriter and did what he was bid, and when the fateful paper was completed shoved it under Danny's twitching nose to sign. This was accomplished with a regal flourish, then Danny drew himself up and demanded formally: "When can I expect action on this document?"

"Ten days," the sergeant said.

"Sure it can't be too soon for me," said Danny, and he went from the room like a general.

The troop commander came into the orderly room a minute later. "What's this?" he said, looking curiously at the still wet ink of the bold signature on the application.

The top sergeant said: "Dooley's latest growl, sir."

Their eyes met and they both burst out laughing. "All right," the captain said, "make out the first indorsement for my approval. We might as well throw a real scare into him when he comes in to withdraw it in the morning."

But, to the surprise of both of them, Danny didn't come in to withdraw it in the morning. For, that night, lying in his cot in the squad room and reviewing the latest wrong that had been done him, he had an inspiration that capped all of his career. He had declared to that bossy top that he could out*think* them all. And, by all that was holy, this would prove it! Amid the snores of that room full of men, he lay staring at the dim ceiling, a gloating smile on his ugly face, his brain alight with the details of a glorious scheme.

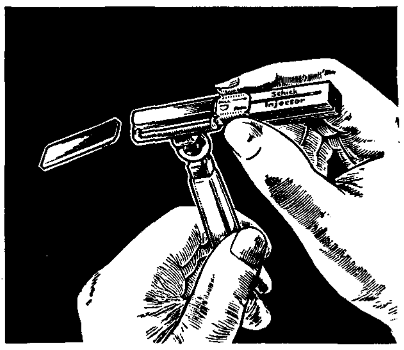
Each step he went over and each led inexorably to the triumphant goal. Never had he heard of a soldier's retirement that the troop didn't put out a party. And a suitable gift. And that gift, unless the heavens fell, was a watch. Silver, gold plated, or, in the case of some disagreeable top sergeant, solid gold. The party would have to be Saturday, as the regiment marched out for maneuvers on Monday, leaving—he chuckled — Danny Dooley behind to await the arrival of his retirement notice which, of course, would not be due for several more days. Ah . . . Danny slipped into peaceful, happy sleep as he knew at last that his scheme was good.

IT WAS almost time. There wasn't any clock in the squad room, but the first call for retreat had gone. Any instant now assembly would blow. The flagpole was close by the barracks. From where he was he could look out the window, across the porch, and see them there. See the bugler by the post that held the big megaphone. See the bandsmen with the late sun flashing off their instruments lined up by the headquarters building. And see the color detail from the guard, the flag halyards in their hands, looking up toward the top of the big pole. The big white pole, the flag high up there dipping, nodding, with the dying wind. The flag nodding, tired maybe from its long day on the pole. Ready for bed.

Thinking that, Danny forgot his role

YOU CAN CHANGE THESE BLADES IN THE DARK!

Changing blades with the Schick Injector Razor is so easy, so fast, that you can do it with your eyes closed. You don't have to fumble with paper blade wrappings. There's nothing to take apart or reassemble. It's one of the big features that have converted millions of men to the Schick Injector's more comfortable shave.

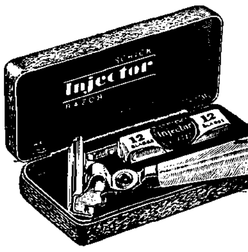


The Schick Injector is the only razor in the world with the automatic blade change. With a pull and push on the Injector you shoot out the old blade and insert a new one in 3 seconds flat!

SOLID GUIDE BAR

Another reason why you get such a comfortable shave with the Schick Injector is this razor's *solid guide bar* which stretches and controls the action of the skin in front of the blade edge. Each whisker is brought up to "attention" for a level, close blade stroke that's so smooth you can shave "against the grain" in solid comfort!

THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR CONTAINS THE GREATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN SAFETY RAZOR DESIGN IN MORE THAN 35 YEARS.



THE "POPULARITY" KIT $1.00 COMPLETE WITH 12 BLADES

That's all it costs to own the "Popularity" Kit—a trim pigskin-grain case containing razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick blades. 20-year razor guarantee stamped in bottom of case.

Schick Injector Razor

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada

standing there in the empty barracks. He'd be ashamed if these men outside knew what he was thinking. They'd roar with laughter, those troopers; they'd laugh at the idea that the flag up there on the pole had done a day's work. From reveille to retreat, just dangling in the Texas sun.

He grinned sheepishly. Tough Danny Dooley with such childish thoughts!

Still, he felt funny in this empty squad room while they were all out there standing retreat. The first one he had missed while out of the guardhouse in over thirty years. Earlier he had felt secretly exultant about missing this formation but, oddly, now he felt lonely. Out of it. He'd rather be in ranks with the rest of them. With the whole regiment, standing this boring, daily ceremony, lined up in front of the barracks before the evening meal. But the top said no. Your big day, Danny. The last you'll do in the Army. . . .

FOR a moment he was frightened by what he had done. Suppose they took him at his word in the end? But how could they? You could lead a horse to water but you couldn't make him drink!

He moved closer to the window and listened to the sharp commands outside. As the band burst into the national anthem, his fingers sought the seams of his breeches. Inside here, alone in the squad room, there was no need, he knew, to stand for the ceremony. But nobody could see him. Catch him at it. And it made him feel less out of it all. And, as always, it put that funny feeling in his throat and stomach. "The sound of that tune," he had marveled, many, many times. The miracle of its never-changing effect on him. And the nearest he had come to describing to himself the phenomenon was: "Sure, it turns me insides out, the sweet notes of it."

It was that way now with him. More than ever; and he watched the flag coming slowly to earth, with its great folds seeming to nod with a happy weariness as it came at last into the reaching hands of the soldiers. And through the clogged feeling in his throat, Danny said: "Like reachin' for a baby. . . ."

And then the ranks broke and the floor shook as the men raced in, and one after the other along the line of barracks rang out the dinner irons of the regiment.

Danny began answering hails of congratulation and wisecracks as his troopmates poured by him toward the mess hall. He was the hero of the moment, all right, his sins forgotten by them, and he tasted deep of the glory of it. And he laughed with secret glee.

But the laugh changed swiftly. Through the porch window he saw . . Could it be? It was the colonel, all right, erect and smiling in his blues, the gold shining against the yellow of his cap band. Danny stared anxiously. Just passing by, probably, and having a word with the captain. The top sergeant appeared. He was shaking hands with the colonel, talking with the captain. All standing there on the porch, laughing, talking and then walking like pals into the orderly room.

Danny felt the sweat come out on his hands. Colonels came to retirement parties of high-ranking noncoms, and even when lesser men went out whom they had known for years. But never to one given for an unknown; unknown, that is, except for a record of lost stripes and guardhouse occupancy.

Danny looked down at his big freckled hands and the sudden fright, unfounded as it was, of course, drove his thoughts backward to a time when he had known real fear. The squad room blurred away and he was back under the cruel Philippine sun, his face scratched by the razorlike cogon grass and the fearful, first-time-heard sound of Moro bullets whipping over him. A kid with his face in the hot dirt. A young, unlined face then, with tears of terror mingling with the muddy sweat and an awful pain of fear in his stomach. Face in the hot dirt, and through the muffled sound of his own sobs, the sharp, drill-ground voice of his sergeant, cursing him forward.

"Dooley!"

He jerked his head up. The same kind of voice. Voice of a sergeant.

"Hey, they're waiting in there for you. In the orderly room. Top sent me after you. Take up the gallop."

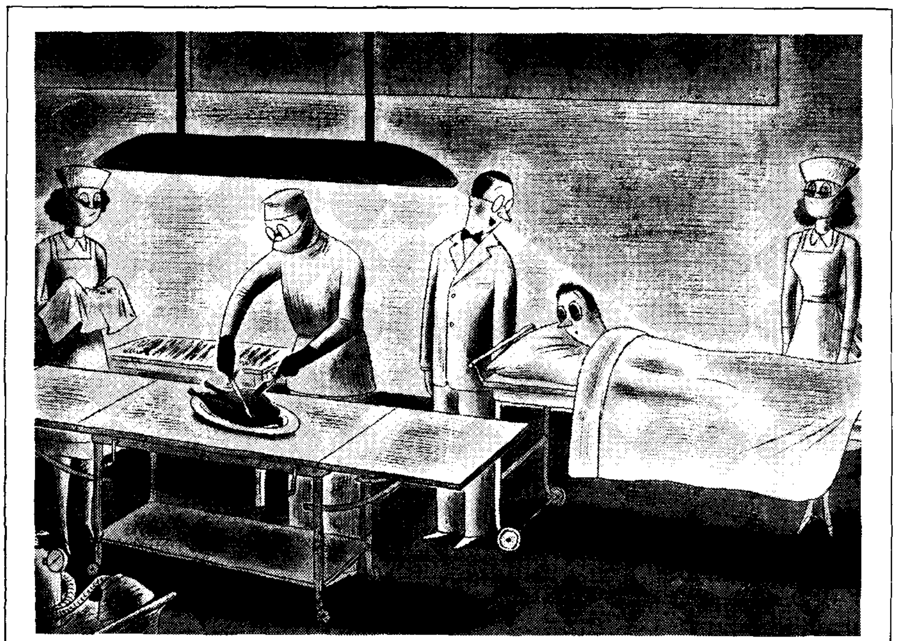
It was the charge of quarters, Danny's own platoon leader. And looking about, he saw that he was alone with him in the empty squad room.

"Me?"

"You." The sergeant grinned. "Hell, you're the guest of honor. They're ready to go in to your banquet. You even got the colonel waiting for you."

A stab of fear bereft Danny of his usual quick comeback. With a heavily beating heart he made his way into the orderly room and braced himself for the general greeting. After they had all shaken his hand, the top led the way into the messroom, where by now all the troop were gathered. Over a hundred men, eagerly standing by their places until the colonel should be seated and the festive chow be heaped upon their plates.

But Danny Dooley was far ahead of them. He was thinking anxiously of that



"Dr. Melborne always likes to warm up a bit" RICHARD TAYLOR

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"WHAT DOES COLD WEATHER DO TO A BATTERY?"

PLENTY, he'll tell you—and prove it with his new, scientific Starting Power Indicator. Batteries, you'll see, are allergic to cold; not only does cold *lower* their efficiency, it *adds to* the work they have to do.

But—there's one way to dodge battery trouble in cold weather. You don't *have* to find a dead engine in your garage, some fine, cold morning soon. Go to your Exide Battery dealer *now*. Let him give you a graphic eyeful, via his Starting Power Indicator, of what cold does to a battery; then let him test yours on his Sure-Start Tester, an instrument that's as revealing as an X-ray. When he's through, you'll *know* whether you need a "re-charge," a new battery, or whether you're all set for winter.

Look for the daily weather forecast at your Exide dealer's gas pump. To avoid starting trouble from now on, have him check your battery now. This service is free.

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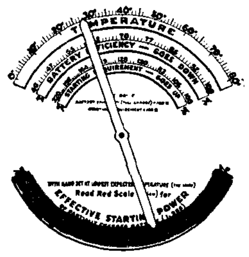
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BATTERY EFFICIENCY — GOES DOWN
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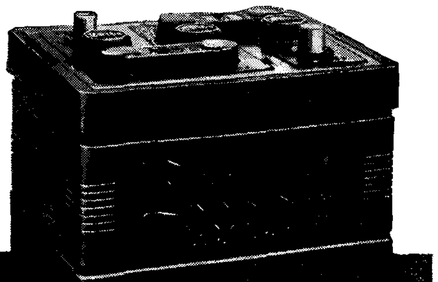
Read Red Scale for
EFFECTIVE STARTING POWER

Note, on Exide's new Starting Power Indicator, how—as temperature drops—battery efficiency goes *down*, while starting requirements go *up*. Effective starting power is indicated for all temperatures.



Exide

HOLLOW GROUND
Schick COLONEL

THIS IS THE NEW SHAVER WITH A HEAD FOR BUSINESS! HOLLOW GROUND

SCHICK SHAVER'S NEW 2-M HEAD is Hollow-Ground to give you close shaves 30% quicker, easier, better.

Maybe you *have* tried electric shavers before. Maybe you *don't* believe they'll work on *your* beard.

But—just to save your face—give this New Schick a trial.

That 2-M Head means business! It's *hollow-ground* to arch the skin surface and make the bristles stand up where the Flying Shuttle Shearer can mow them off at the rate of 14,000 cutting motions a minute.

You won't believe your hand when it caresses your boy-fresh face! You won't believe your eyes when they peer in the mirror and fail to discover a single bristle!

And you won't believe *us*—or anyone else—till you *try* this new way of shaving.

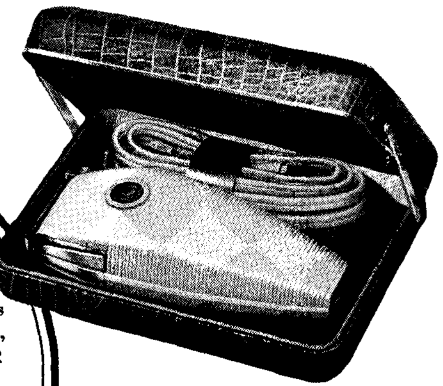
So why be a hold-out? Get yourself a New Schick with the 2-M Head today; use it for 30 days; if you're not "sold" by then, your dealer will refund every penny you paid!

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN., U. S. A

Only Schick offers all this!

● NEW 2-M SHEARING HEAD—hollow-ground to arch the skin surface—makes the whiskers stand up to be cut off. That's why it gives close shaves 30% quicker, easier, *better.* ● FLYING SHUTTLE SHEARER—powered by an improved, faster motor—performing more than 14,000 shaving operations per minute. ● WHISK-ITS—to catch all beard clippings. No other shaver offers this feature. ● BRAND-NEW STYLING by Raymond Loewy—world-famous designer.

Schick prices start as low as $9.95 for the popular CAPTAIN model with straight Speed King Head and Whisk-Its. Many Dealers Offer Easy Payment Terms.



NEW SCHICK COLONEL, *complete with new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head; handsomely styled in rich ivory plastic with gold-colored Whisk-Its. Built-in radio static suppressor. Complete with simulated alligator tuck-away case,* $15.00. *(Or, packed in de luxe Dress-Kit . . . $17.50.)*

• • •

NEW SCHICK FLYER, *has new 2-M Head; executed in burgundy plastic with silver-colored Whisk-Its. Genuine leather case . . .* $12.50.

ATTENTION, SCHICK OWNERS!

. . . Get this 2-M Head for your shaver!

We made this marvelous new 2-M Head so that it can be used on any of the 2,500,000 Schick Shavers now in service!

$3.00 brings your present Schick right up to the minute. You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated, and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer—or send it to us at the factory in Stamford—or take it to a Schick Shaver Service Office in:

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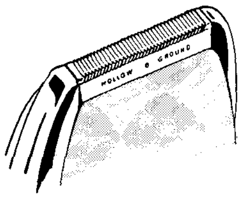
nothing Quicker nothing Slicker NEW SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER



fateful moment when the top sergeant host would rise in his place, smile and say pompously: "And now we'd like to hear a few words from our honored troopmate—*Private Dooley!*"

Danny stared in wonder around the mess hall. The new splendor of it since the noonday meal. White cloths on all the tables, guidons around the walls, and green branches everywhere. In a corner by the kitchen storeroom was a detachment of the band. An orchestra now. They were giving him the works, all right. His wildest dream come true. He'd put it over big. But he hadn't reckoned on the colonel.

The men were called to attention as the colonel entered. Danny stared at them as though never before had he seen them. So many eager, tanned young faces. So young. More than half the troop were mere boys. It wasn't like in the old days when a man became a soldier like he became a doctor or a letter carrier, without any idea of turning around and being something else a few years later. There weren't many professionals left. Just those that came in before the war. And he, plain Danny Dooley, had been in the Army right now longer than any man in this room. Except, maybe, the colonel. And they were going to give him a watch.

Oh, there was the bright thing to think of! A silver watch that would shine like the Texas stars on winter nights. . . .

THERE was a voice in his ear, loud. The top took his arm. Grinned. "Where you going, Danny? You don't rate that old seat of yours now. Look!" And for the first time, Danny saw it. The raised platform, the white table gleaming with glass and silverware and placed across the room, not up and down like the others.

"Up here, Danny. That's it. There's your chair: the big grandpappy one next to the colonel." The officers all laughed.

All the chairs at the raised table were ordinary barracks ones except two: the two fine leather new ones from the dayroom. And one of these was for him. Gingerly he let himself into it. It was like a throne between the first sergeant and the colonel. "Sure, all I need is me crown," he thought. "All of them staring at me down there like I was the big ape at the circus."

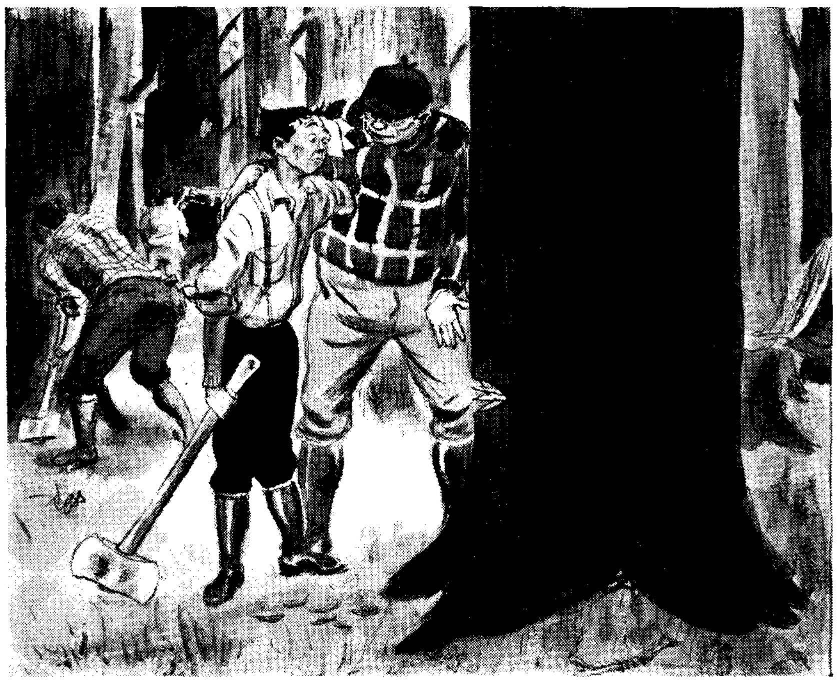
But there were friendly smiles on the faces and a happy confusion of talk and laughter broke out as the men took their seats. One of the bolder ones shouted: "Attaboy, old Danny!" Danny grinned and waved back at them gaily. The colonel started to talk to him. He had those eyes, all right. Those military eyes. And a face like iron. There was a twinkle in his eyes though, now. "I wouldn't be doubting there's a dash of Irish in him at that," Danny found himself thinking. Comforted a little, he found "a bit of his tongue" as he would have said. Enough to answer with, anyway.

The chow came on. And great aluminum pitchers of beer. There were two waiters at the important table and Danny noticed one of them was a pimply recruit. Green as he was, he'd already learned all the Army slang and was full of sharp wisecracks.

All around him at the table of honor they were talking. The colonel was telling about old soldiers he'd known that he called "characters" and Danny thought, uncomfortably: "Sure all the char-ac-ters on me own discharges but the first have been not so good, if it comes to that." The first sergeant put his two cents' worth in with the story of some man in another regiment named Cooper. He was so dumb, the top said, that he never could remember his own horse and had to wait till all the others were saddled each morning and take one of those left. And then it was usually one on sick report.

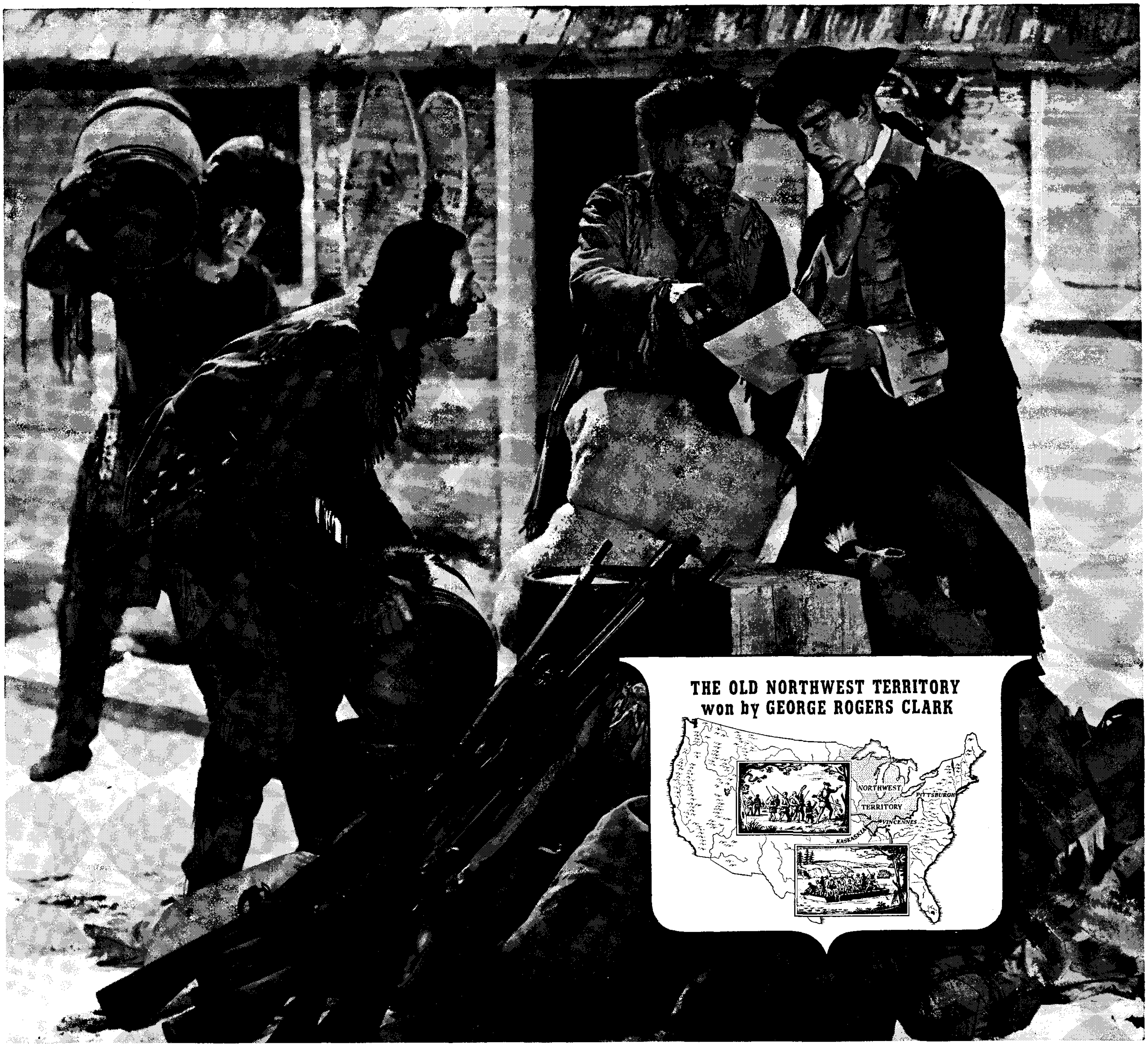
The storytelling reminded Danny. Every second brought his own moment nearer. If things had been as he had thought of them back when he had his great idea, it wouldn't be so bad. His one mistake of judgment had been failure to expect the colonel here. Who would ever have thought this great man with his iron voice and steel eyes to be at the farewell party of a common private? A witness to what Danny had been thinking of as "a lark with the lads they won't soon forget with their always a-kidding of Danny Dooley. Sure, it's that same Danny'll be doing the kidding, and the proof of it he'll have to flaunt at them for many a day of laughter."

But it wasn't so funny now. Danny swallowed half a glass of beer and tried to shake off this foreboding that was spoiling his party. After all, what was wrong with it? Hadn't he the right to change his mind? To declare when those papers came back from Washington approved that he'd decided to "hold up his hand" for a tenth enlistment instead of retiring? And the regiment would be on the march anyway, at the time. Just a few officers and men left back to care for the post and himself



"You gotta keep at it, Johnson, or the first thing you know it'll heal up!"

A. ROSS



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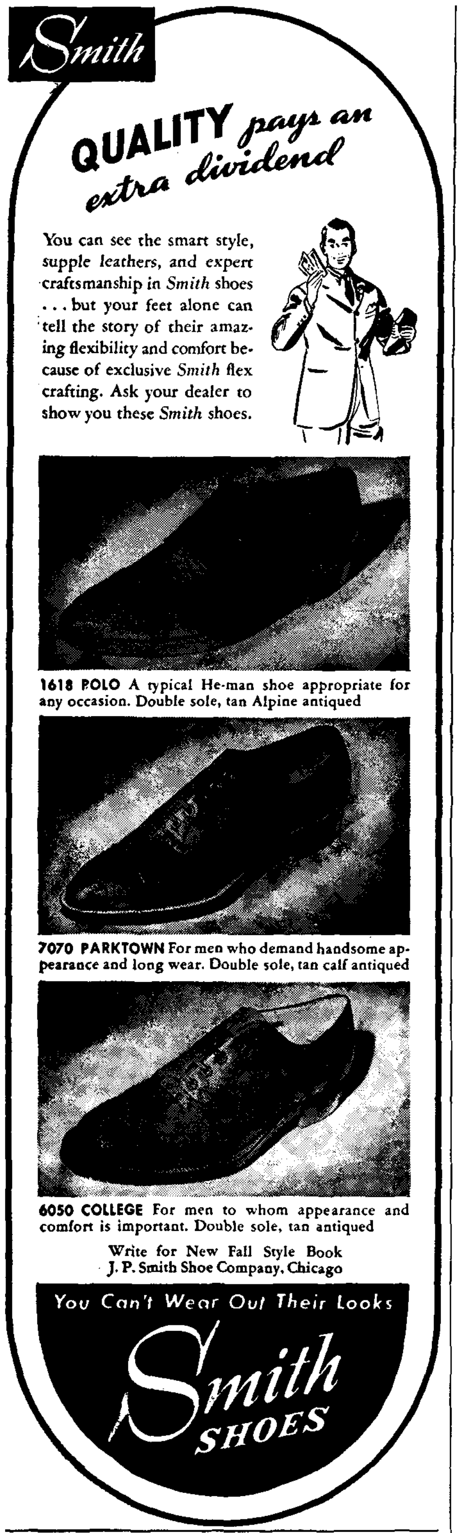
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among them. Sure they'd all have forgotten it by the time they got back, except that mean top and he'd *never* forget it.

Feeling better as this last thought came to him, Danny was aroused by the rather loud voice of the top sergeant speaking to the captain. Idly listening, smiling benignly down at the chattering men below him, he was suddenly shocked to complete attention. "Yes, sir," the top said, "it really happened. You'd think a man who'd done thirty years would know his regulations better. First they were going to court-martial him. But he had a fine record and they let him off."

"Refused to retire, eh?" the captain said gravely. "You would think he'd know that once his request was approved in Washington it comes back in the form of an *order*. Nothing can change it."

Danny Dooley felt a sudden chill. "That's the law, is it, Sergeant?" he asked, trying to be casual about it.

"Just like the sun rises and sets," the sergeant said promptly.

"Sure you'd think . . ." Danny fought to bring a smile to his face, white now even down to the freckles, "a . . . a man could change his mind a bit on the matter."

"A bit!" the sergeant echoed, horrified. "Take back his word to the President? I'm surprised at you, Danny, after thirty years in. You should know when you get what you ask for in this man's Army, you take it and like it. Why, it would be like changing something in the Bible." He laughed then and lifted his beer glass. "Good thing you didn't have a bright idea like that in that red head of yours, or we'd all be in a spot."

"I should say so," the captain agreed.

Danny managed a sickly smile. "Indeed it is," and before he could say more, the top rapped on his glass, stood up and announced loudly: "We'd like to hear a few words from Captain Francis," and sat down smiling amidst loud clapping of hands.

The troop commander got up. Danny Dooley stared at his plate as the captain talked. The captain told a funny story about an old soldier and Saint Peter. Everybody laughed uproariously. Even Danny, who hadn't heard a word of it, got off a pale smile. Then he went on to say how glad he was to be at this party for a *real* old soldier who had been in the Army before many of them were born, and who liked it so well he had given thirty years of his life to it.

More than thirty, the captain amended with a grin, and they all laughed because he meant by that that most of that extra time had to be made up to satisfy guardhouse and A.W.O.L. time lost, against enlistment periods. And, the captain continued, he had put all of that thirty years in *one* troop, and they had all howled at that because the implication was clear, even if one of the more hilarious ones hadn't yelled wildly: "Danny knows a good thing when he sees it!" The captain concluded: "If I were in a tight spot in action, I'd like nothing better than a whole troop of Dooleys behind me."

DANNY twisted his hands and kept his eyes down as the captain took his seat amid a loud roar of applause. Then the top sergeant, rising, said grandly: "We'd like to hear a few words from our commanding officer, who has honored us tonight with his presence."

The colonel looked down at the smiling, raised faces of the men. And Danny thought desperately: "Sure I'll have to go through with it next and I'm a ruint man. But I must face it without quailing."

The colonel was reading from a paper. Through the scramble of his thoughts, Danny heard his service record being voiced in a steady, quiet tone. A bar of late sunlight came in through the window and struck across the table. Danny stared at it, seeing distant, long-forgotten pictures.

"Private Daniel Dooley. Cavalry. Character: Excellent. Service: Honest and Faithful. Three engagements against hostile Moros at Malabang, Lake Lanao, Cotobato. . . . Wounded at Malabang and recommended for the Certificate of Merit . . ."

There in the bar of sun, Danny saw the Moro cotta. High dirt walls with the Krags throwing sharp dust up into the sun. Golden dust. Saw the bamboo stakes sharp as a needle pointed outward to impede the sweating, cursing troopers. Saw young . . . what was the kid's name? Kid like himself, lying there with a slug in him and blood coming out of his mouth. And crying; crying out bubbles of blood. He felt heavy as lead. Like a bale of hay and a sack of oats together and his feet dragged and caught on the thorny vines. And then, getting it in the leg himself, it was all he could do to make it back to cover with the kid. . . . The strange lieutenant who somehow had taken charge of them when their own officer had died; his face powder-blackened and blood running through the black, saying: "Damn' you, get back there. Pick up your rifle! What the hell do you think we all are: pill rollers?"

But when the strange officer saw the leg, he said gruffly: "Never mind, stay where you are." And later, even though he didn't get it somehow, it was a proud day for him when he heard the captain had recommended him for the Certificate of Merit. "It would have meant two bucks a month for life," he thought later. That sure would have helped the thirteen he was getting at the time.

THE colonel continued to read: "Saw service at Fort Miller. Character: Very good. Service: Honest and Faithful. . . ."

Danny, hearing none of the words, it seemed, yet was paced by the colonel's steady voice. Not hearing, he was seeing. The pictures came and went faster than any words—a bright glory in them as they sped before him in the patch of sunlight on the table.

He saw the long desert marches. Mile after mile with a bandanna over his mouth, white as a miller with the alkali dust. He saw the crowding, neck-stretched horses fighting for the shallow creek water at the halts, and the high golden dust along the column.

He saw the wild charges of the maneuvers—sabers silver in the sun and the ground shaking with hoofbeats. . . . Northers striking like a vicious witch, the horses coated with a cold white and trying miserably, dumbly, to turn their tails to the icy wind. . . . The campfires with the men stretched out and the guy with the guitar. The Mexican kid who somehow managed to bring that thing with him through it all. And the men joining in, singing the *Cucaracha*. . . .

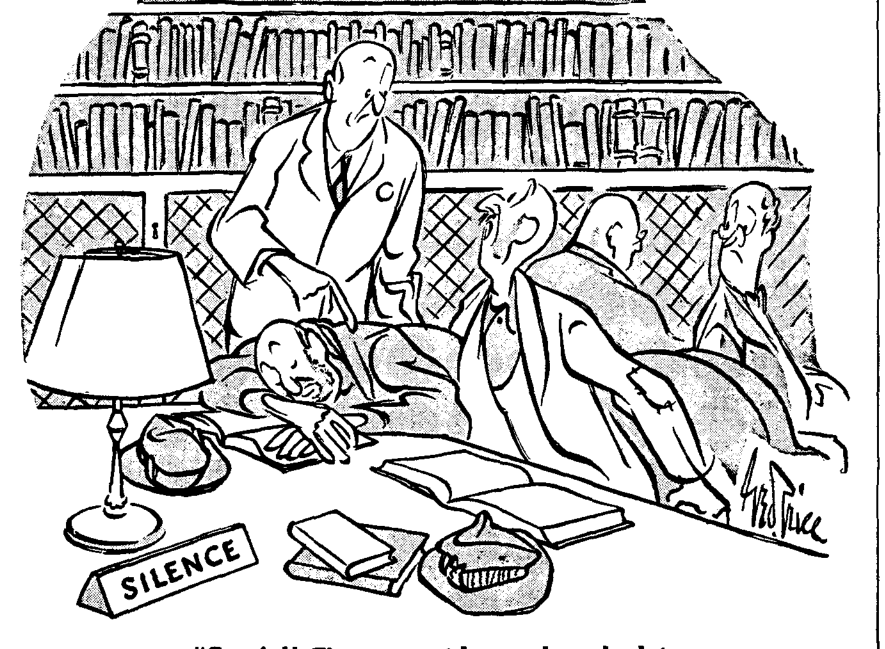
CERTAIN words awoke him from his dreams. Incredible words coming from the colonel. ". . . And," the colonel went on, meeting Danny's upturned, startled eyes, "this recruit who risked his life for a troopmate, who left cover to drag a wounded man to safety under a murderous fire and was badly wounded himself doing it—was Private Dooley. I discovered recently, going over his papers, that we were both at that action. I fear," he smiled down at them, and then at Danny Dooley, "that my own face wasn't any too recognizable that day." And Danny, startled into speech, stuttered impulsively: "Sure and I never placed you, sir! Sure it's like a vision!" And he sat back stunned, marveling at the miracle of it. Then an awful shame took him as he remembered the deception he had planned and he shrank back into his chair, trembling with the thought of it.

There was a roar of approval from the men. The colonel smiled. "And, for that reason, I had to be with you tonight." He sat down, smiled at Danny, and then looked at the top sergeant expectantly.

Danny, too, looked at the top sergeant. He was getting to his feet, that smug, big-shot smile on his face. His right hand was reaching down to an empty barracks chair beside him. It came up and moved in front of him with an easy, swaying gesture. With dread fascination, Danny Dooley's eyes were fixed on the object in his hand.

". . . And, as a slight mark of our appreciation," the sergeant was orating, "I take great pleasure in all your names in presenting this small token of the esteem we have all held him in, to our troopmate . . . *Danny Dooley!*"

A pandemonium of applause followed the sergeant's smooth words. The top leaned smiling toward him and a flash of sudden fire in the shaft of sunlight nearly blinded Danny Dooley. That and the strange mist in his eyes. He couldn't move his hand to take it. To touch it, even. It dangled there on its bright,



"Careful! The moment he awakens he lets out a yell for orange juice and coffee"

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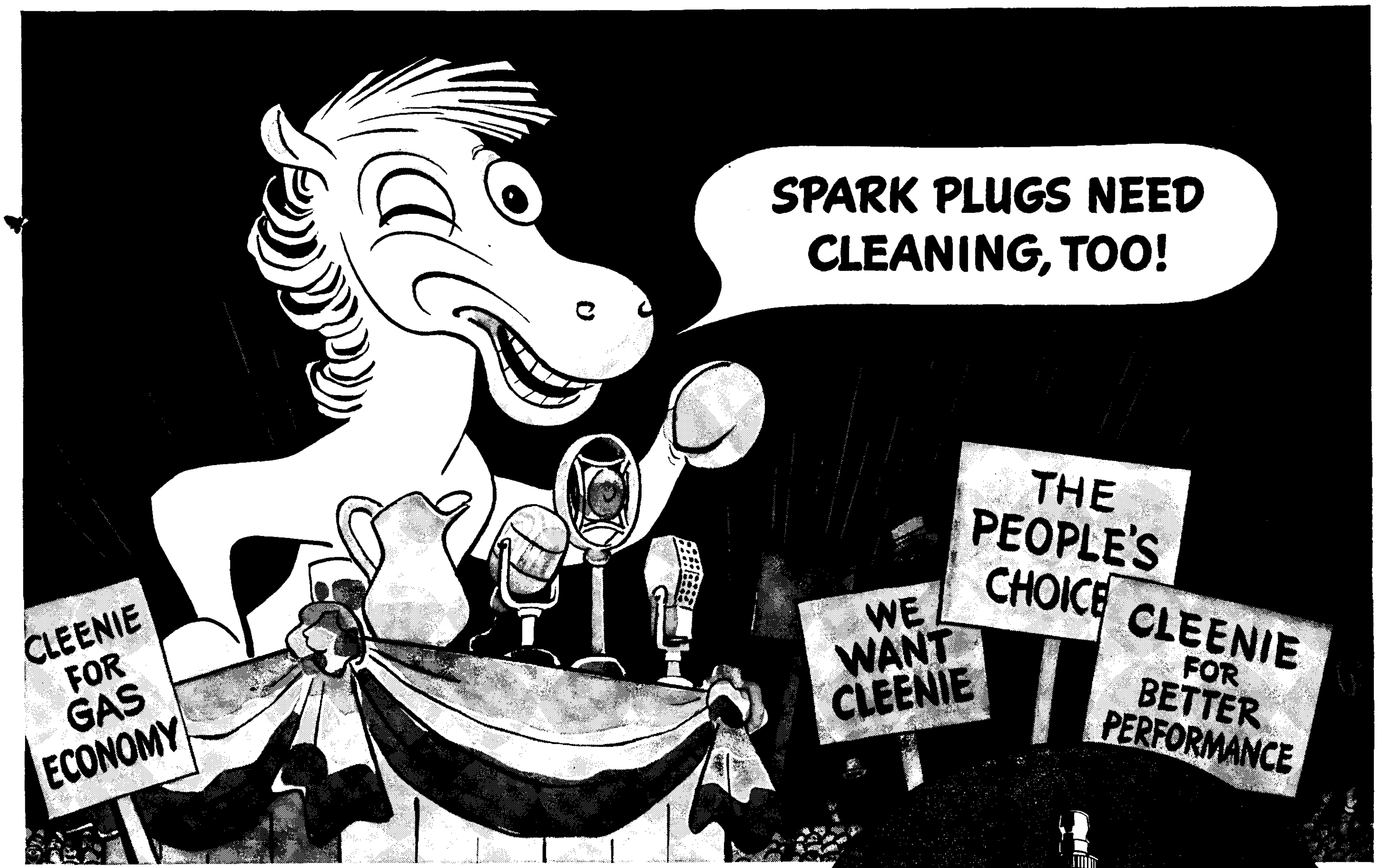
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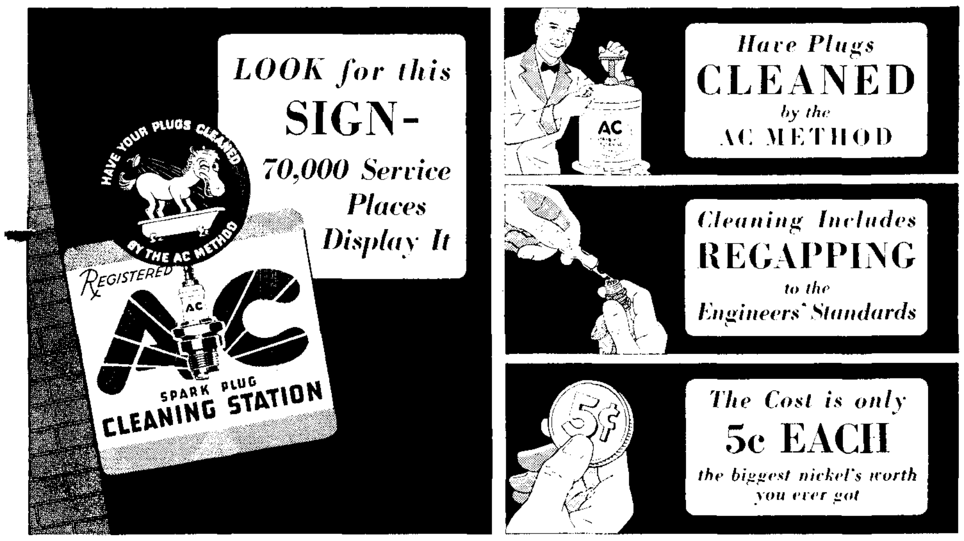
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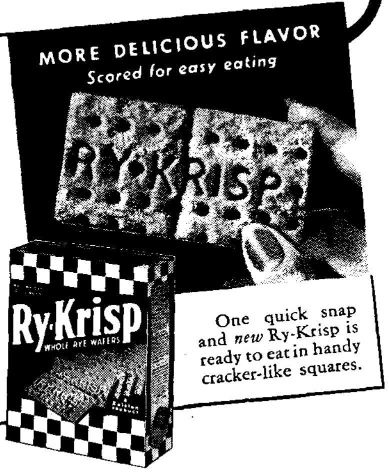

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brave chain . . . a thing of utter beauty. A gold watch, the like of which he had never seen before.

"Good old Danny! Speech! Speech! Oh, you Danny! *Speech!*"

Now he couldn't see the watch, bright as it was. He was *shaking all over:* worse than ever had happened with the malaria. Somehow he had pulled himself to his feet, but he just stood there. No word would come. No two Micks had ever lived funny enough to bring a quip to his trembling lips. Sick with the knowledge of his own folly, he stood there, speechless, pictures of the misery he had brought on himself torturing him. Poetic justice had caught up with him at last. The Army he loved, because of a braggart bluff, was shattered about him as by a lightning stroke. In a few short days he would be cast, willy-nilly, into a friendless world of people he had no understanding of. Tossed out the door of a home he loved, uprooted from a life of happiness, because he wanted to put something over on a top sergeant.

A low word of encouragement from the colonel brought Danny back. He felt the touch of metal on his hand and knew the top sergeant was gently forcing him to take the watch. He saw the captain smiling, nodding at the watch. "Read what it says, Dooley. Out loud. It will help you start your speech."

Danny brushed one hand across his eyes, and with the other lifted the watch to read the newly cut engraving. He knew what it would say. He could read it without looking: His name and the date and the place and— Presented to Private Dooley. . . . From the members of Troop F on the occasion of his retirement from active service after thirty years . . .

A FINE thing that would be to start his speech off with: more like an epitaph, the things they put over graves. Because the words engraved there were farewell words for him: as definite, as damning as a sentence of death. . . .

Danny cleared his throat. He put all his heart into that bull-like act and threw up his head and flashed his eyes around the room. They'd never guess that Danny Dooley's heart was broken this night! That his world was crashing about him.

"Read what it says, Danny," he heard *the top sergeant whisper.* And that's what I'll *do,* Danny decided. Read it like Caesar on his throne shouting a new victory!

Danny held the watch up, arm outstretched in a regal gesture. The light fell flush on the shining back of it and the deeply cut inscription stood out in letters of fire.

Danny drew in a deep breath, sounded off. He was proud of the ring in his first words.

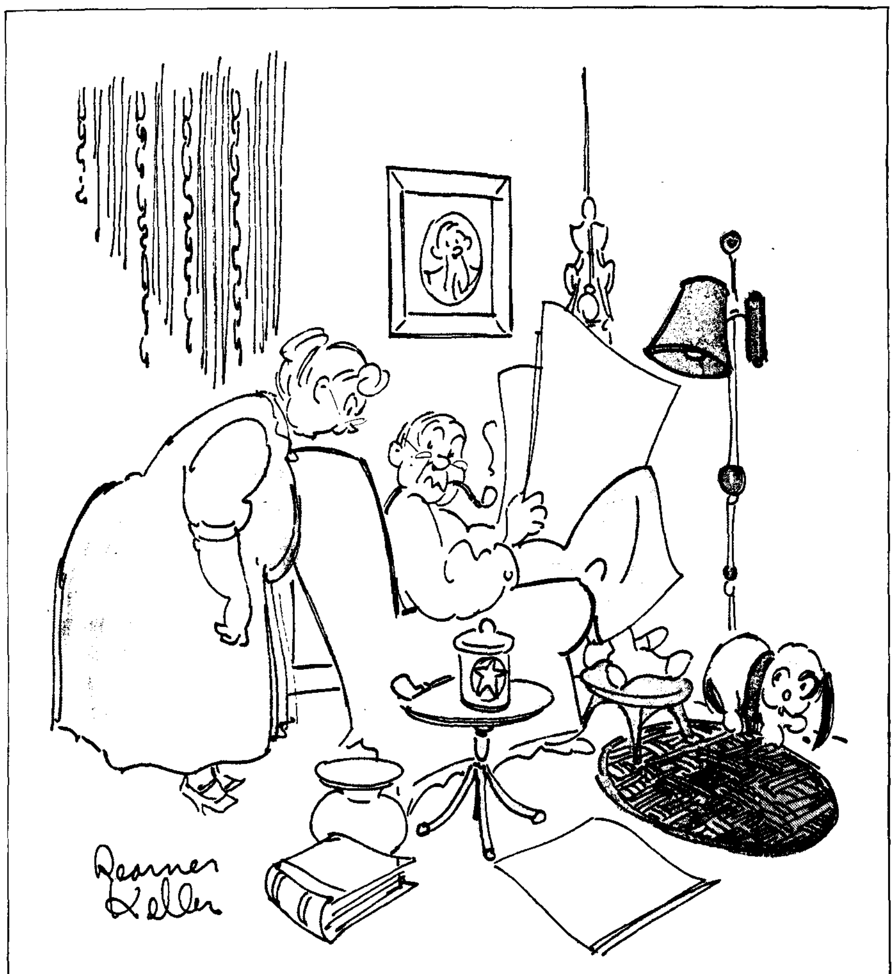
"Presented to Private Danny Dooley . . . from the members of Troop F . . . on the occasion of . . ."

The words he came to then died in a croaking sound. They were bigger than the other words. All in capital letters. "HIS TENTH ENLISTMENT." And as they died in his throat, it was as though the life, too, had died in Danny's legs. He sank down into his chair and a deep sob shook out of his throat. With his head in his hands he heard the roar of delight and the cheering that had changed the dead silence of that room into a wild, shaking uproar. He felt a touch on his hand that still clutched the watch, and through the tumult he heard a voice that was strange, yet familiar. The voice of that hard top sergeant with, almost, gaiety in it.

"You don't think we'd let that letter go forward, Danny? From a good soldier like you?"

Danny looked up through the strange mist in his eyes. From the colonel down they were smiling at him, and a ragged grin of his own broke over his homely face.

"Sure for that I'll put one over on *you!*" he announced. "It's stripes the owner of a watch like this must have. See can you stop me getting them," and he stared once more at the watch to see if these magic words that were too good to be true were still there.



"What's this I hear about your buying stock in a mine in the North Sea"

REAMER KELLER

The Sky was Red

Continued from page 18

sunlight behind her. She wore a soft, cool blue, and there was a bright scarf at her throat. Her eyes were brown, gravely brown. She was tall, full-breasted, lovely.

"Ann," said Russ, "come in."

"I am in."

Her smile had the remembered warmth. And when she tipped her head in the odd, friendly way it was as though nothing had changed between them.

Ann said, "Tell me about Kavanaugh."

"He gets by," said Russ.

But he did not look at her, for that soft, "Tell me about Kavanaugh," was old, a tag line of their own. It made him think of a dark and windy sky, of the way the glow of the instrument panel had fallen across Ann's face. She'd said that as the Klunk made altitude, climbing toward the pass.

"Do you want it romantic?" he'd asked. "Or do I tell the truth?" She'd laughed at him, and he'd grinned down at her, saying, "This Kavanaugh kid's father gave him a calf—a Hereford calf. The kid took it to the state fair. The calf won herself a red ribbon, and the kid spent his carfare home for a ride in an old Jenny. . . . The kid was never much good after that."

"It fits," Ann had said.

"He got to be a stump-jumping pilot—barnstorming, stunting, crop dusting. He piled up hours. He thought he was pretty good till he woke up in a plaster cast that fit tighter than a suit of underwear. He was flat broke and getting close to thirty. That scared him silly. So he got an old ship, hunted up a town, started what he calls an air line. . . ."

THEY'D said no more that night, for the field lights had come on below them, and Kavanaugh had taken the Klunk in for a landing. And now . . . things were different now. Ann had used the same soft words, and he'd growled at her, knowing you can't reach back for what has gone.

"I met Alex outside," Ann said. "He told me—"

"Alex is always singing the blues."

Quietly, she said, "I'm sorry, Russ."

"Why be sorry?" Russ Kavanaugh looked at her and then down at his hands. "Olcott and I are chasing the same contract. Sure. We're in the same business, Ann. Sooner or later it would have to be this way."

The clasp of Ann's purse made a small, bright sound. "You're hard to know," she said, and her voice was faint. "You build a wall around yourself. You hold your friends at arm's length."

Russ Kavanaugh said, "Here comes Olcott."

Ann Carpenter nodded silently.

Thinly, they could hear the drone of a plane motor. And though Russ said, "Want to watch him land?" he was thinking, "That's the Olcott luck. He timed it right again. . . ."

The engine roar was loud when they left the office, though smoke haze still hid the ship. No breath of wind stirred upon the field. There was no sky, no real horizon. The sun was smoke-masked too. But there was heat—dry, parching and oppressive.

"I'm glad Little Jack's no closer," said Ann.

"Check," said Russ Kavanaugh. "I talked to Mike Glazebrook yesterday. He's got eight hundred men on that fire now, and more coming. There are spot fires east of here, too. On Baldy. Glazebrook's got them stopped."

"I hope it rains soon," said Ann.

They could see the ship then. It was a high-wing cabin job, and Olcott took it low over the field. He banked more steeply than was necessary, came in smoothly to land.

Tommy Olcott met them on the path. He was a brown, slender man; his sun-bleached hair was almost white. There was that about him—his clothes, the way he wore them—that spoke of uniforms, of Army training. His blouse was dark with sweat stain now. He grinned and lifted one hand in half salute.

"It's hot," he said pleasantly. "I could do with a tall, cool drink about now. I'd have been back long ago but Sam Johnson is a hound for figures."

Russ Kavanaugh said, "He is that."

"You should know." There was a grin in Olcott's eyes. He slipped a casually possessive arm about Ann's waist. "I think I'll take my gal swimming. Want to go along, Kavanaugh?"

"Sorry. I've got a hop to make."

"Give Sam my love," said Olcott.

Russ Kavanaugh said, "I will."

He left them then, turning away, for he could not trust himself to say more. Olcott had flown up to the mine—argument could not change that. He was crowding in, forcing things, but that was an old trick of his.

He had started his flying school that way, four months before, saying, "I'm renting hangar space from the city. I'm going to teach a few of my friends to fly. I won't be cutting in on you. . . ." He'd made it sound reasonable—he had that knack with words. But his ships were new, and he'd slashed the price for lessons. He'd talked a lot about Kelly, and the way the pursuit jobs handled in a dive. He got the students, all of them, and Russ Kavanaugh rolled his old trainer deep into the hangar and left it there.

The rest had just happened. Tommy Olcott was always around. This was his home town; he'd gone to school with Ann. There'd been a night when Russ had an overhaul to do, and Tommy had taken Ann to a long-planned dance. That had seemed natural enough. Just as it had seemed natural, with the passing weeks, that Olcott should make a third at other dances. . . .

"He froze you out," said Alex, when Russ reached the hangar. "He grabbed the students, an' he's movin' in up at the mine. He grabbed Ann too. He's as cute as a fox and twice as shifty. Why don't you take a swing at the guy, Russ?"

"I outweigh him thirty pounds."

"But you got to do somethin'!"

"He got hangar space from the city. I can't change that. He got the students because we didn't have time for them. The mine—well, that's not over yet."

"How about Ann?"

"She's old enough to know what she wants. It looks like she does." Russ Kavanaugh lifted one hand. "Get the Klunk out, will you? I'm flying up to see Johnson."

THE Klunk snored west at two thousand. The foothills were vague shapes all but lost in the gray-blue haze. Ahead lay the bulk of the mountains. The Little Jack fire was far south. Smoke was there, rearing out of the hill, black, solid and ugly.

Russ turned from his course to cross Frenchman's Pocket, the bowl-like canyon that had been named for Jules Ferrand. Ferrand was a prospector who spent half his time prowling the hills. He was an odd man, stiff-backed and stubborn. He'd brought his family to this lonely homestead because he wanted elbow room.

The Pocket was below Russ now—the

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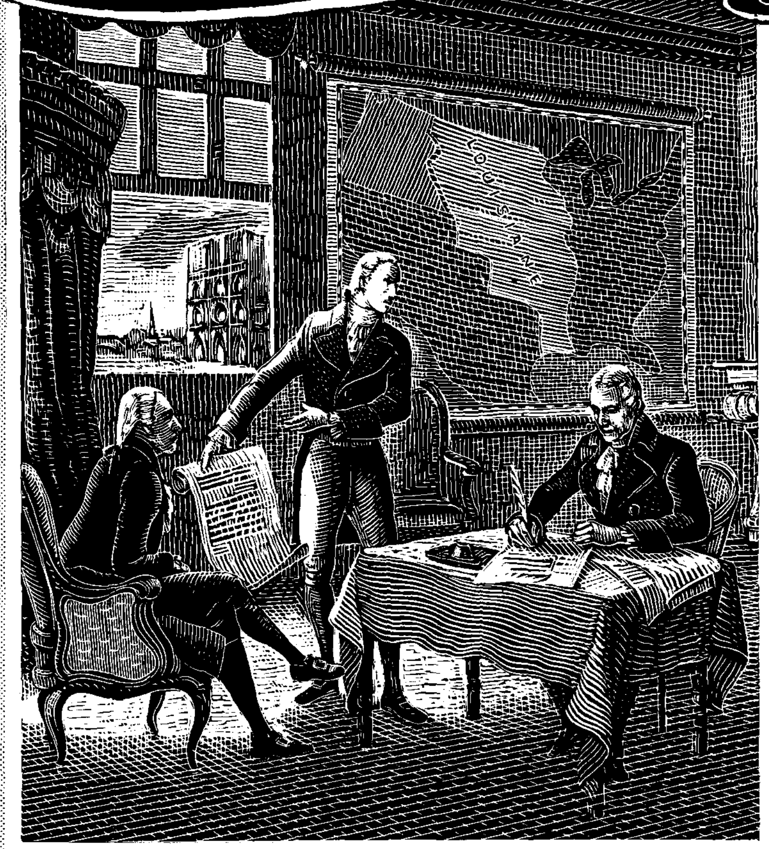

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clearing, the house, the scattered outbuildings. Russ blimped his motor and dropped one wing. Instantly, there was an answering flash of white from the clearing.

Russ said, "Hi, kids," and grinned.

He'd seen that flash of white on his *first trip to the mine. He'd gone low,* thinking someone in the canyon needed aid. He'd skimmed the timbered slope; had seen the two small boys bolt for cover. They had waved a greeting, nothing more.

The Klunk sped on, toward a low saddle in the hills. The lake was there—a long mountain lake, surprisingly blue. The Klunk crossed it and hurdled a jut of land. The mine buildings were directly ahead. The field was rough beneath the wheels.

Dave Lynch was waiting near his cabin. He gave Russ a sober, "Hello, guy," and caught his hand in a crushing grip. "Sam pulled this one out of the hat," he said awkwardly. "I didn't know about it till today."

"I'd wondered about that," said Russ.

"I'll do what I can," Lynch promised. "But you know how it is with Sam and me. I handle the mine operation. I got nothin' to say about the money end."

Russ Kavanaugh said, "Let's get it over."

The cabin was small-windowed and dark. What light there was fell across a paper-littered table, the fat man who was working there. His face was close-shaven, pink. The flesh of his neck lay in sweating folds against his collar. His mouth was a hungry mouth; his eyes were black.

"Sam," said Lynch, "Russ is here."

Russ said, "I'll meet Olcott's price."

"Sounds good." Sam Johnson's voice was smooth. It was always smooth. "We're planning to open some new *claims up near the pass. All the equip*ment will have to be flown in, same's it was here."

"Swell. I can use the work."

Drooping lids hooded Johnson's eyes. "Let's get this out in the open," he said. "Sentiment's got no place in business. You did a fine job for us in the past. But that's not today, and it's not tomorrow."

"Sam," said Lynch, "let's wait and—"

"Throw business to a man because he's your friend, and you throw away your business." Sam Johnson smiled, as though pleased with the thought. "Olcott wants this contract, Russ. He'll buy a new ship to get it. That one of yours is ready to fall apart. I can hardly—"

The breath went out of Russ Kavanaugh. He looked at Dave Lynch, but the big man was staring at the floor. "The Klunk's in good shape . . ." he began, and then let the words die in his throat. There was a wooden blandness about Sam Johnson's face.

"You gave me no warning," said Russ. "We came along together. I ferried loads in here when your field was damn' near a swamp. I thought—" He paused, steadying his voice. "So I've got to get a new ship or lose the contract. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Johnson. "That's it."

WHEN Russ Kavanaugh got back to the office there was a note propped on the corner of his desk. "Wake me, Russ," it read; and Russ turned to find Mike Glazebrook snoring tiredly on a couch in the corner. The forest supervisor was small, gray. His thin face was webbed with sharp-cut lines of exhaustion.

Russ shook him gently. Glazebrook groaned and sat up.

Russ said, "You better hunt a bed."

"I do all right." Glazebrook's voice was husky. "Russ, today's weather map is a headache. It looks like we're going to get an east wind, and—"

"Trouble," said Russ Kavanaugh.

"That's right." Mike Glazebrook rubbed his neck. "Plenty of trouble. And when it comes I'll need a plane."

"Sure, Mike. Any time . . ."

Russ Kavanaugh stayed at his desk after Glazebrook had gone. Before him was the task of raising money or credit, *and to do that he needed new argu*ments. The old ones had worn thin. . . .

Morning, and the short-wave telephone brought a call from the mine. Dave Lynch wanted passage to Portland. That fitted Russ Kavanaugh's plans, for it gave Russ a chance to look up Phil Dwyer. Dwyer sold planes; he'd known Russ Kavanaugh a long time.

"That's how it is, Russ," he said. "I'd like to give you the ship, but the office'd have my scalp. They want five thousand—cash on the barrelhead." He shrugged. "No can do, Russ. Sorry."

Russ Kavanaugh tried the other salesmen, that day and the next. But it was no more than a gesture, really. If Phil Dwyer couldn't swing it, no one could. . . .

It was midmorning of the third day when Russ returned. Alex Hunt met him. He listened as Russ explained.

"Five grand," he said. "Pal, that's more dough than there is in the world. You'd better stop tryin'."

"Not till I see Hendricks at the bank."

Alex Hunt made a derisive sound.

Russ said, "What would you do?"

"I wouldn't give Hendricks a chance to turn me down again. I'd get drunk."

THE town supported one decent roadhouse. It had a bar, a three-piece band, a small dance floor flanked by two rows of booths. Russ had a corner booth. He sat alone, making careful geometric designs with the moist bottom of his cocktail glass. He didn't know how long he'd been there, when a voice said, "Alex knows his Kavanaugh."

Russ looked up to find Ann Carpenter beside him. Russ arose.

"Alex talks too much," said he. "But sit down. I'll buy you a drink. Are you alone?"

"For the moment," she said. Then: "What luck did you have with Hendricks?"

"None," Russ said.

Ann's voice was faint and small:

"Russ, I've got an idea. I know this is none of my business, but I think I can help. Will you let me—"

She broke off in midsentence, for Tommy Olcutt was coming over toward them.

"Will you look at this!" Tommy Olcott used a touch of mock anger. "My girl calls up. I rush over, and what do I find? Kavanaugh—my competition!"

Russ turned to Ann: "What's up?"

"I wanted you together." There was pallor in Ann's face. Her lips were compressed. "It's time you two showed a little judgment."

Tommy Olcott smiled. "You ask a lot."

"Is this what you tried to tell me?" asked Russ.

Ann Carpenter nodded. Then, hurriedly, she said, "You two have been fighting long enough. It's silly. Tommy, you've got money, but no real experience in air lines. Russ, you've got experience, but no money. Now that Johnson and Lynch are opening new mines there'll be lots of work. Enough to pay you both well—enough to make Kavanaugh and Olcott a name in flying. The only answer is a partnership. Don't you see?"

"Of course," said Tommy soberly, "but there's one thing you've missed, Ann. Russ doesn't like me."

"Russ!" Ann lifted pleading eyes.

Afterward, Russ Kavanaugh knew exactly what he should have done. "Now wait, Ann," he should have said. "Olcott's the one who doesn't want a partnership—he's so damned sure he'll get the business alone. But it's your

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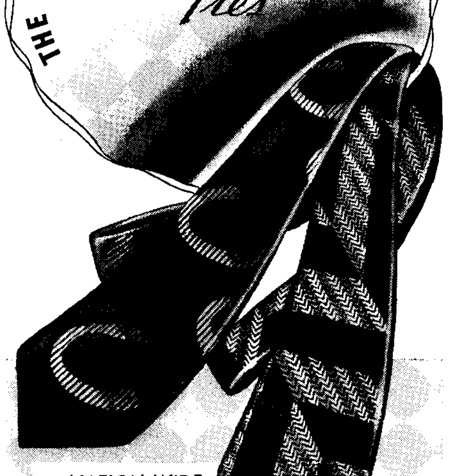

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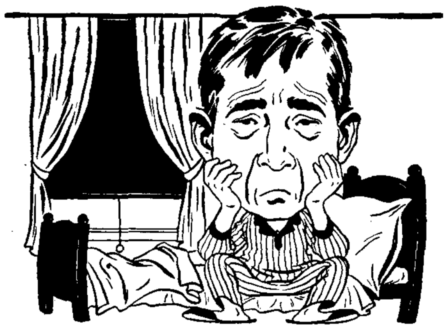

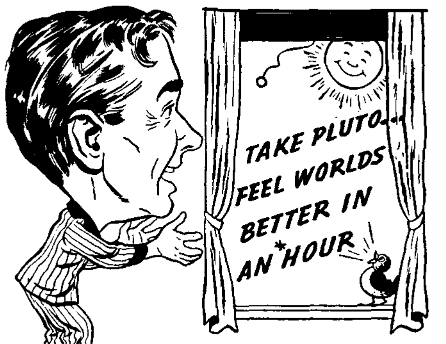

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idea. He knows how you'll feel if he turns it down. So he makes me the goat, dumps the entire blame in my lap. And now you're angry with me. . . ."

But he didn't do it that way. He looked across the table, and through set teeth he said, "Olcott, you're a louse!"

The color went out of Olcott's face. For a moment his mouth was ugly. "I suppose I ought to invite you outside and let you work on me," he said quite softly. "Sorry, guy, but I'm not having any."

Ann Carpenter said, "Russ, please . . ."

Anger tightened Russ Kavanaugh's throat. "He's a chiseler. He—"

He saw the white flash of Ann Carpenter's hand. She slapped him hard across the mouth. An aching silence held the table. Then Russ Kavanaugh said:

"I guess this is where I get off."

THE shutters were rattling when Russ awoke. He was tired, heavy with sleep, and it was some moments before the meaning of that sound became clear. *East wind!*

He dressed hurriedly, remembering other sounds half heard in the night. Engine thunder and the rumble of fast-moving trucks. That had seemed part of a dream, but now he knew Glazebrook had thrown trucks and men through town and out to the south and west in an effort to hold the Little Jack fire against the rising wind.

There was a light in the office when Kavanaugh reached the field at six. Alex Hunt was there, hunched over a portable radio that sat upon the desk.

"They're askin' for men," he said. "An' they're goin' to need 'em. If this wind holds, Little Jack'll make hell look like a bonfire."

"Have you called the mine?" asked Russ.

"Why call the mine? There's plenty of miles between them an' Little Jack. An' they got the lake, too." Alex paused, looking up. "Say—I forgot that spot fire on Baldy. That one's out, ain't it?"

Russ Kavanaugh said, "I hope so."

He was trying to reach the mine by short-wave telephone when he heard the car pass the office. Alex said, "Here's Tommy an' Ann. This wind's bringin' 'em all out." And before Russ could reply, Lynch's voice boomed at him out of the speaker.

"I been up on the point," he said. "Little Jack's really goin' now."

"How's the fire below you? On Baldy?"

"It's awake, Russ. It's cuttin' up an' across the face of the hill, near's I can tell. I don't think it'll get away unless there's slashing ahead of it."

"There is," said Russ Kavanaugh.

"Thank God for the lake," said Lynch.

From the door, Alex called, "Here's Glazebrook!"

Tommy Olcott, Ann Carpenter, and Mike Glazebrook entered the room together.

Exhaustion had grayed Mike Glazebrook's face, slackened his mouth. His eyes were swollen and red.

Russ said, "There's fire on Baldy."

"I know. I've got men on the way there now."

"How's Little Jack?" asked Olcott.

"I need another thousand men, badly." Glazebrook lifted one hand to rub his throat. "But right now I want a ship to take me over the hump. You can land on Big Otter Meadow, after I get a look at the fire. I'll be where I'm needed then, and I'll save seven hours driving time."

Alex Hunt said, "I'll warm the Klunk."

He had reached the door when Russ Kavanaugh said, "Hold it, Alex. I'm not flying Mike today."

There was a queer moment of strained pause. Alex whispered, "What the hell?" and brushed at lips distorted by surprise. Ann Carpenter looked at Russ with unbelief in her eyes. Tommy Olcott's mouth crooked up in a grin.

Glazebrook said, "You promised me a ship, Russ."

"I'm sorry, Mike," said Russ. "I—"

"I get it!" Tommy Olcott's voice was loud across the taut quiet. "He's trying to stick me with the trip."

Russ Kavanaugh said, "Am I?"

"You know damn' well you are." The grin had gone out of Olcott's eyes. "You think I'll get lost up there in the smoke. You think I'll crack up—and that's exactly what you want me to do!"

Ann said, "Tommy, he couldn't . . ."

"He does! He hates my guts. He wants me out of the way so he can get the mine contract." Olcott's hand closed upon Ann's wrist. "Yes—so he'll have a chance to square things with you!"

Glazebrook said, "There's no fire at Big Otter. I don't see why . . ."

"Kavanaugh hopes there will be," said Tommy, "but we'll find some place else to sit down, if there is. Come on, Mike. You're riding with me!"

GLAZEBROOK said, "You know what this means, Russ?"

"So long, Mike," said Russ. "Happy landings."

"Russ!" There was hoarse pleading in Alex Hunt's voice. "Don't let Olcott get away with them lies. Smack the tramp! Tell him—"

Russ Kavanaugh said, "Take it easy, Alex."

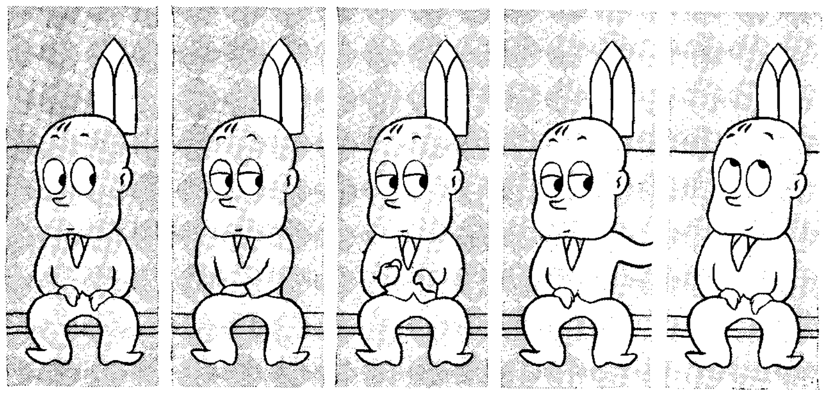
"I could be wrong, Alex." Olcott had paused in the doorway, and though he spoke to Alex the words were meant for Russ: "Maybe your boss isn't trying to get rid of me. Maybe he always folds up when the going is tough."

"Scram," Alex growled, "or I'll slug you myself!"

Olcott laughed. "I'll be back. . . ."

They were gone then—Olcott and Glazebrook—and deep quiet held the room. Presently, a motor coughed, roared. A moment later Olcott's ship flashed down the runway, climbed into the smoky haze.

"There he goes," said Alex bitterly. "First we lose the mine, an' then we



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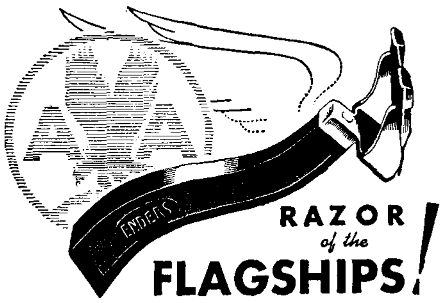

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Russ Kavanaugh said, "I'm taking the Klunk out."

He watched Alex Hunt stiffen, turn slowly. He saw Ann Carpenter's face—she had not moved from her place near the wall—felt the weight of her questioning eyes. He tried to speak but there were no words. He went out.

AT FIVE hundred feet the earth was gone, swallowed by the thickening haze. Russ Kavanaugh held the Klunk in a steep, climbing turn; then he headed west.

Ten minutes . . . twelve . . . Then the fire was below him, running west of south, leaping up across the slope in crimson bounds. Updraft had the ship, smashing at it solidly. Russ Kavanaugh fought the controls, slanting down. The Pocket's jaws were not hills but the ghosts of hills, seen faintly through wind-driven smoke.

Down and down. Ahead, the narrowing walls were green, untouched by fire. Russ Kavanaugh stood the Klunk on one wing, lifted the nose and slashed through the Pocket's mouth in a nose-high sideslip. He swung the ship, fishtailing to kill speed. He straightened out, dropping the Klunk hard, and for one sick instant he thought the landing gear had crumpled with the strain.

The Klunk had reached the Pocket's west wall when Ferrand trotted out of the smoke, a blackened scarecrow of a man.

"The boys say you come," he panted. "I—"

"Get 'em out here," snapped Russ. "Hurry, man!"

Moments fled away, sharp with the acrid bite of smoke. The Klunk was horsed backward till her tail was hard against the sheer slope. The boys came, small and white of face. Russ Kavanaugh boosted them up into the cabin. He waited, head bent to the blistering wind.

The rolling black smoke at the canyon mouth was shot through with yellow now. The ticking of the Klunk's motor was a small sound, faint against the swelling voice of the fire. A roaring crash pulled Kavanaugh's eyes to the north slope—a tall pine there had exploded in a pillar of golden flame.

"Crowning fire," Russ breathed. "It'll be close. . . ."

Small fingers dug his shoulder. Russ looked up. The oldest boy lay flat on the cabin floor, his face downthrust. "Where's Pa?" he yelled. "Why'n't they come?"

"They'll be here," said Russ.

But it seemed as though he was wrong. Moments dragged away. The smoke was thicker; the hungry roaring louder now. The north slope was ablaze.

Then, faintly, he heard the shout. He left the ship; then he saw Ferrand, bent over, staggering under the weight of an enormous pack. The woman was there—pale, with the dazed look of a sleepwalker. She carried one child, blanket wrapped, and led another by the hand.

Somehow Russ Kavanaugh got them aboard the Klunk, thrusting them back into the seatless cabin. He swung himself up. He cracked the throttle.

Half throttle. Three quarter. Full. The Klunk lunged forward.

"Up with your tail!" Russ whispered.

The stick was full forward and he held it there. The Klunk's tail was up and they were dropping with the fall of the land, running toward the crowding hills, toward leaping flame.

Gently, Russ Kavanaugh lifted the Klunk into the air. The wheels barely cleared the ground. Russ held them so, driving down to build the speed he needed so desperately. His jaws were tight with an aching tightness, for he knew there wasn't time, there wasn't room. The Klunk wouldn't have lift enough to clear the twisting, deep-cut channel of the canyon mouth.

There was one hope left—one thin, thin chance. There would be updraft over the fire. If it caught them in time—if its hot lift was strong enough . . .

The Klunk rocked, flattening as though in the grip of a mighty suction. "Downdraft!" thought Russ. "I'd forgotten that." He hauled the stick back, fighting for altitude. They streaked out over the fire. The hill loomed squarely ahead.

"Now!" thought Russ. "Now!"

The woman's scream was a bright, thin sound, raking at tight-drawn nerves. The lift was there. Updraft smashed at *the Klunk, hurling it dizzily aloft. They* skimmed the hill, so low it seemed the landing gear must brush the flaming trees. Still climbing, they roared into a solid wall of smoke, and the world shrank to the spread of the Klunk's wings.

"That scared hell out of me," said Ferrand.

"Me, too," said Russ. "One of those is enough."

"We go down pretty soon?"

And that brought it back, all of it. The mine contract was gone, or would be when Johnson learned he could not get a new ship. Ann was gone too. There wasn't any doubt about the way she felt.

"We'll land soon," said Russ. "Too soon. . . ."

ALEX HUNT and Ann Carpenter were waiting in front of the hangar when Russ Kavanaugh brought the Klunk in. Alex gave Russ a black scowl, but there was an odd expression on Ann's face, an expression Russ had never seen before. She looked at him once, fleetingly. Then she was busy helping Mrs. Ferrand with the children.

They had gone, streaming away toward the office when Alex said, "That *was a rotten trick, Russ. We wouldn't've* known where you were goin' if Dave Lynch hadn't called. He wanted you to go after that crazy Ferrand. I knew what you was up to then. I—ah—why didn't you say somethin'?"

"I knew Glazebrook would yell," said Russ soberly. "He'd have told me it couldn't be done. He might have tried to stop me. You too. I did it the easy way."

"Ferrand shouldn't have been up in there."

"But he was. I knew he would be."

Ann Carpenter appeared in the office doorway to say, "Dave Lynch is calling you, Russ."

There was a jubilant note in Dave Lynch's voice: "Russ! That was a grand show. I saw it from the point, and I sure thought you were a gone duck. I hear you got 'em all—the Ferrands, I mean."

Russ said, "Yes. I was lucky."

"Good." Dave Lynch laughed. "This puts Sam back of the eight ball right. He's sweating plenty now."

"What do you mean?" said Russ.

Dave Lynch laughed again. "Let me talk to Jules." To Ferrand he said, "Look, Jules, what do you think of this? We're goin' to fire Kavanaugh. We'll hire Olcott and get a new ship—"

THAT was as far as Dave Lynch got. Jules Ferrand slammed his fist down *in a way that made the table bounce.*

"What talk is this?" he yelled. "Russ Kavanaugh, his ship—these are good enough for Jules Ferrand. Fire him and you do not work my claims. I swear it! I—"

"Okay, Jules," Dave Lynch cut in. "Russ, that's the picture. Jules has the claims. He's the king piece. The contract's yours. . . ."

It was a happy Alex Hunt who herded the Ferrands into his car and started for town. Russ Kavanaugh went back to the office. Ann Carpenter was waiting there.

"I'm glad for you," she said.

"Thanks, Ann."

"I know it won't make any difference now." There was a quick breathlessness about her voice. "But I want to tell you why I . . . Russ, I slapped you last night so you would stop talking. I was afraid you'd ruin everything if you didn't."

Russ Kavanaugh said, "It seemed like Olcott was grabbing everything he wanted. I guess I got fed up."

"Did it ever occur to you that he might be taking something that didn't want to be taken?"

"Ann, look . . ."

"I came out to the field with him. I *had to come with someone, didn't I?* When I did come alone you were busy and I—" Her smile was shaken, her voice was husky: "I didn't want to throw myself at you."

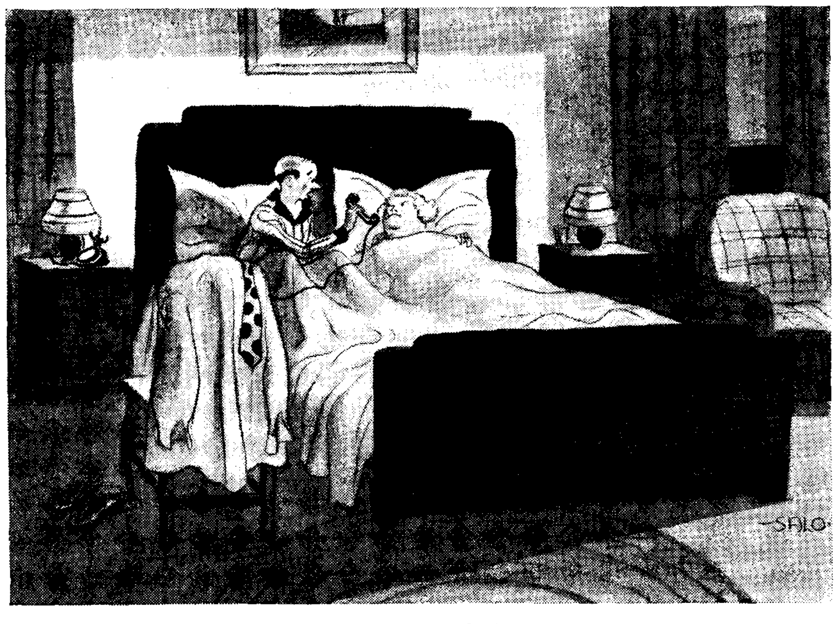
He said, "Ann!" and moved toward her.

They were standing together. Her hand was warm upon his arm. She said, "Listen," and then, faintly, he heard the drone of a swiftly approaching plane.

"Olcott," said Russ. "I'll tell him now."

"There's no need—I told him last night." She lifted smiling eyes. "Tell me about Kavanaugh."

He grinned. "He's a lucky guy. . . ."



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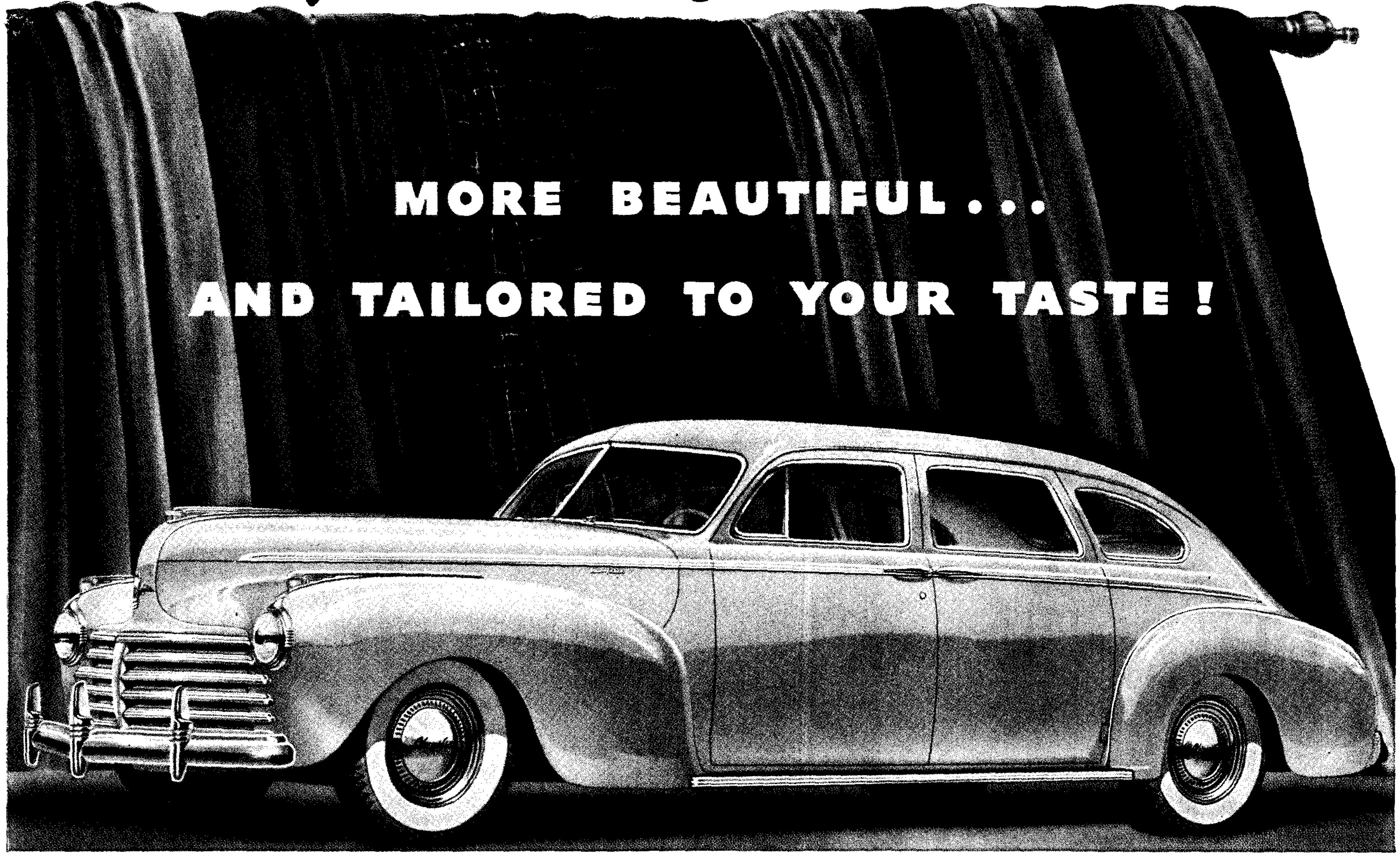
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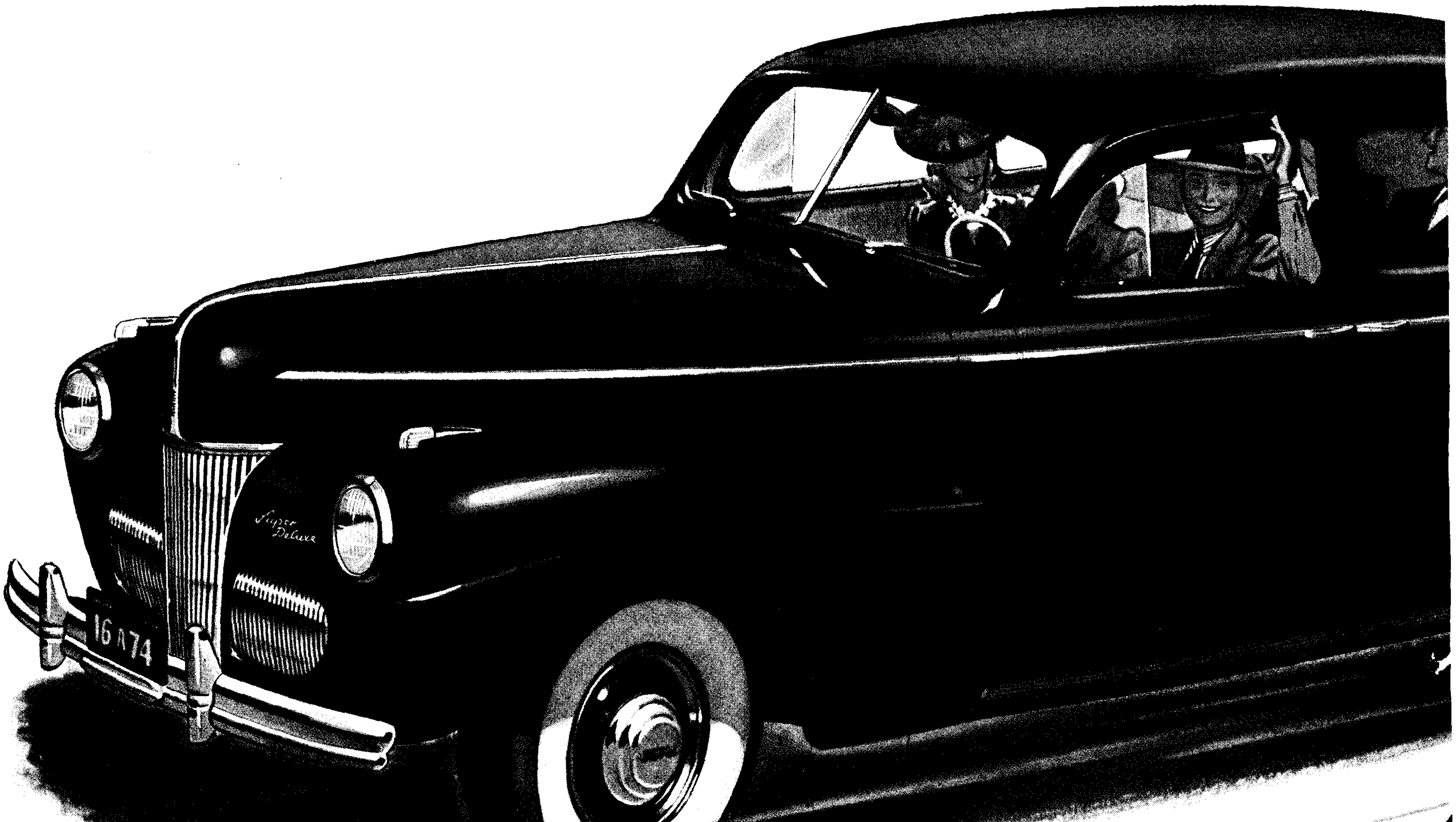

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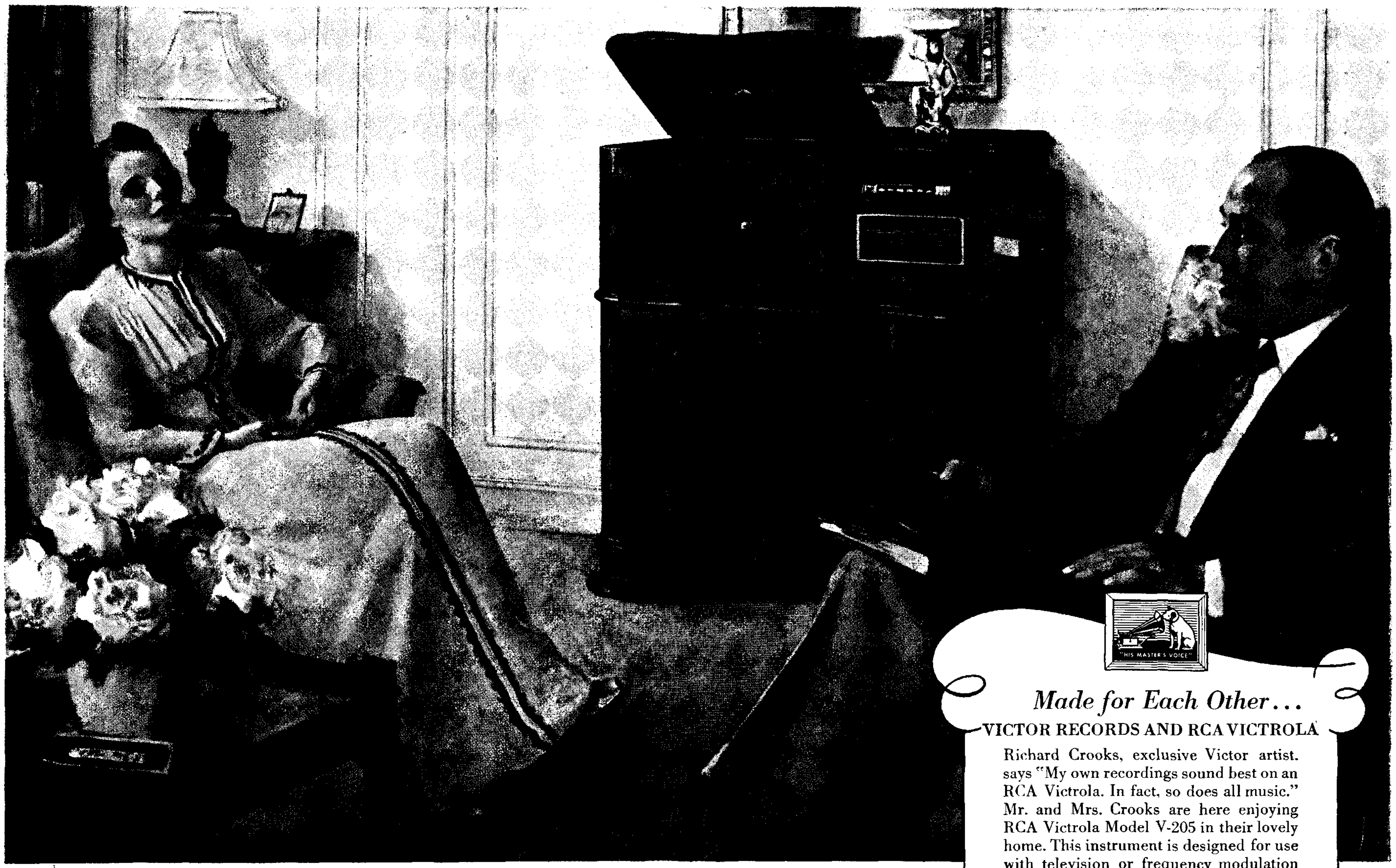

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These features mean extra convenience, extra pleasure for you. One demonstration of the RCA Victrola will convince you that *here* is the instrument that gives you the most for your money.

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2. For 42 years RCA Victrola has been the leader. None can compare with it for beauty and fidelity of tone, excellence of cabinetry, trouble-free service and reasonable price.

3. You may well be guided by the world's greatest artists—their choice of the RCA Victrola is prompted by the same confidence that inspires them to put their finest performances exclusively on Victor Records.

Swivel Hips

Continued from page 21

with only ten seconds to play, Arkansas was ahead 13-7 and had Texas pinned back on its own thirty-yard line. And then it happened. Crain sneaked off into the right flat, took a basket pass, avoided three tacklers, headed for the side lines, teetered down that strip like a man on a tightrope, straight-armed two other tacklers, twisted back toward the middle and went over standing up. He then kicked the winning point after touchdown and ran for his life from lunatic Texans who wanted to fondle him and toss him aloft.

He ran eighty yards against Rice and sixty-five yards against Texas Christian for touchdowns and ended with fifty-six points in the conference, topping the great Kimbrough of Texas Aggies, who had fifty-four. He was unable to score against Southern Methodist and was stopped cold by the Aggies and Baylor.

"He's no mudder," they admit at Austin, "but also those were two darn' good ball clubs."

This writer saw Crain last year when Southern Methodist was beating Texas, 10-0. The Dallas papers were elated at the thought of stopping Crain, but we can testify that no loyal crowd ever suffered more agony during a winning game. Every time Crain took the ball, Southern Methodist hearts stopped and refused to beat again until the kid was halted. If the testimony at Dallas is conclusive, it is absolutely impossible to tackle Crain in the open field. S.M.U. stopped him (a) by having seven men charge through and carefully smother him behind the line of scrimmage, (b) if he got past the line of scrimmage, three of them would patiently work him toward the side lines and force him out of bounds, or (c) they managed to trip him and got him down on one knee, thus making the ball dead.

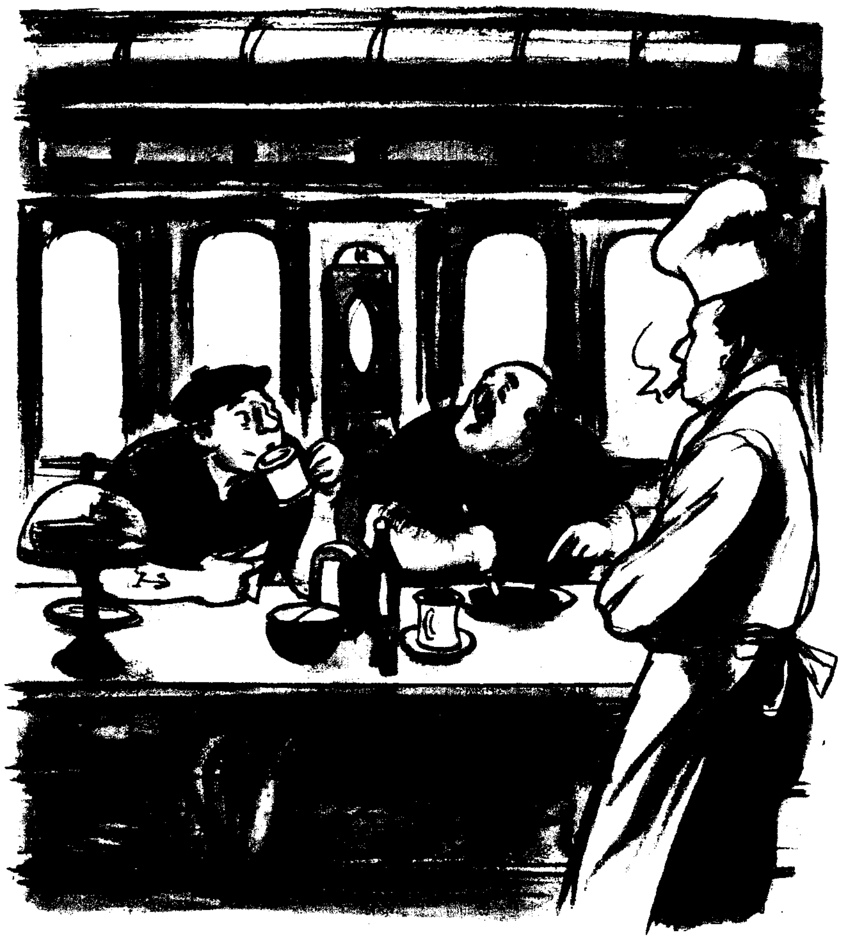
Nothing in football is more fabulous than the ability of the kid to get away from a circle of enemy tacklers. They will be all around him, the play will seem practically over—and then suddenly the enemy will seem to disintegrate and Jackie will be observed five yards away, making tracks goalward. When he comes through a hole in the line with men all around him the same thing happens. They literally begin falling on their faces as if some magic wand had been waved and they had been made powerless.

As a matter of fact the young man had a hard time getting to college. Rice gave him the gay tossoff, and Dutch Meyer of Texas Christian could offer him nothing more than a small job that would have forced him to dig up most of his expenses from another source. Although he had scored forty-four touchdowns for the Nocona Indians in 1936 and won the state Class B championship, most experts felt he was too small for college football.

It Didn't Make Sense

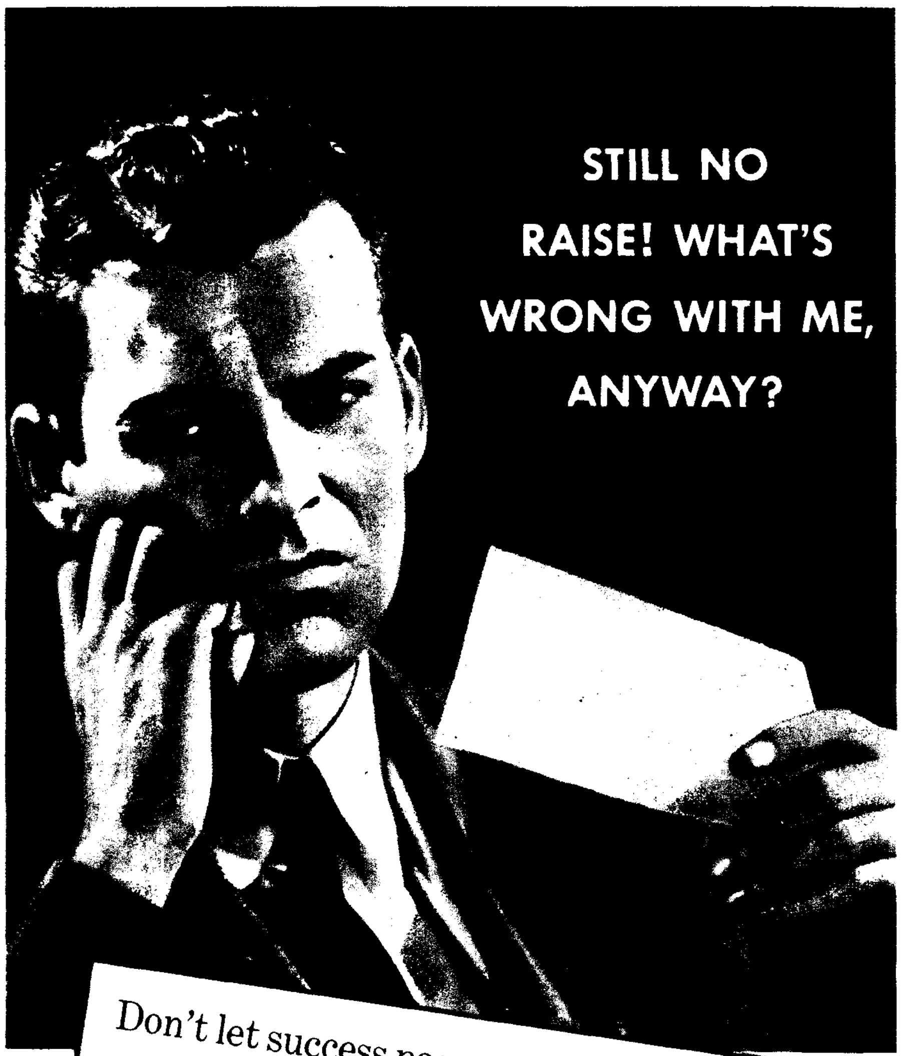
Blair Cherry of Texas finally turned up in Nocona for a speech and the matter was arranged with Mamma Crain, who runs a restaurant, and Papa Crain, who is a tailor. Jack was to start with a summer stint at Sour Lake in the oil fields. He reached there in time to find that the regular workers were a bit weary of kids taking their jobs, so Jack figured he'd be happier in Nocona and took the next train home. Coach Bible sent for him to work around the campus at Austin. Crain reached Austin on Monday, worked all day Tuesday and went home on Wednesday.

When he did get started at Texas he had some difficulty with the matter of



"Naw, I left Teeny-Weeny Tots' Frocks, Inc., six months ago— Now I'm drivin' fer Cuddly Bunny Kiddies' Togs"

IRVING ROIR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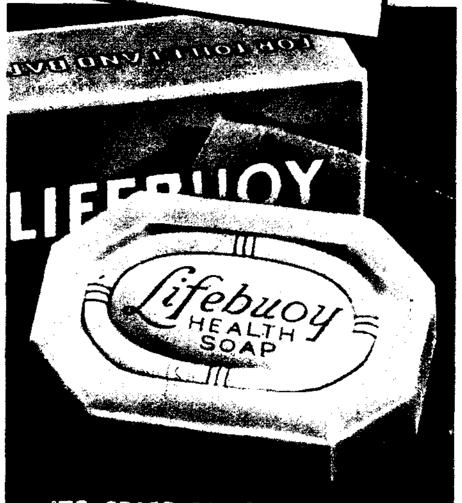

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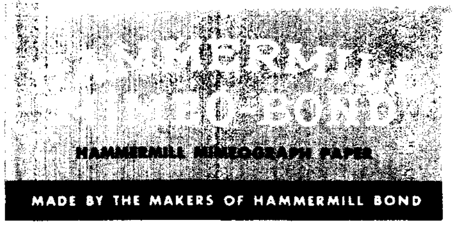

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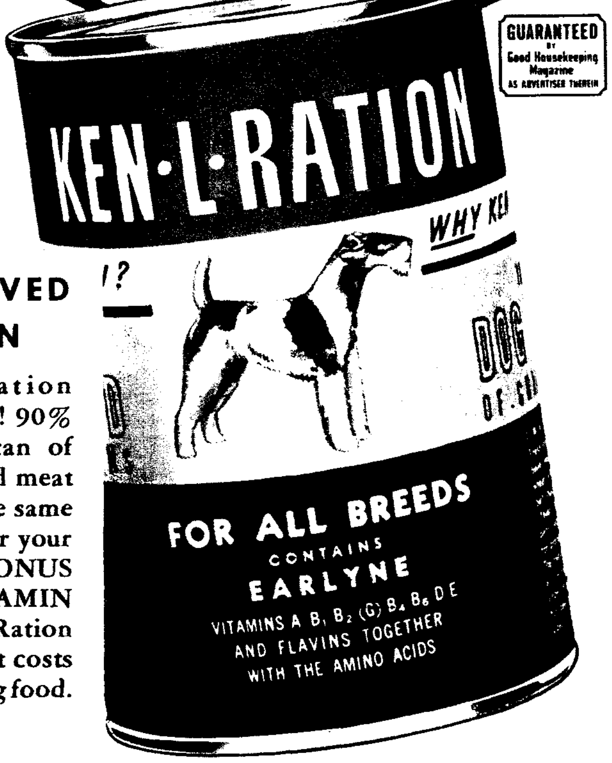
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education. He registered for Math 301, was told the book cost $4.40, suffered severe shock but went out and bought the volume. He sat in class weeks before he decided he wasn't getting it. He was looking hard at the book and listening intently to the professor but nothing seemed to make sense. After some investigation he found he wasn't in Math 301 but in Room 301, Main Building. Freshman Crain had been puzzling for a fortnight over the intricacies of an advanced accounting course.

His nickname down Texas way is "Cowboy" Jack Crain, which is a laugh around all the corrals because Jack has never ridden a cayuse in his life and gave up all equestrian pursuits years ago when he was bumped off a milch cow and suffered a dislocated elbow. However, his home town refers to itself modestly as the "boot capital of the world," and between majoring in touchdowns Crain goes limping around in a pair of high heels to advertise Nocona cowboy boots and pick up a stray dime.

The Pros are Waiting

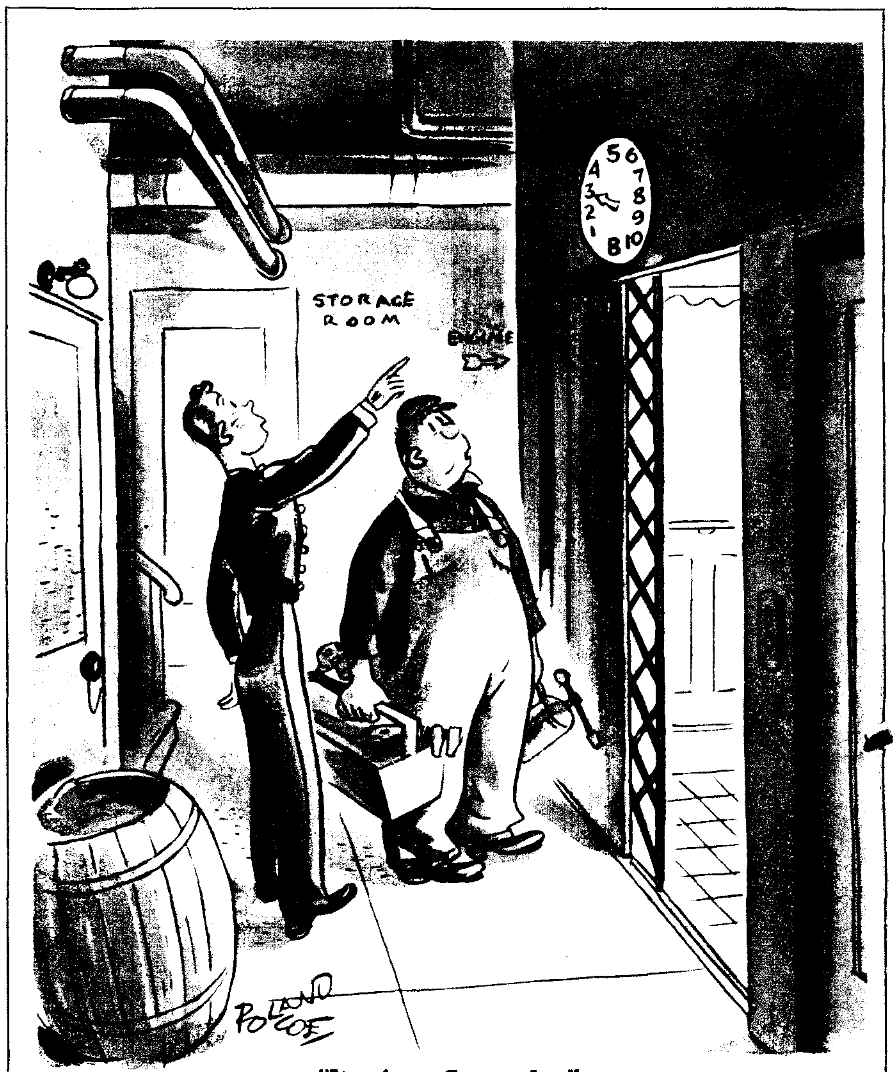
He is pretty good at baseball, does a very agile shag and plays a homemade game of golf which is not recommended to purists. Football is giving him an education in electrical engineering, but it may take him five years to get it, since long afternoon labs and football practice don't mix. The chances of eluding the professional football scouts is rather slight and it may be years before he gets to his engineering. He is on a par with Tuffy Leemans in being able to get to his feet and proceed after being dumped. Unless his weight ruins him or he is injured, he should be a great professional star.

Right now he is a heaven-sent gift and meal ticket to Dana Xenophon Bible. Because of his failure last year against the Aggies and Baylor, you will find experts who maintain that Crain doesn't belong in the class of the ferocious 227-pound Kimbrough, or Jack Wilson, the agile 200-pounder from Baylor who kicks and passes mightily between slippery runs. However, you are likely to get your ears shot out from under your hat for expressing such views around Austin. Even if they stop him this year, he will still be a sensation, just as it was a thrill in baseball whether Babe Ruth clouted one or struck out.

Even at Texas some of the old guard contend that Crain has nothing on Bullet Bohn Hilliard, a stylish Longhorn runner around 1934, and they point further to Jack's weakness on pass defense and his mediocre efforts to throw a ball, but still their hearts go up in their throats every time he gets near a ball. He may very well get his brains beaten out this fall, for everybody will be laying for him. Kimbrough and company are still at Texas Aggies; Southern Methodist is able-bodied, experienced and ambitious; and the Baylor outfit is so big and heavily laden with material that their mascot, a 400-pound black bear, may have a hard time making the squad.

But Texas will also have the benefit of experience, and Crain will be assisted by a fairly stable line and a worthy running mate in a quick-starting, slashing fullback named Pete Layden. If you should happen to be down that way this fall and should see a small circular person wearing number 99, fore and aft, calling signals in a truculent bellow and apparently running in a ditch with assorted larger parties in hot pursuit, you'll know it's the Nocona Nugget, "Cowboy" Jack, Jack Rabbit and the Nubbin, as his own mates call him.

Opposing tacklers have a name of their own for him. They refer to him heatedly as The Little Louse Who Wasn't There. He straightens up a tackler by slackening his speed, then pulls down the throttle and goes around him. It is rumored that it makes them feel pretty silly and they don't like it.



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It's Still Churchill's Channel

Continued from page 9

said. "Come on below, can't keep the captain waiting." We went below. The captain and four of his officers were there. His fifth officer was on the bridge. The captain poured the gin. It's gin and water or gin and bitters for his majesty's royal navy at eleven o'clock every morning. It is a mild gin and although there are no restrictions no one has more than two or three. The officers in his majesty's navy are taught to handle drinks as they are taught to chart a course or to tie knots. They are not the hardest group of drinkers in the world but they are certainly the best. This eleven-o'clock ritual replaces afternoon tea in the navy. Tea is still sacred to the R.A.F. and to the army, but when the sun is over the yardarm it's gin and water for the navy.

Why Sub Men Don't Eat Cabbage

"The worst experience I ever had was years ago in the submarine 167." The captain had been with submarines most of his life. "It was pretty awful. The bloody cook thought he'd give us some cabbage. The smell of that cabbage cooking was the worst thing I've ever smelled. It took days to get the smell of it out of the ship. After that it became a regulation never to cook cabbage in a sub."

A sailor came into the messroom. "Enemy aircraft approaching," he said.

Unhurriedly the captain rose and we left the room. I went to the bridge again. The Channel is full of mine fields. The captain grinned and pointed to a buoy. Its name was Hope. A good omen, that.

We were opposite Ramsgate now, about ten miles of the Channel behind us. In the distance we could see the immaculate white cliffs of Dover rising steeply, cleanly from the sea. German planes were off Dover. We heard them and then we saw them. They were a bit lower this time, fifteen of them.

"Come on, Jerry," the captain said, thinking aloud. "We're ready for you."

I looked back once. Our convoy was strung out in a straight line, twenty-seven of us. Then the Dover guns began to fire. We heard them faintly. As the airplanes came closer, other guns on the shore picked them up. The white puffs were quite close to them. Then once more the Spitfires came. Their motors were singing joyously this time. The Germans didn't turn tail. If anyone tells you that the German pilots are cowards tell him he's nuts. They aren't nearly as well trained as the English pilots but they are brave. Silver streaks flashed across the sky, Spitfires diving and then zooming upward. The bombers tried to keep their formation, leaving the fighting to their escort of Messerschmitts.

Our guns swung into action. There were two on the bridge, each a double gun. They barked angrily. Our heavier guns aft were in action too, their slim noses pointing skyward. Our destroyer was firing and then most of the firing stopped. The Spitfires had closed in, and the sky was a jumble of German and English planes, whirling and writhing. They were bits of silver mercury crisscrossing the blue of the sky. The bombers were half a mile away now. This was the danger point. They dropped their bombs. They were being hurried and harried by the persistent Spitfires. The bombs fell short. One fell a hundred yards away, throwing up a huge cascade of water.

The bombers had had enough. They turned toward France. Spitfires and Messerschmitts flashed in and out of the clouds, playing a game of hide-and-seek, with death the referee. Then a burst of black smoke came out of the tail of a Heinkel bomber. The airplane dove, leaving an ugly black trail behind it. It dove slowly, or it may be that it just seemed slowly. A thousand feet above the water it recovered and straightened out. It limped toward France and then suddenly it came apart. It wasn't a live, pulsing thing any more; it was a shattered piece of junk and it dropped like a stone.

The Germans were in full flight now. They were almost over French territory. The Spitfires were finished. They turned for home. Through my glasses I watched the retreating German airplanes. One of them faltered, seeming to lift its nose high in the air, and dark smoke started coming from its motor. Two tiny specks dropped from the airplane and then something white billowed above each speck. The airplane dove gently into the Channel. The two men who had bailed out floated down slowly into the Channel but near the French shore. Through my glasses I saw a plane coming from the shore. It was flying very low. It was a flying boat sent out to pick the two pilots up. It landed and presumably rescued them. Then it took off and returned home.

We steamed steadily on, still twenty-seven of us. It was dusk now and we were opposite Hell's Corner. That's where you turn just before you reach Dover. Here and there masts stuck up, reminders that this wasn't a parlor game we were playing. In the early stages of the war the magnetic mines did a lot of damage. Now all ships have a gadget that immunizes them against magnetic mines. I looked around with my glasses.

Dangerous Water

It was dusk now and the dying sun was painting the waters of the Channel with a magic brush. Here the water would be a deep purple, here a burnished copper, here a flaming gold. Every sunset you see is the finest sunset you've ever seen. No two are alike.

Even the London papers call it Hell's Corner. It is the most dangerous ten-mile stretch in the world. Once upon a time the boats of fishermen dotted the water and girls like Gertrude Ederle swam through the water from Cap Gris-Nez to Dover. But now it is Hell's Corner. Looking across to the French coast, you could see both Boulogne and Calais. That's where the big twelve-inch guns were. That's where they were a few days ago.

They shelled a convoy here off Hell's Corner last week. I watched the shelling from the high vantage point of Shakespeare Cliff. From there I saw the huge orange bursts of flame shoot upward and heard the dull boom a second later and then, two seconds after that, saw the shells land, throwing up tremendous cascades of water.

We steamed into the water off Hell's Corner and waited. Were German gunners now plotting the course of those twelve-inch shells? We were only making two knots now because the tide was soggy and heavy against us. We should be an easy target and yet those guns were twenty-two miles away. The dusk deepened a little and Dover, flanked by its white cliffs, brightly green at the top, looked like a toy village with its red gabled roofs and its two tall white church steeples. We waited.

I walked aft to the rear-gun turret and climbed into it with North and

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Simpson, who had once been fishermen. We were all a little nervous. Actual danger never scares you much; the anticipation of danger does. We waited.

"This is a lucky ship," North said. "We have a lucky captain and I'm a very lucky bloke myself. Got a little lucky piece here. Look at it."

He showed me a small silver medal with the picture of a saint upon it.

"That's lucky," he said complacently. "I found it years ago. That medal brings you luck at sea."

There was an inscription in French on the medal. I read it. "Do you understand French?" I asked North. He said that he didn't. I handed him back the medal. What was the use of telling him that this was a medal dedicated to St. Bernard and that the French inscription said that St. Bernard was the patron saint of skiing. The good saint probably felt a bit out of place in a gun turret on a trawler crawling through the Channel.

We steamed on, and it was very quiet. It seemed as though the world had stopped breathing until we got safely through. No orange glare burst over the French coast. I walked back to the bridge.

"For three nights the R.A.F. lads have been over there trying to find those big guns," the captain said. "They've been dropping a lot of bombs. It might be that they've destroyed the guns." There was a rather hurt note in his voice. Other convoys had been shelled, why not his?

We steamed on and gradually we all relaxed. That was it, the R.A.F. bombers had silenced the big guns. The sun hesitated reluctantly and then plunged down behind the towering heights of Shakespeare Cliff. Darkness, our ally, had come to help us.

We steamed on steadily, twenty-seven of us. The little trawlers and the little merchant ships raised their black smoke impudently. A slight breeze had sprung up.

Poland Still Fights

Far ahead, four foam-flecked white specks appeared. They grew larger and now we saw them to be four small, fast ships. They were to be with us during the night. From the stern of them flew the red-and-white flag of Poland. They are the fastest thing afloat carrying guns. At top speed they can hit well over forty knots. They carry depth charges and antiaircraft guns. We expected to be attacked during the night by the German E boats—fast, 103-foot ships something like American Coast Guard cutters except that they carry torpedoes. The little motor torpedo boats can throw a smoke screen around a convoy. The darkness grew, and the little Polish boats disappeared, but now and then we could hear their powerful Issota-Fraschini motors. There was only a small chunk of moon showing but the night was studded with stars. A message came through to the captain from the wireless room. He handed it to me. "German aircraft shadowing bacon convoy." The captain laughed. "Bacon convoy indeed. That's the code word today for us. Why bacon? Well, the fishermen often use bacon for bait hereabouts. That's what we are, bait. I hope they'll try to swallow us."

Far above we heard the drone of planes, and then the English coast blazed with light. We were opposite Dover. A hundred white shafts of light pierced the darkness. From the bridge it looked like a bouquet of searchlights. Now and then an airplane would fly into the beam and then a dozen other beams would move like lightning, trying to hold it. Then the antiaircraft guns would belch. These raiders were probably on their way to London. There were lots of them crossing now. It was just nine o'clock. I hoped they'd hit London at nine-twenty. We have a nightly pool in London as to what time they'll come over. I had drawn nine-twenty this week, a good hour. The whole coast was ablaze with the prying fingers of light, but the Germans were flying very high.

The British Drop a Few

Now we heard more planes over us. The noise moved toward the French coast. These were British bombers en route to somewhere in Germany. Searchlights appeared from Boulogne and from Calais. We couldn't hear the German guns but we could see the red-and-purple tracer bullets knifing upward, cutting across the dead white of the searchlight beams. Then a British plane dropped a flare, and for a moment a mound of golden light flared. Then as it began to die, a fierce, angry burst of flame shot into the air. A bomb had landed, then another and still another. This would be about where those big guns were located. The still night air carried the double-barreled sound of the bombs exploding. A big bomb makes a throaty "wumph-wumph" sound.

We sailed along, showing no lights, hugging the friendly darkness of the Channel water, hugging the English waters of the Channel. We sailed along still twenty-seven of us.

For an hour the searchlights on both shores kept poking inquisitive fingers into the night. Then gradually they died out and we had the Channel to ourselves. A man wearing earphones stood on the bridge. He was in charge of the antisubmarine detection instruments. His instruments showed that submarines were near. We would know exactly where the submarines were and we'd hustle over there and drop our depth bombs. We were out of the Straits now, and dawn found us out of sight of land. This was submarine territory. The men leaned over their guns, scanning the skies and the sea. No one had slept; you don't sleep on trawlers.

It was golden dawn and the sun bathed the little ships, gleaming brightly on their gray sides. We steamed on steadily, hitting seven knots now, for the tide was helping us. No boats appeared. No submarine came. The hours passed quietly and the crew looked disappointed. They'd had little opportunity to do their stuff. Then in the distance we saw land. It grew and it grew, and the captain smiled. "Pompey," he said.

No naval man ever calls Portsmouth by its real name. Portsmouth has always been, is now and always will be, "Pompey" with the accent on the first syllable. This was our port. The beaches of Portsmouth gleamed whitely. We steamed into the harbor.

Our little trawler led the way proudly. The others followed. They seemed a little self-conscious but quite pleased with themselves. Twenty-seven of us had started. Twenty-seven of us had arrived safely.

The captain said, "Sorry we couldn't give you more excitement. But it was a pleasant trip, wasn't it? The Channel behaved pretty well. And now, m'lad, you'll notice that the sun is over the yardarm."

We went into the messroom. We poured our gin and water. "God bless you," the captain said. It was his stock toast. Then he said, "What do you think of our little Channel?"

I raised my glass. "I think enough of it to drink to it. Here's to Churchill's Channel."

Air Marshal Hermann Goering, July 31, 1940: "And the German air force dominates the North Sea and the English Channel."

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*Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936.

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THERE'S A DIFFERENCE, WORTH KNOWING!

RUM 89 PROOF — Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

The Deep Tangled Wildwood

Continued from page 17

because I'm going to Bahston to live with my daughtah—"

"I know," I said. "It's all right. I'll take it."

Pat saw me into it, of course. She arranged about linen, and dishes, and getting food in. She bought a new mattress: "Don't tell me, I know these mattresses, they stuff them with corncobs and old felt boots." She combed the village and found Effie to come and cook the meals for me and make the bed and clean; though she had her doubts about Effie, right from the first. "I don't know. She's pretty as a little red wagon."

"Don't be a fool," I said testily. "All I want to do is get to work. I've got the third act of the war play, and then I've got to do that French adaptation for Harris. . . ."

BUT I could not get to work. Try as I might, the words weren't there. Everything made me think of Myra. The house made me think of Myra: the fact that she had never even seen the house was just a poignant reminder that she was a part of my life no longer. I would push back the typewriter, and walk downstairs. The grandfather's clock in the hall would say five o'clock, and that would make me think of Myra. At five o'clock she would just be finishing a matinee and rushing over to meet me for cocktails, still gay with excitement, her lean face flushed, her gray-green eyes flecked with brown the way they always were when she had just finished playing. "Darling, you should have seen them loving your play today." A kiss and, over her shoulder to the waiter: "Martini, Carl." Back to me, hands propped before her, chin on hands, eager: "Especially the new way we tried, where you have me come in now right *after* the shot, instead of waiting. . . . Only, darling, don't you think you ought to fix up those lines a teentsy bit, though? You know, give me something to say to sort of fill the pause. Because now I just stand there a bit lamely."

"But that's the whole effect, Myra, your standing there and taking it in. If you'd just try to act it—"

"I'm sorry if you don't think I can act, darling. I'm sorry if I ruin your play by not being able to—"

"I never said you ruined it, I just said if instead of repeating lines—"

"Of course, darling, if you'd ever give me anything to say—"

"You've got every good line in the play now. Why, I wrote it for you, Myra."

"I don't see why you wrote it for me," she would begin again, and again, "if you don't think I can even act. . . ."

And so on; on and on. I spread my fingers and shook my head involuntarily, as though to shake the memory out of my mind, and pushed open the door and stepped onto the porch of the house, breathing the evening air and trying to forget Myra. That was the only sensible thing: to forget her. We hadn't gotten along, and that was that. We had tried it twice, and twice we had failed to make it work. We had talked it all out sensibly and intelligently that night, over Martinis, and we had gotten as tight as two ticks, and the tighter we got the more sensible and intelligent it seemed. We were seeing it all as clear as crystal by two o'clock that morning. "It's this way, darling. We do something to each other. Something about auras, or vibrations, or maybe it's just New York. We can't let each other alone. We love each other, but we pick, pick, pick at each other like—"

"Like a banjo, Myra. We strum each other's taut nerves, just for the pleasure of hearing the sound each other makes."

"And so it just seems good sense if we broke it off again, right now, while we still love each other. I love you, Wally."

At two in the morning, over the Martinis, that sounded very gallant to me. "I love you, too, Myra."

"You see?" triumphantly. "We love each other. Let's celebrate. Everybody! Party!" She made vague sweeping gestures with her lovely hands, and tables began pushing toward us and chairs converged and we seemed to be sitting at one large table, surrounded by people. "Come on! We're celebrating because we love each other so much that we're going to get divorced."

And everybody smiled, and said it was very sweet, and only in New York would you ever find a lovely sentiment like that, and Jack supplied some champagne for the occasion, and it turned out to be quite a party. We went through a mock ceremony, with bridesmaids and ushers, and Carl as best man, and Myra threw a big bouquet of celery, and everybody lifted his glass and shouted "Happy annulment!" and "Here's hoping you'll both be very happy apart!" and "Come on, Wally, kiss the ex-bride!" So I kissed Myra: kissed her goodby, breathing the faint violet scent of her hair for the last time. . . .

A voice squeaked gnatlike in my ear: "They're pretty tonight, aren't they?"

"Hah?" I gasped, whirling.

"I said, they're pretty," Effie repeated, standing demurely on the porch beside me. "The mountains, I mean."

"Oh." I stared at the mountains, lavender against the deep lemon sky. "Have they been there right along?"

"Weren't you looking at the mountains? You were standing here so still, I thought . . . Oh, I'm sorry." Her tiny voice wavered as though she were about to cry. "Only you looked so lonely, I just thought I'd get up my nerve this once and speak to you, even if you don't practically ever speak to anybody at all."

I smiled at her. "I guess you think I'm an awful grouch."

"I think you're a genius," she said reverently. "No, but I do; all those plays you've written; I've read every one of them. I've even tried to act them out."

I BLUSHED and made sounds of embarrassed pleasure: "Ha, well, they're nothing; thanks, though." I realized that I was doing everything but lock one foot behind the other, and yank off my cap and twist the vizor between my fingers. This girl, I decided hastily, must think I'm the world's prize idiot. But her innocent child's face was gazing up at me in utter worship, her blond hair held back from her forehead with a blue ribbon that pulled her eyes open wide. "Do you like to act, Effie?"

"I adore the theater," she breathed. "I'd rather act than anything in the world. But, of course, nobody ever showed me. I never even had a chance."

"Well, if there's anything I can do." I noticed that her tight sweater made just the least shadow under her breasts, deeper when she breathed. "I mean, I'd be only too happy . . . I really would. . . ."

Of course, I told myself that she had made up the part about the plays, that she had just wanted to please me; but, to my astonishment, she showed up next day with a published copy of a rather bad melodrama that I had written three years ago. How she got hold of it, I

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Question:

90

never knew. Furthermore, she had committed whole sections to memory, and recited them to me in a high but not unpleasing voice, her hands behind her, school-declamation style, and her eyes half shut. "Now, I want you to be perfectly frank and tell me just where you think I'm doing it wrong. . . ."

I rested a thigh on the edge of the kitchen table, filling my pipe, and listened to her with a slightly sardonic smile. It was the first play I had written for Myra; it was the one that really made Myra famous. It was odd, now, to hear Myra's sultry lines being read in this light, piping voice; but I was forced to admit, as I listened, that the quality Effie gave them was not bad. The Mrs. Whitcomb in the play was a suave, decadent woman-of-affairs, an adventuress, a lily-of-the-field. Myra had played her with salty sophistication, with malice, with a mordant wit like a dagger that had turned on her and destroyed her. Effie's Mrs. Whitcomb was a coquette, a wide-eyed innocent who smiled as she wrecked men's lives, a little child with havoc in her heart. I listened to her wonderingly; it was a shockingly different conception, but it had power, and it stayed with you. She opened her eyes, and asked me breathlessly: "Do you like it? Did it sound like anything?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact. You rushed that last speech a little, though. Take it slower, and after you say 'But I'm not coming' stop and let the effect sink in. . . ."

WE GOT in the habit of working a little while each day. "Now, you be perfectly frank, Mr. Cobb, you just tell me. . . ." She was an earnest child: diligent, determined, fabulously struck with the stage. I supposed she was no more than eighteen or nineteen, at the most. She was engaged to a somber boy in the village who called for her every night in a battered black sedan, usually wearing a damp undershirt and resting a muscular brown arm over the side of the car. He had a shock of black hair down over his forehead, and Effie used to call him derisively "Little Abner." "Abner's coming early for me tonight," she commented gaily, as the black car humped itself painfully over the rise of the hill and rattled toward us. "I guess he's jealous of you."

"Me?"

"He thinks you've cut him out. Oh, I don't care," with a toss of her head. "I'm not sure if I'm going to marry him anyway. He just wants to stay here and farm. He hasn't got, I don't know, any spark. I want to go away, and travel, and see places, and people. I don't want to stay cooped up in this hole all my life."

I stared after her thoughtfully as she skipped across the lawn and climbed lightheartedly into the front seat beside Abner. He gave me a dark look, and the car hopped a couple of times and chugged down the road. I went back into the house. I noticed that the house was emptier now after Effie had gone.

I think Pat had begun to notice it, too. She never referred to it directly; but she had that guarded look when Effie was around, and once, when we were alone, she said: "You're feeling more cheerful these days, Wally. It must be the air."

I nodded.

"Why, it's been a month since you even mentioned Myra. . . ."

And it had gone like a breeze: an easy, lazy month of walks, and swims, and long, drifting afternoons, too hot to move, when I would sprawl gasping in the hammock on the side porch and watch Effie through the open kitchen window, thudding peas into a pan with a steady rattle. "Can't you let that go till later?" I could see her little face was flushed with heat as she bent over. "It's stuffy in there . . . come on out here where there's a breeze." Flustered, smoothing back her hair, giggling guiltily like a child playing hooky from school, she would join me on the porch, and squat cross-legged on the floor at my feet, making a demure show of pulling her dress down over her knees. She would clasp her little ankles and look up at me with eyes that were big blue moons, while I talked endlessly and ponderously about the theater. Sometimes she would be silent for a long moment.

"Mr. Cobb."

"What is it, Effie?"

"I think . . . I think your war play is perfectly beautiful, what you've written so far." She noticed my surprise. "I was reading the manuscript on your desk this morning," she confessed. "Do you mind? Because it's so beautiful, especially the scene where she finds him." She sprang impulsively to her feet, all in one motion, and clasped her hands rapturously. "'And now you're all I have. Hold me, my sweet, hold me and never let me go—because I need you. I need you so.'"

I shook my head. "Only you make it sound like a recitation. Look. He's holding her in his arms, and her head is buried in the shoulder of his trench coat, so he can barely hear her. And then he kisses her."

She swayed toward me, as I lay in the porch swing, and suddenly she was in my arms. I could feel her slim, firm body quivering against me. "Hold me, my sweet," she mumbled, her head buried in my shoulder, "hold me and never let me go. Because I need you. I need you so."

And then I kissed her.

The auto horn honked a second time before I was aware of it. I scrambled to my feet, abashed; Effie backed a couple of steps, her hand pressed against her mouth, staring curiously at the car halted in the driveway. It was a smart gray car, with New York plates. The driver, dressed in smart gray wool that matched the car, rested a flaring yellow glove on the steering wheel. She regarded me with cool gray eyes.

"Hello, Myra," I said.

"You have a nice place, dear." Her dark hair was held neatly in place with a yellow silk handkerchief. Even her smile was contained and neat. She watched Effie turn and hurry into the house. "Nice and chummy."

"She works for me," I felt obliged to explain.

"Um-hmm."

"What do you mean by that?"

"By what?"

"Um-hmm."

"Nothing. Um-hmm is just another way of saying 'Oh, is that so?' or 'I see' or 'I'm really not very interested.'"

"Then why did you come here?"

"WALLY," she chided, amused. I bit my tongue. "Pat invited me. Just for the week end; I've got to get back to New York for rehearsals Monday. I was a little delayed getting back from Reno."

I felt a quick stab. "Reno?"

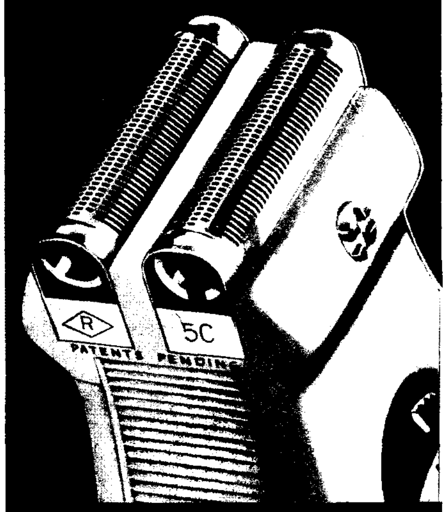
"Of course, dear. I always get my divorces from you in Reno."

"It's . . . all finished, then?"

"Don't you read the papers? I presented you with the cutest little final decree two weeks ago, it's a perfect image of you, Wally, except it hasn't got your nasty temper. I'm sure it's going to be a great comfort to us both in our later years. . . ."

Abruptly I realized that I was jealous: jealous of the gray dress I hadn't seen before, jealous of the yellow gloves I hadn't bought her, jealous—violently jealous—of the fact that I hadn't known she was back. I took it out on the play. "You're always having to get back to

Answer:



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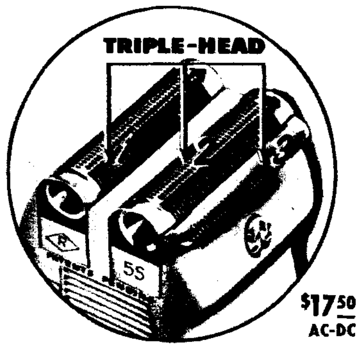

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New York Monday for rehearsals. I suppose this one's quite a play."

"It's really remarkable, dear. I can't wait to start it. It's by this new Southern dramatist, Gaskins or something. We're all dead, only we don't know it yet, and we're sailing in this big air liner—"

"I don't suppose Mr. Gaskins ever ran across a little number called Outward Bound?"

"Darling, please, just because you didn't happen to write it . . . It's the best role I've ever had. It's the first time I've ever been really satisfied."

"Is it a monologue?"

Her lips went thin. "The lines are so simple and unaffected. Frankly, Wally, yours always sounded a little stilted."

"That's because you read them that way," I blazed. "A competent actress—"

"The same dialogue. I know it by heart. 'Hold me, my sweet—I need you —I love you—' "

"You won't have to worry, I'll never write you another—"

"I'd never act in another—"

"If you had any sense of the theater—"

"If you had any sense of the theater—"

We paused, panting for breath, and glared at each other. In the silence, we could still hear the sound of our words echoing in our ears. "Really, I'm afraid I must go," said Myra very politely, glancing up at the impeccably cloudless sky. "I think it's going to rain."

I bowed. She started the car, with a spurt of gravel, and rolled down the driveway. I stalked into the house and tried to slam the screen door behind me, but it had a hydraulic silencer. I compromised by kicking the grandfather's clock.

At two o'clock, a couple of fleecy clouds showed up in the sky. By three o'clock they had grown to a solid bank of clouds, rolling out of the east. By four o'clock the whole sky was overcast. By five o'clock, sure enough, it started to rain.

I never saw it rain harder. I bundled Effie off to the village in haste, when I saw what kind of storm we were in for, and by the time I got back the whole hill was running water. The rain moved across the valley in solid gray sheets, drawing together and hiding the mountains, and the meadow beyond the barn, and even the elm directly across the road. I was alone, floating in my little ark in a limitless ocean of rain. It thudded on the roof, it slashed the windows, it rattled off the eaves, and—what was of more immediate concern—it began to drip from the ceiling in half a dozen places at once. I had supper on the fly, grabbing a sandwich as I raced from one room to another with dishpans and basins and pails. It seemed to increase with the darkness, mounting to a steady roar; and, to climax it all, the lights went out. I found a couple of kerosene lanterns in the shed (as well as a flight of four steps that I hadn't known were there) and I limped back profanely into the house, the lighted lantern sending grotesque shadows ahead of me as I walked.

THE outside door was open. The gust of wind nearly blew out the light, and I rushed to slam the door shut, swearing. I turned, and then my heart flopped over violently. Effie, a dripping cape over her head, was standing behind me in the hall.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"Oh, Mr. Cobb," she sobbed hysterically, "I had to. I had to come!"

"What's wrong?" I set the lantern on a stand, and tipped her chin up to me. "Effie, what's happened?"

"Don't turn me out, Mr. Cobb. Don't make me go back. I can't go back."

"But you can't spend the night here, child. Pull yourself together, now. Tell me what's happened."

"Please, Mr. Cobb. Please let me stay." She began to unfasten her dress. "I'm soaking wet and drenched right through—"

"Here, you can't do that." I had a sudden chilling thought. "Effie, look at me. Why can't you go back?"

"I can't," she sobbed. "They've read my note by now."

"Note?"

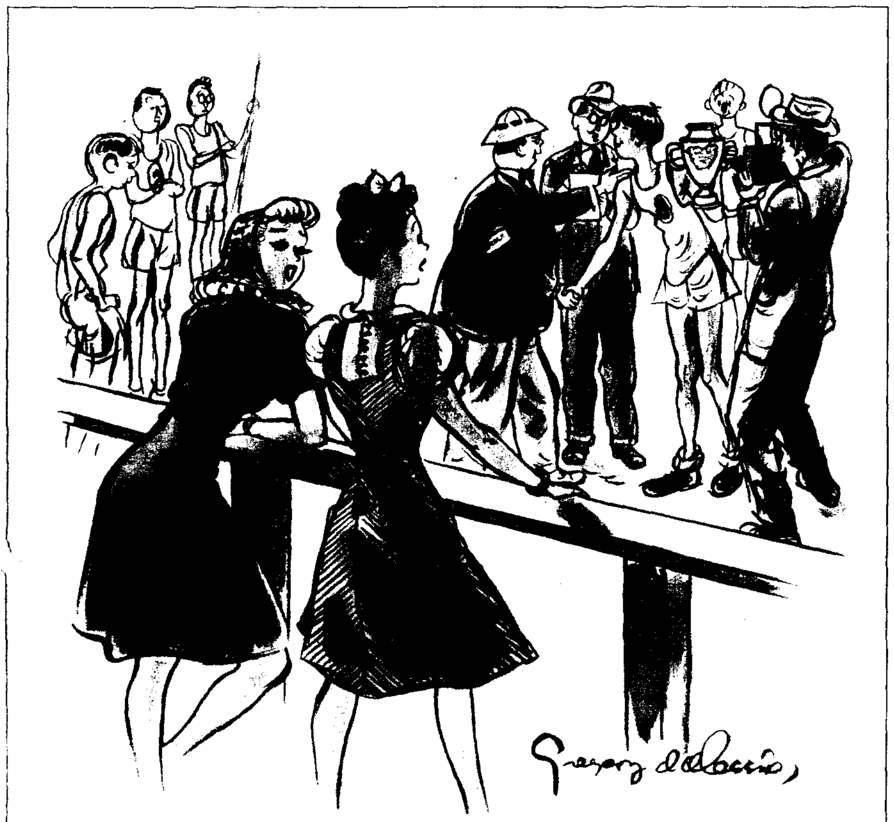
"I told them."

"You told them what?"

"I told them I was going to have a baby."

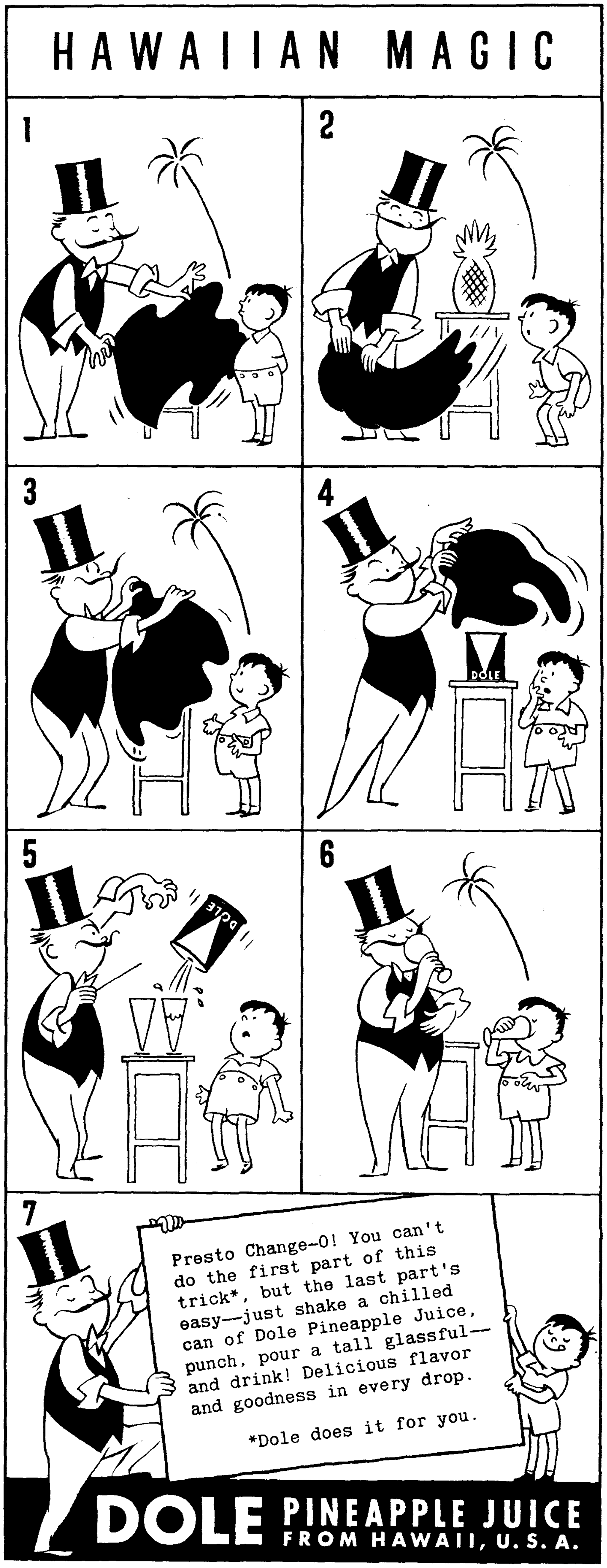
"You told them *what?*"

"I've got to get out of this town, Mr. Cobb. I'd tell them anything just to get



"I guess that makes me champion, too. He chased me through the park last night, and I got away"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO



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out of this town. I want to be an actress . . . go on the stage." She was weeping hysterically. "I've got to, Mr. Cobb. You've got to help me." Suddenly she flew into my arms. "Take me with you, Wally."

"Effie," I squawked, "let go of me. Let go this minute!"

"Hold me, my sweet," she began to murmur, hugging me, "hold me—"

The door burst open. A group of men stood in the doorway, enormous as *Martians in their glistening raincoats* and great rubber boots. Abner was in the lead, his dark face contorted and his fists clenched.

A man with a drooping gray mustache stood beside him, holding what I assumed was a shotgun, though it might have been an umbrella.

I braced myself. The group moved toward me grimly.

"Next week," said a voice behind them, "East Lynne."

THE group halted in surprise, and parted to admit Myra. She entered quite nonchalantly—she said later it was the best entrance I ever wrote for her—and nodded to the men as casually as though nocturnal calls in a rainstorm were the most usual thing in the world. "What a shame to drag you all out on a night like this. My husband and I could have run Effie down to the village just as well . . . poor child, she was quite hysterical." To Effie: "You're feeling better now we're all here, aren't you, dear?"

She beamed at the silent group: the poised hostess. "Now, I know you're all soaked to the skin, but, if you'll just hang your things outside where they won't drip, I'll have some coffee on in two shakes—"

"Thank you, ma'am," the gray mustache said coldly, "but I guess we hain't stayin'." He shuffled backward through the door. "Comin', Effie?"

Effie stood firm, shaken but still defiant. "I'm never coming back, Papa. I'm going to New York. I'm going to act. I'm going on the stage."

"Oh, let the child stay a little while and warm up," said Myra, with an understanding smile. "We'll see that she gets back safe—"

"I'll wait for her," said Abner in a sullen voice. "I got my cah pahked by the bahn."

"Well," Myra said brightly to the three of us, as the door closed. "What a nice party. . . ."

The kerosene lantern, standing in the center of the kitchen table, threw light on the ceiling where it was not needed, and left the table in comparative darkness. Even our faces around the table were in half-shadow: which was probably just as well. Effie sat in stony silence, her face a battleground of conflicting emotions, of which defiance was still the most marked. Abner scowled at his plate, his face expressionless. I could not see my own face, but I could imagine it. Only Myra's face was gay, as she surveyed the hasty midnight supper she had assembled. "My, a regular feast! Yum, yum." She began to press food on Abner. "Have some caviar? Some Roquefort and crackers? Some sliced ham? Some . . ." She twisted a jar in the light of the lantern, to read the label. " . . . Devil's Dream Spread?"

He shook his head.

"Highball, old man?" I offered, trying to help. "Scotch, bourbon, brandy—"

"He doesn't want anything," said Effie.

"I'll take some peanut butter, if you've got it," said Abner defiantly.

Instantly Myra and I were on our feet, lighting matches and pawing along the pantry shelves. Once I found her hand, and cupped it with my hand for a moment.

"I feel sorry for Abner," she whispered. "He's nice."

"He'll get over it," I whispered. "He'll be better off."

"Poor Abner. There's always an Abner, and he's always getting over it. . . ."

She set the peanut butter on the table, and poured the coffee. (Abner took milk.) She passed up a cup to Effie: "You know, Mr. Cobb tells me you've got the makings of quite an actress. I think he's right."

"You never saw me act," said Effie, astonished.

"I can tell."

"The way you told about the weather?" I suggested.

"I have a sort of sense," Myra admitted placidly.

"I'd rather act than anything else in the world," Effie breathed, her face lighting. "More than anything there is. I think it's the most wonderful thing in the—"

Myra sighed. "I know, my dear. The illusion of the theater. The glamor of the stage. The lure of the footlights. The smell of the grease paint."

"The tinkle of the cash," I supplied.

Myra nodded gravely. "But you must live for your art. You must be prepared to sacrifice everything for your art." She was not looking at me. "Your home—and your happiness—even your husband, sometimes. The theater always comes first. The show must go on."

Effie nodded eagerly. "I know. I don't mind."

Abner lowered his head.

"There's a new play that a friend of mine's just beginning to cast," said Myra. "It's a very exciting play, it takes place on an air liner, and everybody is dead only they don't know it. . . . I know the producer very well, and if you're really serious about going on the stage, dear, I'm sure there'd be a part—"

Effie let out her breath slowly: "Ooooh." She clasped her hands. "Will you be in it, too?"

"No," Myra replied thoughtfully, "no, I don't believe so, dear. I thought of it, but I've changed my mind. I think I'll stay in the country for a while. It's so exciting in the country."

"But aren't you going to act any more?"

"I'm sort of retiring from the stage, dear. I've got my home, you see, and my happiness, and my husband. . . ."

"You're so wonderful, Mrs. Cobb," said Effie. "I'll go home now and pack, and tomorrow— Oh, you're the most wonderful person in the world. Good night, Mrs. Cobb." She added rather negligently to me: "Good night, Mr. Cobb."

She added, even more negligently: "Come, Abner."

He rose and followed her stolidly as she danced out through the door.

"Poor Abner," said Myra. . . .

"THERE'S just one thing I want to know," I said later. "Why did you come here to Granite precisely when you did?"

"Just a sort of sense," said Myra. "Like the rain."

But I wasn't satisfied. "How about it, Pat?" I persisted. We were sitting in Pat's station wagon, ready to drive to the local town clerk's office. We had decided to let the local town clerk do it this time. ("We can prompt him if he doesn't get it right," said Myra. "We know it by heart.") "Did you send for Myra?"

"If you're a good playwright," said Pat, pouring some brandy into a paper cup, "you always leave a few things out. It keeps people interested." She put the flask of brandy back into the glove compartment, and started the car. "Come on, let's get this over so we can celebrate."

Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 15

he brought with him was. Campion left the talking to Lugg, who seemed quite prepared to deal with it.

"Knowing's not always saying," the fat man remarked, managing to infuse a wealth of craft into the observation. "Your call, mate."

"*He* knows," the newcomer repeated, and one of his repellent hands slid inside his raincoat.

The two others had their guns up off the table like one man. They waited, the two weapons leveled and the two barrels gleaming dully in the circle of light.

The visitor did not waver or hesitate. He went on with what he was doing smoothly. He seemed to have had considerable experience with guns.

His hand came out of his coat with something in it. He laid his offering on the red tablecloth and they all looked at it. It was a thick packet of old bank notes secured with a rubber band.

"Two-fifty," he said, "and we ask no questions."

LUGG laughed. It was a genuine expression of surprised amusement and was entirely convincing. The newcomer was standing very still. Campion could feel him trying to pierce the shadow which shrouded both their heads. He made no movement himself and kept his gun steady.

Once again the dirty hand crept inside the sodden coat and presently another packet lay on top of the first. Once more the silence became suffocating.

The performance was very slow, definitely sinister, and, of course, in the circumstances entirely fantastic.

"Chicken feed," said Lugg thickly, and a third packet of notes appeared on the table and finally a fourth.

"That's the limit," said the stranger at last. "Take it or leave it. Suit yourself."

"And supposing it's a deal?" Lugg was showing more finesse in an impossible situation than Campion would have expected from him.

"He quits his racket and gets out."

"Where to?"

"London. Hell. Anywhere. We're not fussy."

Campion's condition was making him slow-witted. It had taken him some minutes to realize that he was not dealing with the police, as he had expected. This man on the other side of the table, whose face he could not see, represented a new element in a complicated and terrifying predicament. He represented the element that until now had been maddeningly elusive. Here at last must be a definite materialization of the enemy. Campion's limping brain seized on the discovery and he struggled to make as many bricks as he might out of this meager straw.

The stranger belonged to a very definite class. He was a thug, one of that mercifully small army of professional bullies who in previous ages were euphoniously called "soldiers of fortune"; men, that is, who would undertake violence for a fee. It did not occur to Campion that it was strange that he should recognize so much. He accepted the fact without thinking, as a natural deduction based on some past experience that he had forgotten. He went on with his reasoning. Since the man was what he was it argued that he possessed employers, some intelligent organization that had the sense to use professional servants. The question now was what sort of organization? It was obviously antisocial, but how large? How dangerous? How big? International importance?

He pulled himself up, despair facing him. He was annihilatingly helpless. He knew so horribly little, even about himself. For instance, what sort of man was he, if this enemy, which was shrewd enough in all conscience, should so confidently expect to be able to bribe him?

A possible explanation of that final question occurred to him. It was so absurd and yet so likely that he laughed outright. Bending forward suddenly, he allowed the full light from the chandelier to fall upon his face.

It succeeded. Miraculously the outside chance came home, proving him right beyond all question. The effect on the man was immediate and sensational. He drew in a gulping breath and there was a faint rattle from the dreadful lungs.

"Campion!" he ejaculated in a shrill, thin voice. "Campion. You *are* Campion."

He dived forward to snatch up his gun but Lugg was before him, bringing down his own revolver across the grimy wrist as it shot out over the cloth. It was a tremendous blow that might well have cracked the bone and the sound it made was one of those ruthless noises that are inexplicably shocking in themselves.

The man sobbed once, deep in his throat, with pain, and then, before either of the others realized what he was doing, he turned and rushed from them, leaving gun and money still on the table. He threw himself at the window and burst out into the storm, leaving the curtains bellying behind him as a gust of rain surged into the room. Lugg stood

"That umpire'll never do—gets too excited"

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Next month, the 7th installment in this series will appear in Collier's—will tell how to prepare your car for winter—what to check *before* something important goes wrong. Look for Collier's November 2nd issue (out October 25th). Meanwhile, check your "Car-Q" against the questions below.

HOW IS YOUR "CAR-Q"? *(Answers on Page 79)*

A. *How many things operate from the fan belt?*

B. *What does the coil do?*

C. *How does the starter work?*

D. *When will a battery freeze?*

E. *What is wheel camber?*

F. *What does "bleed the system" refer to?*

G. *What is the main danger of a leaky exhaust line?*

H. *90% of tire trouble occurs during what last percentage of tire life?*

gaping after him. Presently he went over and closed the window. He swore steadily for some little time.

"What d'you know about that?" he said at last. "Dirty little tyke! He made me sit up the moment I saw 'im. 'Oo's 'e working for?"

Campion felt himself giggling. The money and the gun and the ridiculous mistake were all absurdities out of a nightmare.

"I think I know that," he said, recovering himself. "I'm sure only one person could come to the conclusion that I was impersonating myself. Who was that man? I never saw his face clearly."

"That was no loss." Lugg was grimly amused. "I know 'im, and I'd like to know 'oo 'e's sold 'is mortgaged little soul to this time. You know 'im all right. That was Weaver, B."

HE MISTOOK Campion's blank expression for lack of recollection and hurried on to explain, all his old anxiety about the younger man's condition returning.

"You'll remember his brother better," he said coaxingly. "Weaver, T. A. They were both in the army together one time and they distinguished them like that, using the initials last. You remember them. I'll tell 'oo they was both working for when we struck them last. Simister. The man we kept calling Ali Baba. Doesn't that ring a bell? Weaver, T. A., wasn't the class this chap is. He 'adn't the brains. He was killed with a tommy gun when the Denver boys came over. This little sweep Weaver, B., went in for jam jars afterward. 'E's a wizard with a petrol engine. If 'e's in this there's something big going on in the car line. Does that bring anything 'ome?"

Campion thought of the fleet of trucks in the hidden garage under the crouching body of the Nag and he nodded. His brain was working feverishly. It was Pyne again, of course. Pyne was the man who had assumed that he was another crook trying to muscle in on a racket by impersonating Albert Campion. What about Pyne, then? What about his questions and his "amusing organization?" And his snooping about at the Institute?

He glanced at the pile of money on the table.

"They're not broke, anyway," he said.

"They are not." Lugg's heartfelt agreement was unexpected. He was very serious and his small black eyes were open to their widest extent. "They're a powerful crowd," he said. "Money to burn. There was a sort of share-out down here before we came, you know. The drunks filled every can in the place. Happy said 'e never saw anything like it. 'E reckons they're on to something colossal, something that'll need a lot of men from the way money has been splashing around."

He gathered up the cash on the table and rolled back the cloth.

"Wicked to waste it," he remarked virtuously.

The drawer was only just closed when the shopkeeper appeared behind them. His startled face came edging around the inner door.

"They're gone," he said. "Only one of 'em left. He's leaning against the wall a door or two down the road. What happened?"

"Nothing to interest you, my lad." Lugg was heavily jocular. "Someone came along to make what you might call an extravagant gesture, that's all."

"I don't like it." Their host was inclined to whine. "It's dangerous. There's some pretty funny chaps in this town just now. I saw Lily Pettican walking down the street this morning."

"Lily?" Lugg was clearly astounded. "You've got the 'orrors," he said.

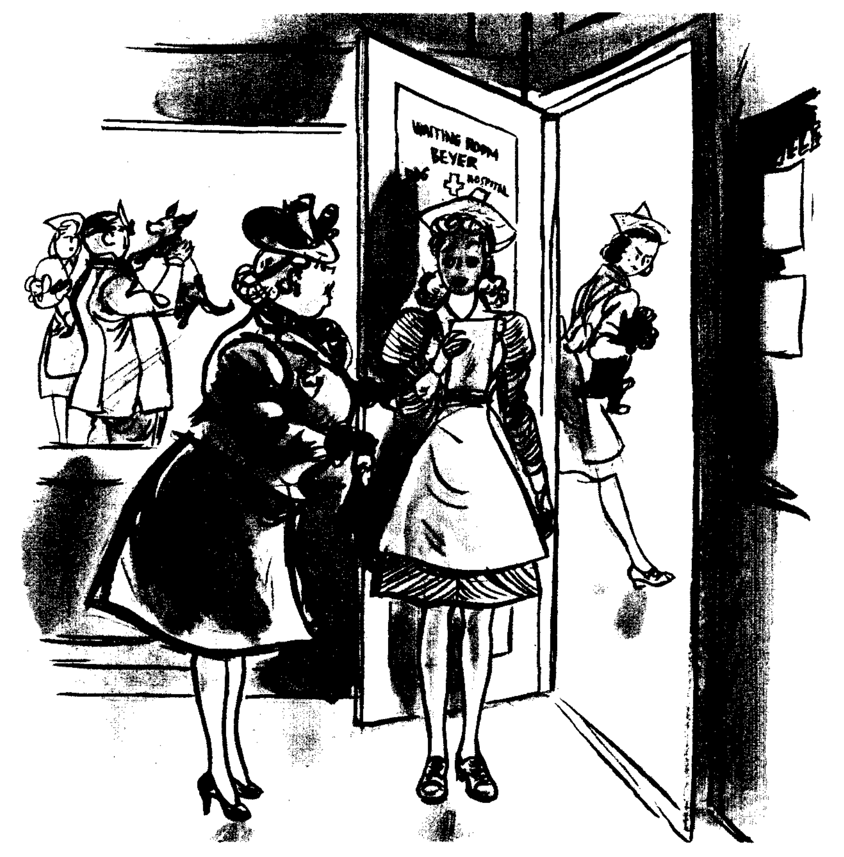
"If it wasn't Lily, it was 'is brother 'oo 'appened to 'ave lost the same eye," the old man persisted. "Chew on that."

"Go away." Lugg was not amused. His small eyes were frightened.

"All right, but I've got something for yer. What d'yer say to this lot?" He wriggled into the room through the smallest possible aperture and presented one of those long narrow ledger books in which small shopkeepers often keep their orders. It was open at the last page. He pointed to the final entry made in his own wildish handwriting.

"A. C.," it ran. "The White Hart, private sitting room. Immediately. Come clean."

Both Lugg and Campion read the line and exchanged glances.



"Will you tell Mrs. Duffy's Nanki-Poo I asked for him?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Where the hell did you get that from?"

"From a woman." The shopkeeper did not seem particularly surprised. "She came in just before I shut the shop. I was just going to lock the doors after giving you the word the busies were about. She was about fifty, I suppose. Very respectable, you know. I hadn't never seen 'er before. She came up to the counter and said could I get 'er *Heartsease Novels* every week. I said I could and I got out my book to take 'er name. When I was ready she simply dictated that lot. After I'd written it down she said, 'Thank you very much,' and went out. A. C., that stands for you, doesn't it, Guv'nor? Albert Campion, that's your name."

Lugg turned to his employer. He was completely startled.

"But they were 'ere," he said stupidly. "They didn't know you were A. C. then. Lumme, see what it means? See what it means? It's someone else. It's not them at all. 'Come clean?' 'Oo the 'ell is it?"

The little shopkeeper looked at his excited face and shook his head.

"That's all I know, what I've told you," he began. "The White Hart's that big hotel in the middle of the town. Nothing could happen to you there, that's one thing mortal certain. It can't even be a try-on. More people know you than you know people."

"You're telling me," said Campion fervently.

"WHAT are you going to do?"

The inquiry crept into the almighty muddle of confused thoughts and emotions in Campion's tortured mind and opened out like a great question-mark-shaped hole of nothingness.

He did not answer because both men were looking at him confidently and he saw that he should have no help from them in his decision. He was the boss still; they relied on him.

He was trying to marshal some sort of order among his scattered forces when another secret question shot out at him. Just how ill am I? Just how serious is this injury? Am I going to curl up and die from it, and if so, how long have I got? He put that query from him impatiently. He guessed he'd find that out when the time came. Meanwhile, what *was* he going to do?

There was something just under his nose which he had missed. He felt it was there and he groped for it. When at last he found it, it grinned at him with the dreadful cross-eyed leer of complete insanity. This was the fourteenth. Moreover, this was the evening of the fourteenth. Therefore all the arrangements for the catastrophe, or whatever it was that he was struggling so blindly to avert, must have been made already, and the thing itself be on the very point of happening. And yet Pyne, or the enemy, whoever he was, had been prepared to try to buy him off even at this eleventh hour. That argued that he was still dangerous to this unknown. How? What could he do now, this minute? What was there to do?

He glanced at the remarkable message in the notebook and then at the man who had written it. The shopkeeper had come forward and the light was on his face. It was not so much that sterling honesty shone from his eyes. It didn't. He looked shifty and disreputable. But he was also puzzled. The message clearly fascinated him. He had no idea what it meant nor from whom it came. He would like to have known. He too waited expectantly.

"I'll go down there," said Campion.

"I'll come with yer." Lugg was shaking off his carpet slippers as he spoke. "You'll be less noticeable if we go together."

"I don't think so." Campion spoke

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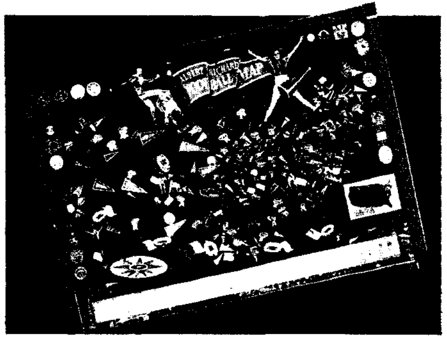

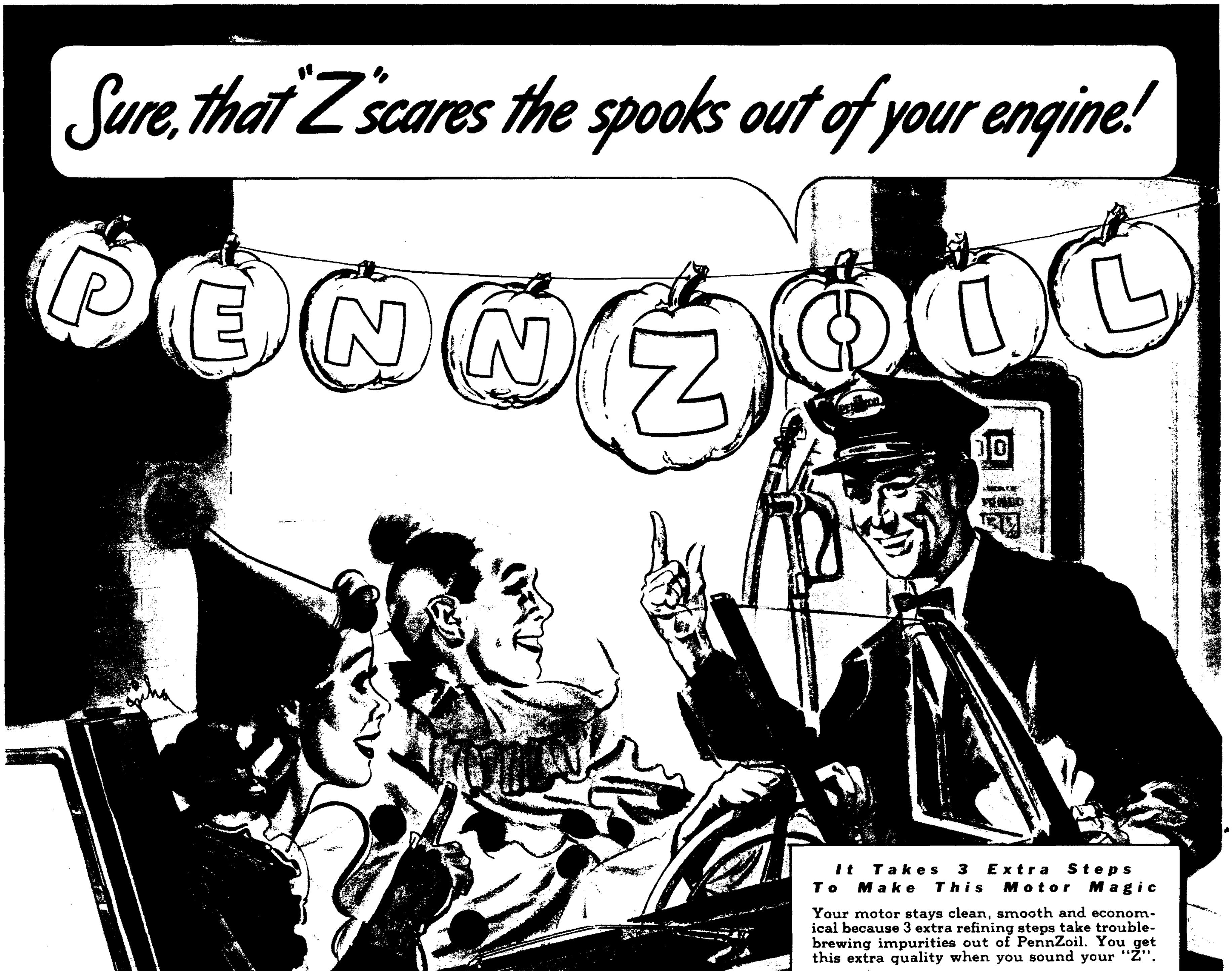
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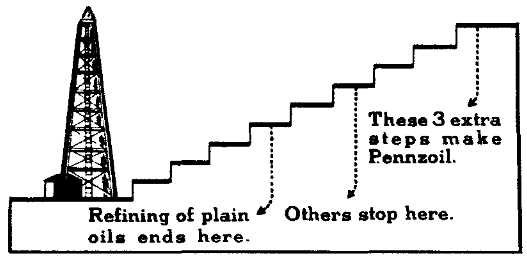
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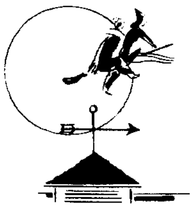

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frankly. If there is one human peculiarity that cannot be disguised it is fat. A fat man is distinctive at any distance. Lugg could scarcely hope to pass anywhere unobserved.

"There's a busy up the street, don't forget," said the shopkeeper.

"How do you know it's a busy?" Lugg was tolerantly contemptuous.

"Because I see 'is face and I know 'im. 'E's been 'round 'ere once or twice. The other lot went away. 'E didn't."

This was important information. The police were the one body who, so far as Campion knew for a fact, had definite cause to want to lay hands on him, but if they had actually located him it seemed highly peculiar that they should not come in and get him. The probable explanation was, of course, that they had not located him but were keeping an eye on one of the others in case they should try to contact him.

"I'll take you past the busy," said the shopkeeper unexpectedly. "I've got my own way out. I'll go first, you come behind. I'll lead you right to the White Hart. It's not easy to find if you don't know the town."

"I'm to stay 'ere?" Lugg inquired dubiously.

"Yes," said the shopkeeper.

Lugg looked at Campion silently. He was pathetic and Campion could have murdered him. What right had he to lean like this, to sit childlike and helpless, relying on a superior intelligence?—which was no longer there! It was the original Campion's own fault. The new Campion felt he had the grace to recognize that. He had a vision of a damned superior young man who must always have been laughingly tolerant, gloriously sure of himself. The new Campion turned from him with loathing. A fine idiot he must have been to surround himself with dear, faithful, pathetic followers incapable of independent thought; fawners, seekers after orders.

"I'll give you a couple of hours," said Lugg, shattering the illusion. "If you're not back then I'll come and save your ruddy life again. It won't be the first time. Don't forget you're not right in the 'ead now, either."

Campion set out with the shopkeeper. Both he and Lugg appeared to have brought the art of avoiding police supervision to a high state of perfection. Campion was provided with a shabby blue raincoat and a peaked cap. It was no disguise but rather a badge of some unspecified but respectable office. As he put them on he became just another taxi driver, bus conductor, chauffeur, St. John's ambulance man or gas inspector hurrying home to get out of his working clothes.

The shopkeeper led him out of the back door into a minute yard and out of that into another and another, all symmetrical and uniform as a section of a dusty egg box.

They came out finally into an entirely different quarter of the town, a solid residential district of ornate Victorian houses with transoms over the doors and high windows with little apartment cards in them.

The shopkeeper scurried along in front. In his dirty overcoat and dented derby hat he looked as frail and negligible as a piece of sodden brown paper blown along by the bullying wind.

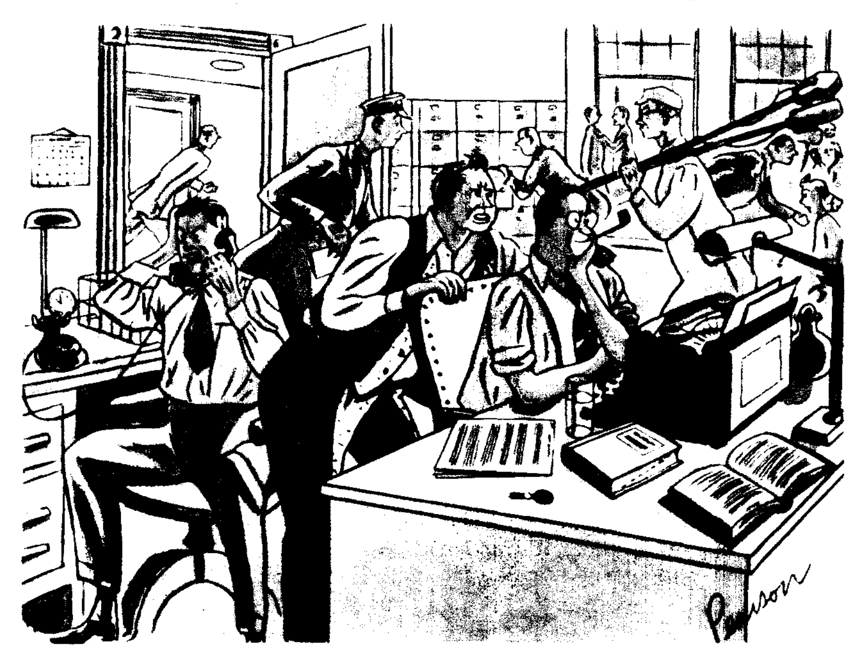
THE storm itself had passed but there was still a lot of rain about. There was just enough light to see one's way, but the going was not too easy and the pavements looked washed and sticky, like pieces of half-sucked toffee.

Campion did not notice the town. It took every ounce of concentration he still possessed to follow the little wisp of a figure in front. His legs were heavy and his head swam.

He was so intent on the mere physical task that he did not notice the carved portico of the White Hart until he was almost directly under the famous sign. He turned straight in through the double doors. He was walking quickly and stepped slap into a bright lounge full of people, most of whom turned and looked at him inquiringly.

Every town in England has one hostelry like the White Hart. It is always a grand old inn where either Charles Dickens or Queen Elizabeth spent a night and which modern motor traffic has made once more fashionable. In these ancient houses rooms are knocked together, beams are uncovered, mighty fireplaces are filled with false logs with red electric bulbs tucked under them, and in the rough-cast walls mock casements show painted musical-comedy settings through their diamond panes. The food is usually good, the service appalling, and the atmosphere about as cozy and cliquy as the school hall on prize-giving day.

Practically every man in the room was in khaki on this occasion. Campion, who had no recollection of ever having seen anything like it before, was completely bewildered. Fortunately his astonishment fitted his somewhat unsuitable costume and no one among the little parties clustered around the small



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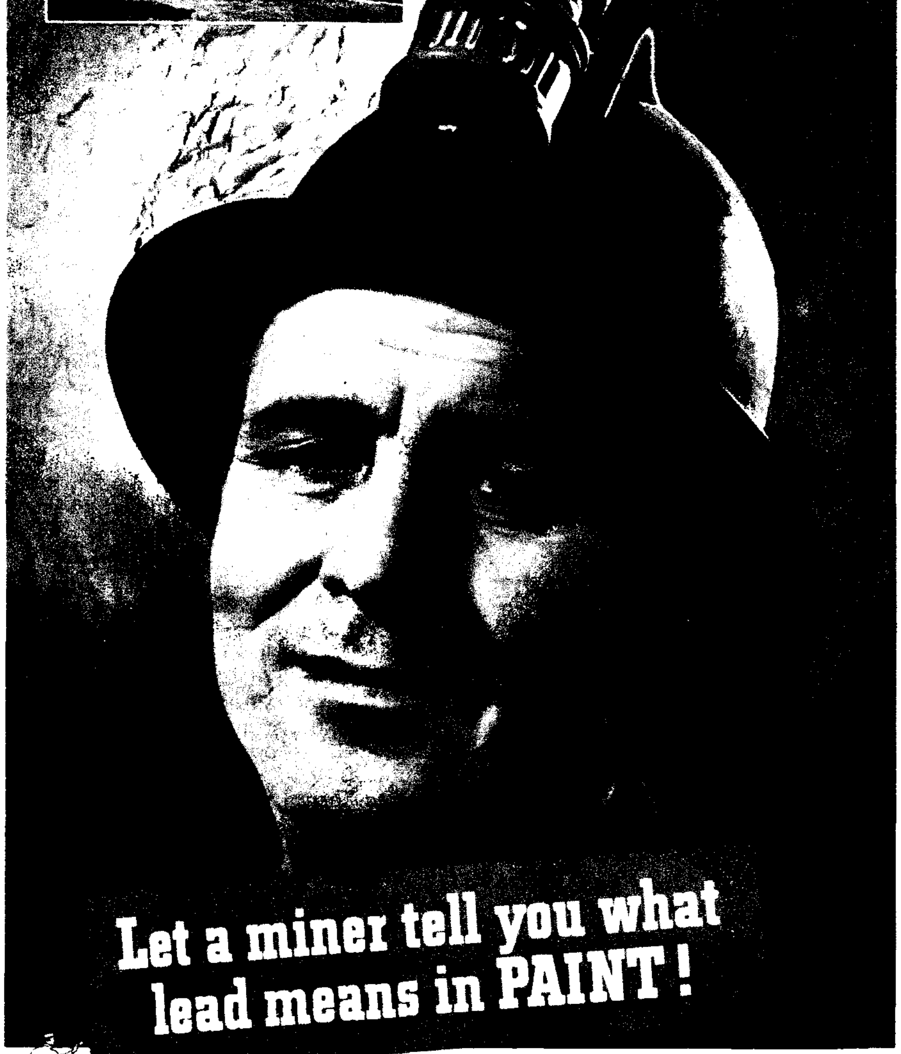
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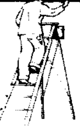

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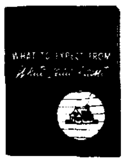

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tables gave him a second look. A growing youth in a tail suit far too small for him hurried forward inquiringly, anxious to direct him to the saloon bar around the corner. Campion looked at him helplessly and said the first thing to come into his head:

"I want someone in a private room. I've been told to come here."

The boy regarded him dubiously and scuttled into a small office half hidden in a mass of oaken tracery far more suitable to the rood screen for which it had originally been carved. He came out again with the landlord, a dapper elderly man with a military cut to his clothes and bored eyes.

"Yes?" he said.

"My name is Albert Campion."

"Really?" His surprise was genuine and terror seized the man who had just come in. What a fool thing to do! What a lunatic he was! What a benighted idiot! Both sections of society thirsting for his blood, no time to lose, disaster imminent and he had to go and give his name to the first stranger who raised an eyebrow at him. He was so appalled that he hardly noticed the landlord until he realized that the man had gone over to the foot of the main staircase and now stood waiting for him to follow.

They went upstairs in silence and paused before a crooked door with the fine, thin panels of the Tudors. The landlord knocked and bent his head to listen. Campion heard nothing, but presently the other man seemed satisfied, for he threw open the door and announced, "Mr. Albert Campion," as if he had been a flunky.

Campion went in. It was a wide, low-ceilinged room, badly lighted, possessing an uneven floor, antique furniture and a genuine coal fire. At first he thought he was alone and his misgivings rose up reproachfully. He turned to try the door but it was not even properly closed, much less locked. As he moved somebody coughed on the other side of the room.

It was a ladylike sound and he swung back just in time to see a small figure rising up out of the shadows of a winged chair which he had presumed to be empty. A little old woman stood before him.

HE WAS astounded. She came nervously toward him, simpering a little and with two bright spots of embarrassment in her faded cheeks. She held out her hand, but shyly, and as if she felt that she was being forward.

"This is so awkward," she murmured. "I don't think we've met?" Her voice trailed away and he became uncomfortably aware that she was put out by his mackintosh and the peaked cap in his hand. Socially the situation was absurd. Even factually it was peculiar.

They shook hands and stood looking at each other. The woman was over seventy and frail. Her thin gray hair was parted demurely and she wore a dark silk dress with bits of lace on it.

"You're not quite as I expected you," she said nervously. "Forgive me, I don't quite mean that. I'm sure I'm very glad to meet you like this. Sit down, will you? It's very cold, is it not?"

She was completely out of her element and very annoyed with herself for showing it. Suddenly she dabbed her eyes.

"It's all been such a shock," she said unsteadily, "but this is quite unpardonable. So silly of me. I really ought never to have come."

"Oh, lord!" said Campion. He was under the impression that he had spoken under his breath, but to his horror his voice, clear, brusque and unnaturally loud, echoed back at him from the shadowy walls. An inner door that he had not noticed before opened at once and, as though in direct answer to prayer, Amanda stood on the threshold.

Hallucination! The dreadful possibility shot into his mind and frightened every other consideration out of it. She looked so fine and fit and young and alive. Her brown suit matched her eyes and her head sat sanely on her shoulders. She was lovely, she was kind, she was friendly, a right thing in a ghastly surrealistic world. That was it; she was an oasis. No, of course, a mirage! One of those things you see before you die of thirst in a desert and the vultures come and pick your bones into decency before you decay.

"Oh, beautiful," he said, and had not spoken the words so guilelessly since he had first said them, leaning out of his gocart to look at the sea.

Her fine eyebrows rose into arcs on her forehead.

"I heard your voice," she said. "I'm so sorry I wasn't here when you came. Have you and Miss Anscombe met?"

A GREAT portion of the world slid into the horizontal again at the command of that cool voice and all the lovely machinery for living, like manners and introductions and calling cards and giving up one's seat in the bus, began to whir comfortably in the background of the scene.

The old lady appeared to appreciate it as much as he did. She raised her head and smiled.

"I'm being very stupid, my dear," she said. "I hadn't realized how shaken I am. You must ask Mr. Campion to forgive me."

"I think he's been a bit shaken himself." There was warning as well as apology in Amanda's tone and she considered the forlorn figure in the tight mackintosh with interest. "I've got Miss Anscombe to come along herself to tell you one or two things, Albert," she went on. "Very kindly she came along to see me and . . ."

"I went to her because she looked so sensible and so sympathetic," interrupted the old lady. "I felt I ought to approach someone, and naturally one has a horror of the police at such a time. I prefer to talk to a woman, of course."

"Of course," said Campion so earnestly that again Amanda stared at him as if he were demented. He fought to get hold of the situation but it was all hopeless. His memory had deserted him. He sighed. "Why?" he added disastrously.

"Well, naturally, Albert." Amanda caught the dropping brick with both hands and struggled with it manfully. "I mean, since her brother's death she's been frightfully hurt and shaken, and she hasn't felt like talking to just anyone."

Her brother. Miss Anscombe. Of course! The name had not registered on him before. He understood at last. This must be the sister of the murdered man whom Lee Aubrey had kept talking about. It came into his head that Aubrey might have sent Amanda here now and the possibility irked him unreasonably.

The old lady tucked her handkerchief into her belt and leaned forward purposefully.

"Mr. Campion," she said, "I'm a very strong-minded woman and all my life I've gone out of my way to do what I thought was right."

It was a formidable opening at the best of times and to Campion, who was not experiencing one of them, it sounded like a confession of early suicide. He nodded.

"Yes?" he said.

"Well, that's why I've come here now, to talk about poor Robert. We shall never know how he died. He was a very weak person in some ways and if he had taken his own life I should have

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been very sorry and very hurt, but I should not have been surprised."

Campion remained unimpressed. He knew how Anscombe had died and that information was enough to startle this old duck into screaming hysterics. It was only when he caught sight of Amanda watching him earnestly that he realized what the old woman was trying to tell him. Of course Anscombe had known! Anscombe had been the best bet. Oates had said so. He turned to the old lady so eagerly that he bewildered her.

"Was your brother frightened of something?" he demanded.

She bridled, and he was aware of her rather hard blue eyes with their bald rims and wrinkled sockets.

"He had something on his conscience," she said. "I always felt he was just going to confide in me but he never did. I have a very rigid code," she added naïvely.

"Tell Albert about the money," put in Amanda.

MONEY? More money? This cash motif cropped up all the time. It frightened Campion. The Tory Englishman never underestimates the power of money as a weapon. It is his own, and when he sees it against him he feels betrayed as well as anxious.

Miss Anscombe cleared her throat. Having embarked on a distasteful duty, she was determined to get every ounce of virtue out of it.

"He never told me that he was in financial difficulties, but it was very obvious some little time ago," she began. "I realized that he was hard put to it and I helped him to a certain extent. He was quite sick with worry, naturally, for he had a certain position in the town to keep up and he was a man who understood the importance of doing his duty to the community in that respect. Also he had the secretaryship to think of. That is a very sacred responsibility, Mr. Campion."

"I suppose it is."

"Our family has thought so for seven generations," she said stiffly. "If you don't realize what it must have meant to him to resign that office, you can hardly appreciate anything I'm trying to tell you."

"He does understand," cut in Amanda hastily. "He's terribly tired and worried himself. Albert, for the love of Mike take off that awful mackintosh."

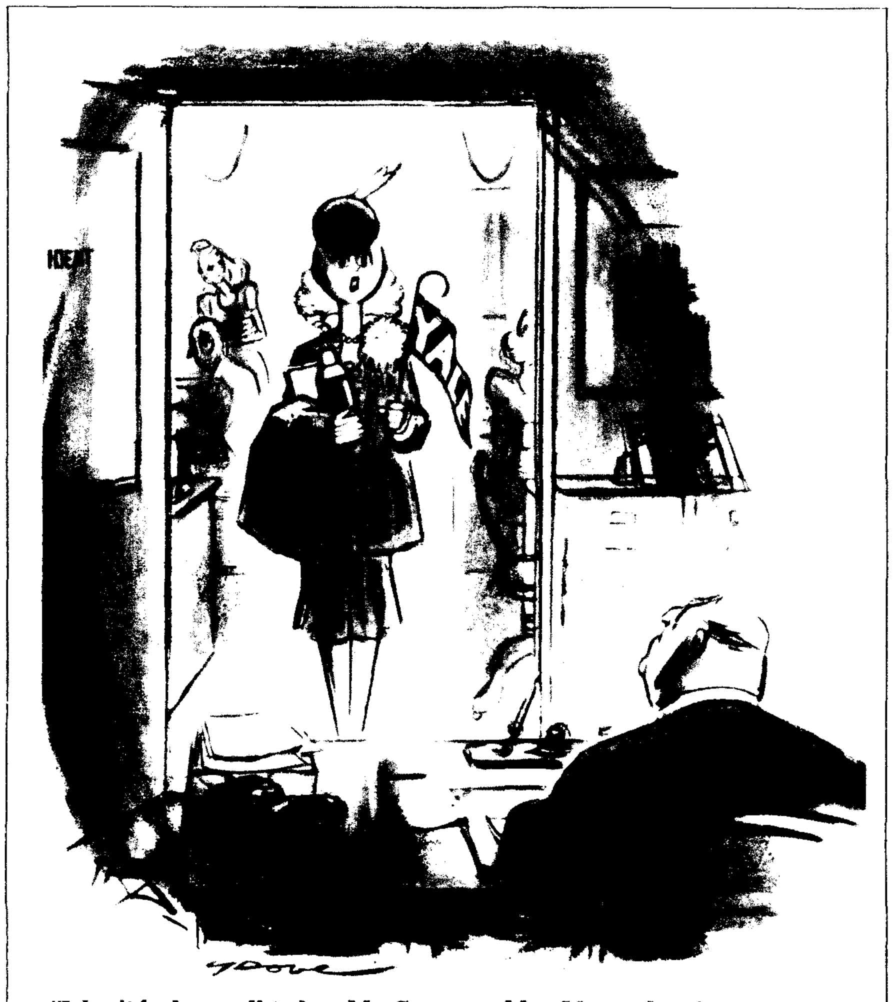
He obeyed her and realized as Miss Anscombe looked at him that his suit was crumpled and his linen grubby.

"When my brother suddenly became comparatively wealthy again I was astounded," she said. "I knew then that things were not at all as they should be. We come of a class, Mr. Campion, which never acquires money suddenly, except by legacy. For a little while my brother was almost happy, but gradually a great change came over him. His conscience was haunting him."

Campion stared at her. In spite of his preoccupation some of the urgent tragedy in her story forced itself through to him. He saw her world vividly, with painful clarity. He saw the narrow, self-important old man clinging to his inherited privileges amid a snowstorm of falling shares, rising prices, fleecing taxes, whispers in the town, nudges, older clothes, tradesmen waiting and silly little economies that did no good.

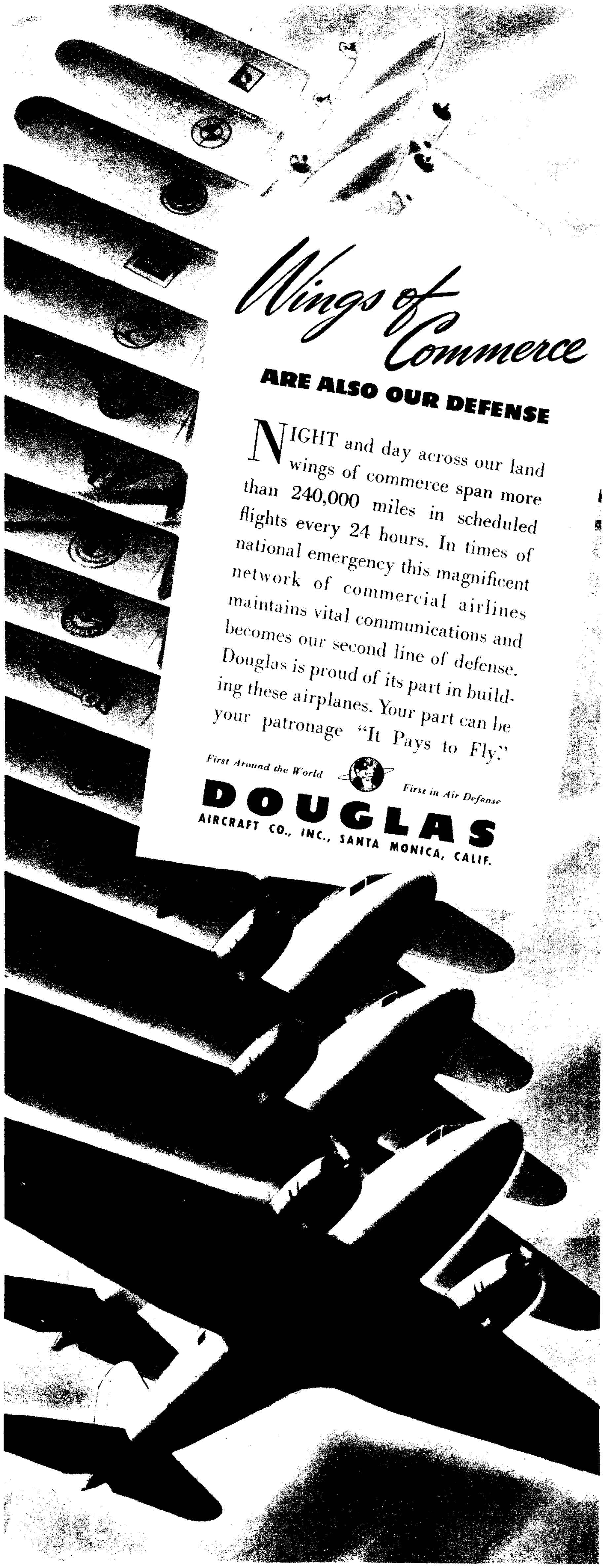
"What did he do?" he asked, his eyes reflecting some of the awe in her own.

"I'm not perfectly sure." Now that she was holding him she was less antagonistic. They had become fellow investigators, gossips with a license. "For a long time I couldn't bring myself to consider it, but now that he's dead I feel I must tell all that I do know. I'm afraid poor Robert sold his honor and his integrity, Mr. Campion. I think he must have used his position as secretary of the Masters to permit some sort of smuggling to go on in those caves under the Nag. And then later I think he changed his mind and was trying to expiate the sin he had committed. I don't know how he died. If it was an accident



"I don't feel so well today, Mr. Conway. May I have the afternoon off?"

LEONARD DOVE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IS HITLER carrying his war to our hemisphere? "Yes," says William LaVarre who has spent most of his last 20 years in South America as jungle trader, miner and explorer. The soldiers of this invading army are equipped only with brief cases. It is not a "blitzkrieg" that Hitler is waging in South America but a "handelskrieg"—a trade war which threatens to destroy the Monroe Doctrine and establish an enemy civilization on our very doorstep. Few men die in this war of propaganda. But it menaces us as surely as would 10,000 Nazi warplanes along the Mexican border.

Mr. LaVarre's amazing article will open the eyes of millions of Americans to the tangled Nazi intrigue that has grown up during the last five years. And he suggests a defense program that every wide-awake American should read. Don't miss "Hitler's Plan for South America" in the November American Magazine, out today. It is one of the most important magazine articles published this year.

ONLY A FOOL WOULD TRIFLE WITH NERO WOLFE

And whoever put quinine in Nero's liver paté was going to regret it. For that gentleman was fussy about his food and swore revenge. The fact that he unravelled a grim, perplexing murder-mystery was of small importance to the fat and famous detective.

Nero's tough assistant, Archie, is on the job too. And there's a lovely girl with no quinine whatsoever in her smile who renews Archie's interest in his work. It all adds up to a most exciting mystery as packed with thrills as most $2.00 novels you might buy.

BITTER END, another thrilling Nero Wolfe mystery by Rex Stout is ***complete in this issue.***

"Down a dress size every ten visits"

Inches off rather than pounds off is the current theme song of most reducing specialists. And it's sweet music to the matron who can no longer slip into a slender size 14. Is it possible to reduce without exercise, without dieting? The American asked Margaret Fishback, department store executive and stylist, to investigate. Read her findings in a witty and helpful article "Vanishing Tons."

Haiti Is No Place To Forget About Love

Jan's steady Dutch mind told him that this girl shouldn't be in Haiti. She should be in Miami with her family and the young lawyer she was to marry. Haiti must be made hateful, then she'd go back before it was too late.

But Haiti kept tricking him. He could not silence the drums that kept beating through the night in the same rhythm as his own pounding heart.

"Drums at Night," an exotic romance by Helen Augur, is one of eleven spirited fiction features in the November American Magazine.

You'll enjoy also Tom Gill's exciting novel of intrigue in South America; Scattergood Baines in a heart warming story of the "Angel in the Woods"; D. L. Champion's spine-tingling tale of "The Patriot"; a gay story of Princeton in "Celebrity Snatcher" and many others—eleven fiction treats in this one issue.

THE American

ALSO

ARE POLLS A THREAT TO DEMOCRACY? They sway Congress, the White House, even the Supreme Court. Will they lead to mob rule or to Lincoln's ideal of a true government by and for the people? Read "Who's Behind the Polls" by Beverly Smith.

HOW TO GET A RAISE. Walter Hoving, president of one of New York's largest department stores presents some very interesting ideas.

CRIME'S LAW SCHOOL. Modern prisons are so nearly escape proof that criminals turn to their old enemy the law for loopholes to escape. A revealing crime-prevention article by J. Edgar Hoover.

"MILLIONS NOW LIVING WILL NEVER DIE." That is the slogan of a strange band of crusaders—Jehovah's witnesses—hooted and stoned by American mobs. Jerome Beatty tells why they refuse to salute the flag, attack *all* religions.

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The Time of Your Life for Only 25 cents it was the hand of God, but if he took his own life, or if someone else killed him, I shouldn't be in the least surprised. I've lived through several wars and one can't do that without realizing that the world contains violent men."

Campion felt the muscles at the corners of his jaw contracting. This was truth. This was a break. At last a real break, if only he had the wits to assimilate it.

"Smuggling what?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I'm only guessing that," she reminded him quickly. "But there was a Mr. Feiberg who came to the house once or twice to see my brother. That was in the spring of 'thirty-nine, when my brother was most hard pressed for money. After he left, Robert began to talk about the Nag and about the smuggling that was done there in the seventeenth century. He covered it up at once, of course, but I never forgot it. Mr. Feiberg came twice after that, but never after the war broke out. I mentioned him at once, of course, because he was an alien and my brother said definitely then, 'We shan't see him again.' "

"Had your brother acquired his new money then?"

"Yes," she said, "yes, he had, but it was after that that his conscience began to prick him."

"Long after?"

"No." She paused. There was uncertainty in her whole poise. She waited until he was exasperated with her and then, with an apologetic smile, came out with the one remark in the world that could have brought him up on his toes and rekindled a flicker of hope in his heart.

"I MUSTN'T mislead you," she said. "I think his conscience slept until he heard of fifteen."

"Fifteen?" His voice failed and he whispered the word.

She ignored the interruption:

"It must have been then that he saw his terrible mistake. I think he did everything he could after that. He decided to resign his secretaryship, he drew out every penny he had in the bank, and he was bringing it back with him when you drove him home. Also this morning his bank manager called on me and told me in confidence that Robert gave instructions for all his securities to be turned into cash and the money delivered to him."

"But that's extraordinary!" Amanda spoke before she saw the pitfall, and having seen it, went on sturdily, " mean, that doesn't look like suicide. That suggests to me that he was going to clear out."

"Yes." Miss Anscombe was not offended. It was evident she had no very high opinion of her brother. "It does, doesn't it? Unless, you see, he meant to give it all back to someone. We shall never know and I prefer to be charitable."

Campion was not listening to them. His ears were still tingling from the shock of hearing that one most elusive, most tantalizing word of all, the keynote and symbol of the whole maddening enigma.

"Tomorrow is the fifteenth," he said stupidly.

"I didn't refer to the date." The old lady made the remark with complete conviction. "I don't know exactly what fifteen refers to, but it isn't a day of the month."

"How do you know?" Even then he did not believe her. The tension was still there, straining every nerve in his body, urging him to hurry.

"Because of the diary." She had been holding the little pocketbook all the time and he had not noticed. Now he would have snatched it from her but she was not to be hurried. "Robert was a very unmethodical man," she remarked with exasperating deliberation. "I thought the book was empty at first but then I found just these two entries. Here's the first, just over a month ago. Look for yourself. It's almost as though the poor man bought the book just to write something melodramatic in it. That would have been very like him."

Campion took the book and Amanda looked over his shoulder.

"Friday the 7th," they read. "Just heard of Minute Fifteen. See it all. What have I done?"

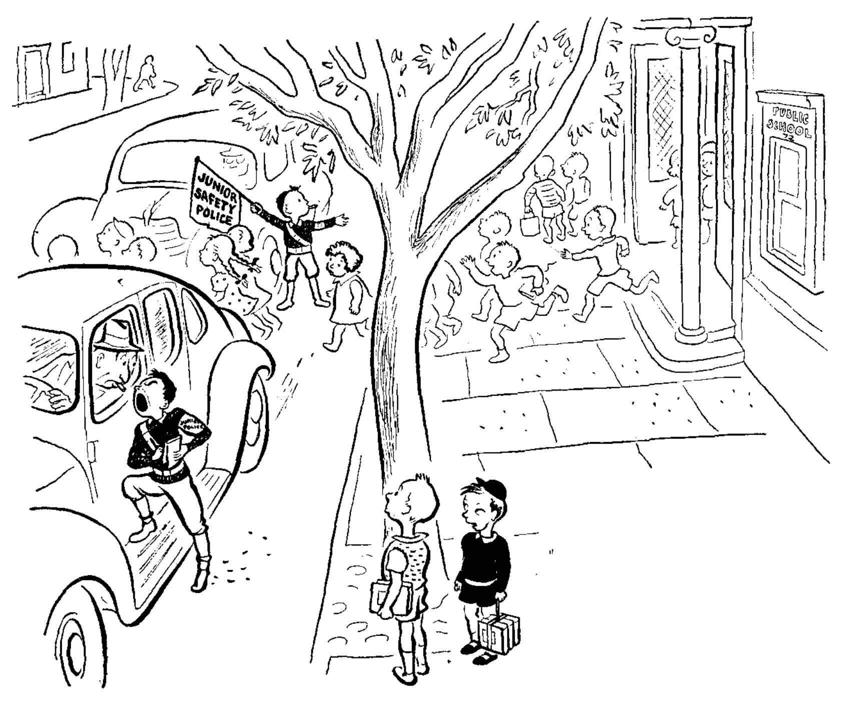
The following pages were blank until they came to the space allotted to the day before the one on which its owner had died.

"Done," he had written. "Done at last. Conscience clearer. Resigned. Expiation must follow. Shall I see Henry Bull?"

On the following page, and right across the three days it represented, two words had been scribbled large:

"*Minute Fifteen.*"

(*To be continued next week*)



"You know something? I think Donaldson is overstepping his authority"

DANIEL ALAIN

"Tired Pop" is a swell sport now!

1. What a fade-out Pop used to be when he'd come home from work! Mom couldn't drag him even to the movies. When folks came in, he'd sit and doze. As for getting out, and playing golf or dancing, he said his legs just couldn't take it any more. But now, see what happened to him!

2. *Mom heard Mrs. Smith* at the bridge club talking about a new way to reduce tiredness which her husband was keen on. It was *drinking* Knox Gelatine, the same gelatine she used for salads and desserts. 23 different occupational groups of men and women drank Knox in a test for 28 days.* 2 out of 3 who *started,* and 9 out of 10 who *completed* the test, reported being definitely less tired after drinking Knox!

*Groups included physicians, housewives, business men, models, and heavy workers like truck drivers and engineers.

3. Pop, like many, may have been tired because his meals didn't include enough proteins. Knox is all protein.

Drink 4 envelopes a day for the first 2 weeks, then 2 envelopes a day for following 2 weeks. Thereafter, take as needed. Stir contents of envelope into ¾ glass of water or fruit juice. Drink immediately. (Directions in every package.) Knox is tasteless. For details on the Knox Build-Up Plan, write for free Knox Bulletin, Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.

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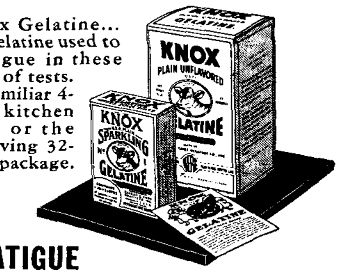

Knox Gelatine
A FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

ANSWERS TO THE P. S. QUESTIONS ON PAGE 72

A. "The fan belt not only keeps the cooling system performing, but in many cases, it also drives the generator and water pump. . . "
—*from the P. S. article in COLLIER'S—November 4, 1939.*

B. "...You want about 10,000 volts at your spark plugs. Your battery supplies about 6 volts. So, there has to be a device which steps up the voltage from 6 to 10,000. This is the coil."
—*from the P. S. article in COLLIER'S—November 4, 1939.*

C. "When you press the starter, it makes a connection between your battery and the powerful, though compact, electrical starting motor. A gear on this motor engages with a gear on the fly-wheel and spins it around until the engine starts."
—*from the P. S. article in COLLIER'S—December 9, 1939.*

D. "When the battery is fully charged, the solution will remain liquid down to 85° below zero. But when the battery is run way down, the solution is mostly water, and it is obvious that it will freeze above zero."
—*from the P. S. article in COLLIER'S—November 4, 1939.*

E. "If you recall pictures of carts with two big wheels, you will remember the wheels lean out at the top. This was done to make each wheel vertical to the high-crowned road. The same principle is followed in your automobile. Professionals call it 'camber.' "
—*from the P. S. article in COLLIER'S—June 1, 1940.*

F. "Over a period of time, air gets into the hydraulic brake-line. Therefore, it is important to 'bleed' the system a couple of times a year."
—*from the P. S. article in COLLIER'S—June 1, 1940.*

G. "Carbon monoxide, in exhaust gases, is difficult to detect. If this gas escapes into the car through exhaust system defects, it is apt to cause drowsiness."
—*from the P. S. article in COLLIER'S—January 27, 1940.*

H. "90% of tire trouble occurs during the last 10% of tire life."
—*from the P. S. article in COLLIER'S—June 1, 1940.*

If you would like to have a little booklet of questions and answers covering the material in this and other P. S. messages, merely write PREVENTIVE SERVICE, COLLIER'S, 250 Park Ave., N. Y., asking for "P.S. Questions and Answers," enclosing ten cents in stamps.

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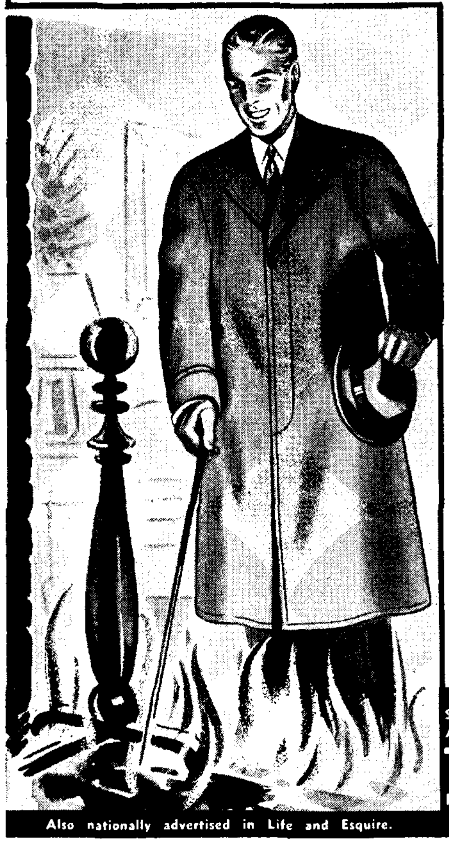

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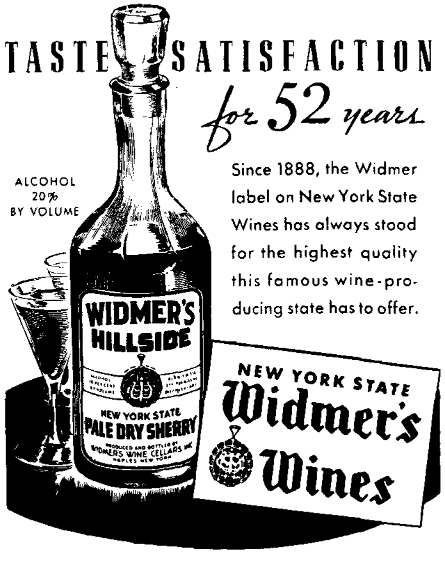

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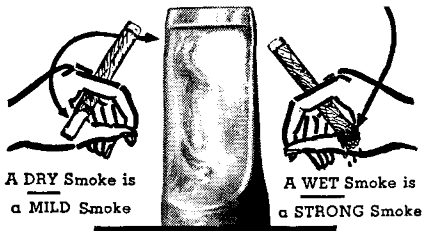

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a MILD Smoke

A WET Smoke is
a STRONG Smoke

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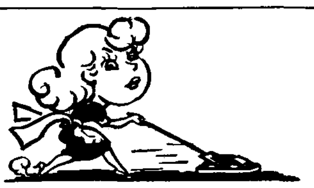

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3
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OIL

3-IN-ONE Oil

Hi, Jinx!

Continued from page 11

She made an honest, though unsuccessful, effort to acquire the smoking habit because a cigarette company pays her well to decorate their advertisements. "Anyway," she says, "Dad smokes that brand."

Jinx's photograph sells cigarettes mainly because those suffering from frustrated love of an anonymous picture have no way to express their passion but to buy the product she's advertising. On those comparatively rare occasions when her name appears, however, the results are direct and astonishing. Once the New York Times ran a shot of Jinx with some of her friends—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Simone Simon, Merle Oberon, and the Earl of Warwick. Although the caption labeled her simply "Miss Jinx Falkenburg, Hollywood model," by noon the Times had received almost a hundred telegrams completely ignoring everyone else in the picture. "Who is she?" all wanted to know; in New Haven eighty-seven Yale seniors promptly formed the Who-Is-This-Girl-Jinx-Falkenburg? - Whom - We - All - Love - So-Much Club of America.

A Lady Who Likes to Laugh

Jinx thinks the club is very funny. As a matter of fact she thinks almost everything is, which is why each one of her thousands of pictures shows her beaming with good humor. It would be almost impossible to catch her when she wasn't either beginning to laugh, laughing, or recovering from an attack of hearty guffaws. The sound ranges from a roar of lusty merriment to warm little gurgles of feminine delight, and her face lights up with dimples that weren't there before. If she's laughing at a joke, she inevitably ends by stuffing her fingers into her ears to keep from hearing more and becoming thoroughly hysterical. If she's just laughing because it's fun to laugh, there's no cure but a cold shower or a rap on her bare toes.

Jinx's toes are usually bare. In Chile even the nice children went without shoes, and in Hollywood no one seems to mind. Jinx hates wearing high heels because they make her taller than many men—so she goes out evenings in long gowns, barefooted. If she's planning to dance, she first waxes the bottom of her feet, thus preserving both her grace and her escort's ego.

The name Falkenburg is German and used to have a "von" in front of it. The name Jinx is whimsey and used to have a story behind it. Not one story, but many, all long since run into the ground by space-hungry press agents. Both Jinx and her family have heard so many wild tales about her nicknaming that they've lost track of the truth. "I think it was on account of a dog," Jinx says.

"No," her mother corrects her, "it had something to do with an earthquake or tidal wave."

"Translation," her father suggests with a yawn. "From the Basque *hjeenks* meaning jinx."

Mr. Falkenburg is an electrical engineer of the pioneering variety, which is why Jinx was born in Barcelona, Spain; his first name is Eugene which is why she was christened Eugenia. A few months after she was born, the family removed to Chile where came brothers two, named, with surprising logic, Tom and Bob.

The children went to private schools in Santiago, spoke Spanish exclusively despite their American citizenship, and allowed their athletic parents to teach them to swim earlier than human babies had ever swum before. The New York Sun sent a reporter to photograph Jinx because she could backstroke at eighteen months, a feat that dozens of "authorities" flatly proclaimed impossible. The Sun, with amazing foresight for so conservative a paper, said, "Jinx looks just like the babies whose pictures grace magazine covers."

By the time Jinx was eighteen she'd been making Mr. Goldwyn's Spanish pictures for a year and the family was happily installed in California. Mr. Falkenburg was tied up with Boulder Dam; Tom and Bob, eleven and ten respectively, were busy winning all the tennis prizes that their mother or sister hadn't already taken.

Then, one day, Jinx was sitting in the M-G-M commissary laughing and talking her usual nervous double-talk, when a sleek, William Powellish man grabbed her shoulders and started to propel her toward the door. "Keep moving," he commanded. "I'm Paul Hesse. I take pictures. I am about to take pictures of you."

Jinx screamed and there was quite a commotion until she finally gave Hesse permission to take a shot of her playing tennis. She thought no more about it until a month later when Hesse presented himself at her home, bearing a copy of The American Magazine. Wordlessly, he pointed to the cover which Jinx examined carefully. "Hmm," she said, "it looks something like me. Only that girl's a little hippy." She wouldn't believe it was her picture until she got a sizable check for modeling it.

For a year Jinx regularly spent her afternoons posing for Hesse at twenty-five dollars an hour. Between times she earned a steady salary at Republic Pictures playing the ingénue in a Western serial, The Lone Ranger Rides Again. "I was taller than the masked bandit," she explains, "so they only let me get off my horse once in the whole twenty reels. And that time they made me stand in a river bed."

The Family Takes a Hand

Whatever leisure time she had was passed with her close friends Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin, and she'd have been completely happy and perhaps a bit cocky if it hadn't been for her family, by now known the length of California as "The Fysical Falkenburgs."

The Four Fysical Falkenburgs decided it was their duty to keep the Fifth from becoming conceited. Consequently, Tom and Bob spent two hours daily touring Los Angeles armed with paint brushes, with which to mustache every billboard of Jinx they could find. All collaborated in referring to her in her presence as "The Hag," or, more poetically "Haggo." The climactic pinprick was conceived by Tom when Jinx, a very fond sister, wanted to kiss him good night. "It'll cost you a nickel, Haggo," he said. "Seven cents if it's a long one."

Jinx could afford it—even the long one—because everything she earned went into the bank, and still does.

Jinx can't remember ever having to pay for anything for herself except Tom's and Bob's kisses. Her meals are always bought by infatuated males; living at home means no rent (she chipped in half the price of the house)—and all her clothes are presented by loving advertisers. When she needs anything she simply informs the manufacturers who reply in this fashion: "Dear Miss Falkenburg, we're awfully happy to hear you've run out of ball-bearings so quickly. Thanks for letting us know."

Life went on merrily and profitably for two years. Then, last year when Jinx was twenty, a steamship line hired her for a series of photographs and sent her and a camera crew to Honolulu. It was a glorious trip until one balmy Hawaiian evening when Jinx was too in love with life and moon and palms to stay in her room. Evening-gowned, barefooted, she lowered herself out her second-story window onto a glass roof and scampered along it, giggling happily and baying at the moon in lyrical Spanish. The roof caved in and Jinx and a lot of glass fell two stories to the terrace bar below. She knocked herself out, cut her body badly, and considerably startled a lot of customers.

Hospitals, nurses, doctors. After the torn ligaments and muscles had healed, Jinx continued unaccountably to run a temperature and the surgeon discovered that she had been born with one, instead of two, kidneys. A very large one, to be sure, but badly injured by the shock of the fall.

It's Up to Hollywood Now

In a room near hers in the hospital was Mr. Al Jolson. Convalescent from a nervous breakdown, he suffered a relapse watching all sorts of famous people—directors, actors, actresses—march right past his open door and into Jinx's room. Finally he hailed Freeman Gosden, the Amos of Amos 'n' Andy, who was following the crowd, and Gosden introduced Jinx and Jolson.

The upshot: Jinx found herself signed and sealed for Jolson's new Broadway musical Hold on to Your Hats. Maybe the thought of Broadway hurried her recovery, or maybe it was just the famous, fabulous fight of the Fysical Falkenburgs, but soon she was out winning tennis matches again, posing more often than ever before, and quite as fresh, gay and beautiful as though all roofs were made of duck feathers.

When the moguls of celluloid heard Jinx was "going Broadway," they promptly became frantic and she received a lot more of the silly, tentative movie offers of the type that have haunted her for the last four years—dubious assignments of Class "Z" pictures, or, worse, cheap contracts that would probably just keep her tied without ever requiring her to make a picture. She's had her fill of such arrangements which mean only that the company is afraid not to own her, rather than that they really have faith in her.

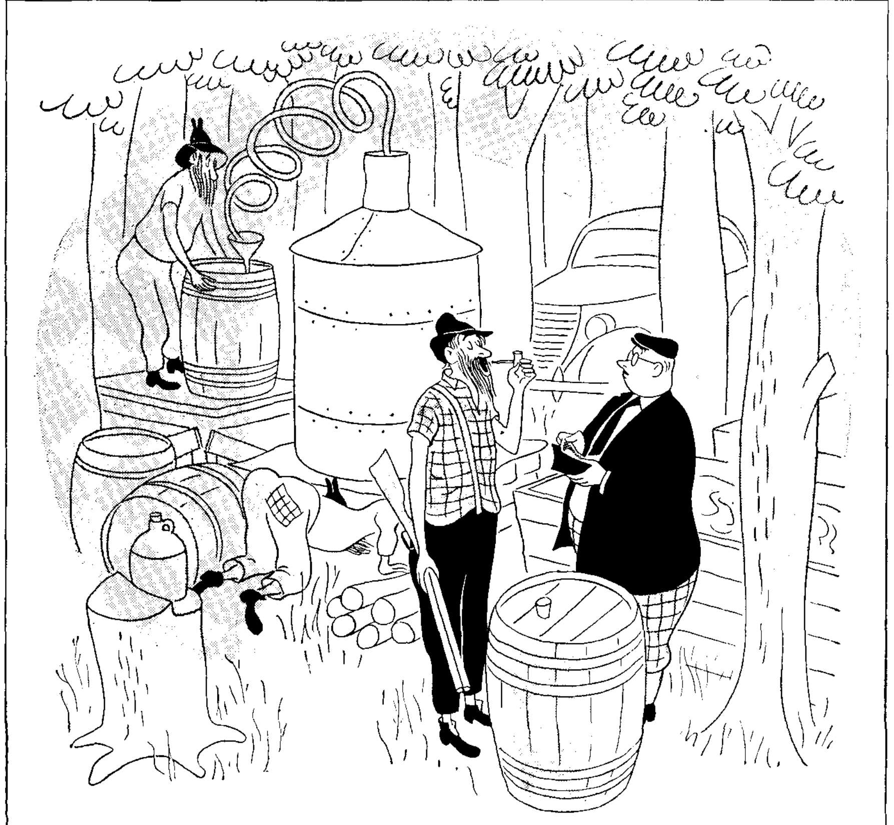
Jinx came to New York two months ago for rehearsals of the Jolson show, and found that her part didn't amount to much. Her name appears twice in the program, once as Rita, and again as something called "First Dudette." One part requires her to stand in the center of the stage and look alluring; the other, more difficult role, calls for a display of temper in voluble Spanish. She's satisfied with her bit because it comes under the heading of Experience, a commodity much valued in Hollywood.

After six weeks with the show in Detroit, Chicago and Philadelphia on its tryout tour, she was convinced that all telephone operators have weak characters. Nightly she explained to the switchboard girl that she didn't want to be awakened before noon—not for anything. She then retired to her room and took a hot bath and shower simultaneously. Her hair in pins, the pillow properly fluffed, she got into bed, turned out the light and counted, instead of sheep, the number of magazine covers for which she could remember modeling.

By the time she'd reached number ten or eleven, she was sleeping like a babe, while downstairs a tempest raged about the poor operator's head. Telegrams arrived; calls came in from Buenos Aires, Capetown, Santiago and New York. As the chief operator at the Ambassador Hotel in Chicago put it, "It's like taking a world tour, having Miss Falkenburg with us."

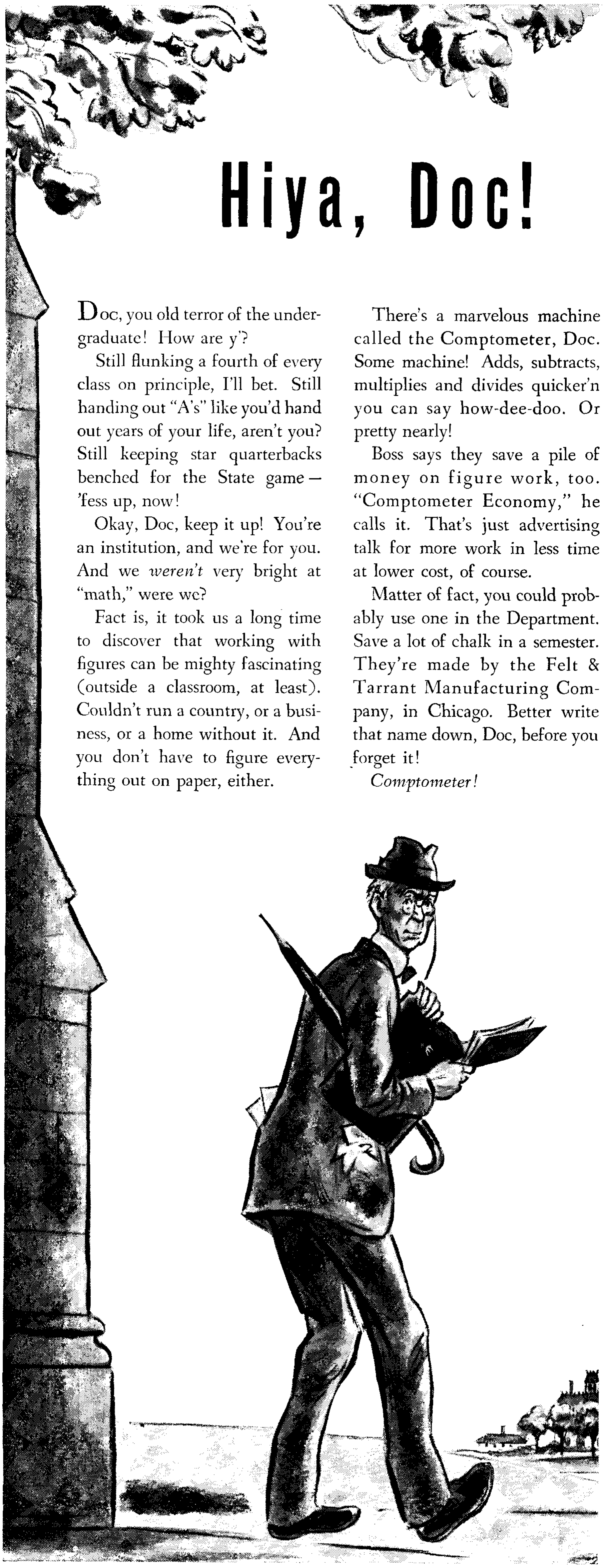
Invariably one of the glamorous calls proved irresistible to an operator who had been cajoled, threatened and life-and-deathed to death for six or seven hours. The call got through, proving for the umpty-fourth time that beauty sleeps are possible only for someone whose beauty doesn't drive men to phone.

There's only one call Jinx won't mind being awakened for, and it's due any day now. A badgered operator will ring her room and say, with a broader implication than she knows, "Miss Falkenburg, Hollywood is calling."



"The price is four dollars a barrel—including the internal revenoo tax"

TONY BARLOW



Hiya, Doc!

Doc, you old terror of the undergraduate! How are y'?

Still flunking a fourth of every class on principle, I'll bet. Still handing out "A's" like you'd hand out years of your life, aren't you? Still keeping star quarterbacks benched for the State game—'fess up, now!

Okay, Doc, keep it up! You're an institution, and we're for you. And we *weren't* very bright at "math," were we?

Fact is, it took us a long time to discover that working with figures can be mighty fascinating (outside a classroom, at least). Couldn't run a country, or a business, or a home without it. And you don't have to figure everything out on paper, either.

There's a marvelous machine called the Comptometer, Doc. Some machine! Adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides quicker'n you can say how-dee-doo. Or pretty nearly!

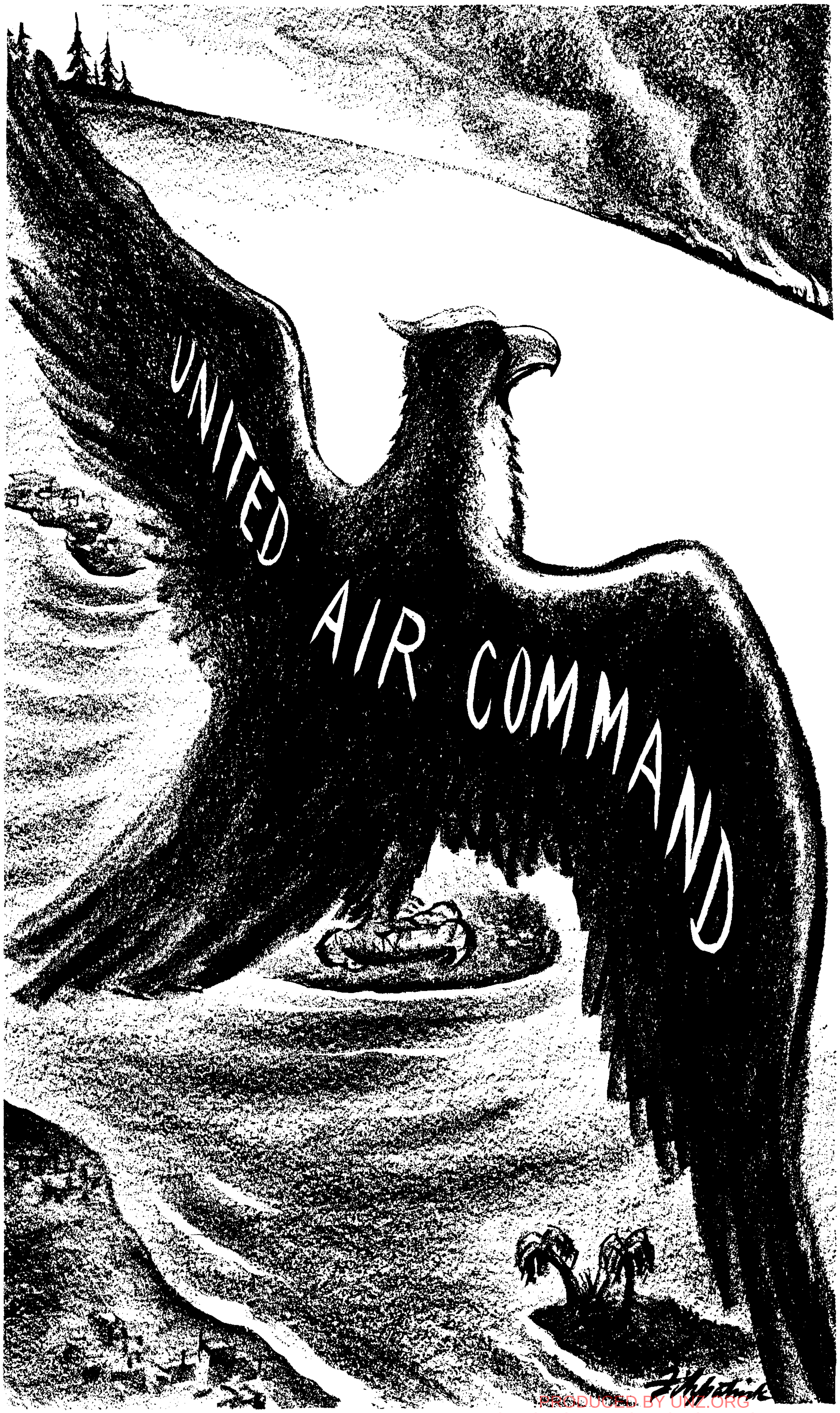
Boss says they save a pile of money on figure work, too. "Comptometer Economy," he calls it. That's just advertising talk for more work in less time at lower cost, of course.

Matter of fact, you could probably use one in the Department. Save a lot of chalk in a semester. They're made by the Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, in Chicago. Better write that name down, Doc, before you forget it!

Comptometer!

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Guarding Our New Frontiers



WHEN the United States paid the 50 destroyers to Great Britain for the eight Atlantic air- and naval-base leases, it pushed its frontiers a great deal farther eastward and southward than the actual longitudes and latitudes of those bases.

What we did was to step out as the self-elected chief defender of the Western Hemisphere, for better or for worse, against any would-be invader from Europe.

As this is written, the government is negotiating for some Pacific bases, with particular reference to Costa Rica's Cocos Island and Ecuador's Galapagos group. That will mean some new frontiers in the Pacific for us to hold against possible aggressors from Asia.

And if worst comes to worst in the European war, we may be appointed by Fate to act as receivers and custodians of large parts of the British empire. Most of us devoutly hope that will not happen. But it would be worse than foolish to shut our eyes to the possibility, or neglect to get ready for it.

All of which is about enough of the big, generalized talk. Now let's get down to cases. How should we go about making ready to guard our new frontiers?

We already have a splendid one-ocean Navy, which we are building up as fast as we can to two-ocean size—35 battleships, plus the multitude of cruiser, destroyer, submarine, aircraft carrier, torpedo boat and supply-ship trimmings that must go with the battleships.

But this job will take time; five years or more. And when we have the two-ocean Navy, it will be only prudent to keep it primarily for defense of our own Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the Panama Canal, the belt of Atlantic and Caribbean bases, and our Pacific possessions. How about the rest of our new frontiers; meaning, in blunt English, how about the defense of South America against nations that we don't want muscling into South America, even though some South American politicians might like to have them muscle in?

Here, we think, is where the air arm enters the picture. The answer would seem to lie chiefly in long-range heavy-bombing planes, and a lot of them. Based strategically—Miami, Southern California, British Guiana, for examples—these planes would constitute a sort of extended, air-going artillery, with which we could reach out and punch any aggressors against any part of Central or South America.

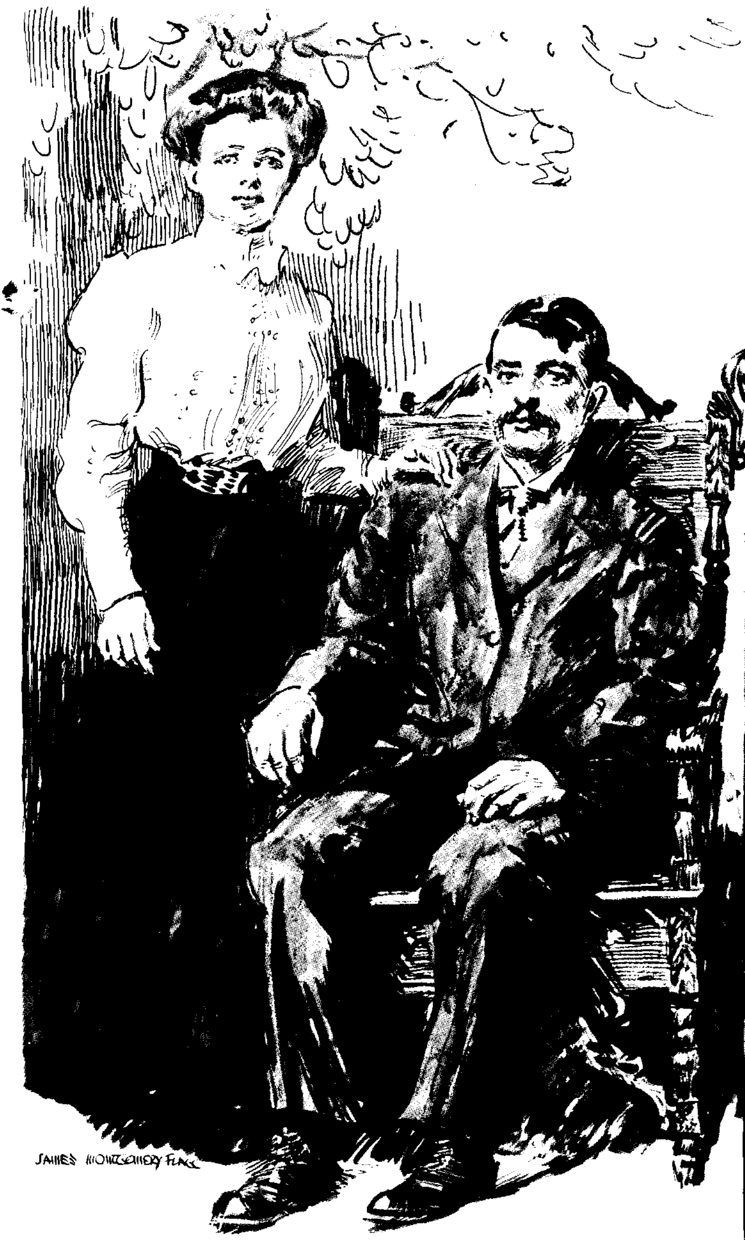
This need for heavy air defenses for much of our new frontiers completes the case, we believe, for something that has long been in the wind. We refer to the often-proposed elevation of the air arm to equality with the Army and Navy.

We don't mean we should make the Air Force independent of the other branches of service, free to fight its own battles or campaigns at its own sweet will and without regard to the Army or Navy.

What we mean is that there should be a chief of air operations, or some such title, as there are now a chief of staff of the Army and a chief of naval operations. Or there should be a secretary for air in the Cabinet, just as there are now secretaries of War and of the Navy. The Air Force should somehow be made coequal with the land and sea forces.

Given its own command, the Air Force would be free to fight by itself, or in conjunction with the Army or Navy or both, as the case might be. We believe its morals and self-respect would rise to new highs; we feel sure a separate air command would eliminate much friction and personal rivalry among members of these three big branches of defense service.

We wish Congress would give some renewed attention to this matter. Soon.



Joseph Triska . worker in Aluminum

HE GOT A JOB THAT LASTED

Here is Joseph Triska, the Bohemian immigrant boy of 1902, at home in East Saint Louis in 1940. The Triskas have two other grown children besides those shown in this picture, taken in their attractive living room.

James Montgomery Flagg drew this picture from Joseph Triska's wedding photograph. In those days, Triska was moving from one job to another, trying to find steady work. He finally joined the Alcoa family in 1926, and has been with us ever since.

JULY 3, 1926 is an important date in the life of Triska.

After he landed alone in America in 1902 he had a number of different jobs in 24 years.

But, since July 3, 1926, he has been working regularly at the job of helping us make aluminum, a job that has made possible a comfortable, well-furnished home, and an education and opportunity for two fine sons and two lovely daughters.

To look in upon the plant where Triska works, you'd take it for exactly what it is—a big chemical factory. It is one of the plants where we tediously refine the ore, bauxite, into a white powder called aluminum oxide, or alumina.

Two pounds of high quality alumina come out of every four pounds of cleaned and selected bauxite ore. If Joseph Triska should follow this alumina along to our distant reduction plants, he would see that, finally, only one pound of aluminum is obtained from these two pounds of alumina.

Even if he were acquainted with little more than his own plant, Triska would still be aware that making aluminum is a long and expensive process. The alumina which he works on has to be made very carefully, because its quality affects the quality of the sheets, structural beams and castings of strong aluminum alloys that are made in many other plants of the company.

This care in making alumina gives Triska the feeling of being part of an organization working with the single idea of making aluminum better and cheaper. The metal sold for 27 cents a pound when he came to work for us fourteen years ago; now it is only 18 cents. New alloys and new forms have made it more efficient and more useful.

That has made it possible for more people to use aluminum in more ways than ever before. And that's what makes Joseph Triska's job a steady one.

It's the kind of thing that makes Triska think America is a mighty fine place to raise a family.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

● *Actual color photograph—Alex Irvin, tobacco warehouseman, admires a fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.*

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

LOOK AT THE tobacco leaf Mr: Irvin is holding. This rich, golden leaf is the kind of finer tobacco that Luckies buy at auction after auction.

And Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine! Authoritative tests reveal that, for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

That's important, because the more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember: we analyze tobacco samples before buying. Thus our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow—yet milder, low in nicotine.

With independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

Copyright 1940, The American Tobacco Company

Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke